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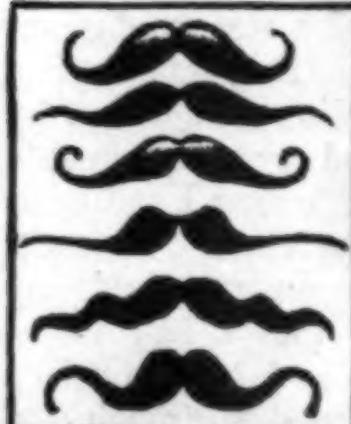
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KEEP OUT OF HIS CLUTCHES.

Two men stood conver ng through the grated door of a cell in a French prison.

"Good bye," said one; "I will come again to see you the day after to-morrow, unless ——"

Leaving the sentence unfinished he made a gesture of farewell and hurried away.

"Unless the sentence of the Court is executed meanwhile," he would have said; for the man in the cell was under condemnation of death, and in France a person in that situation is not informed of the date of the execution, but is kept in suspense until the fatal hour is come. Whether this is kindlier than the opposite custom has been much discussed. Anyhow, we shall all agree that it is better to keep out of the clutches of French law, or any other law.

Yes, and out of the clutches of disease, if we can. But what is disease? It is nature's jailor, nature's executioner. Pardon the ghastly suggestion—yet such is the fact. Let's look that fact in the face for five minutes, with a woman's letter to set us up in courage.

She says, "*I expected to die.* Many of my family had died of consumption, and I thought I was going the same way. At night I felt so weary and exhausted that it seemed to me as though I should sink through the bed. I was so weak and emaciated that my friends and neighbours saw no hope for me. I had consulted doctor after doctor and taken quantities of cod-liver oil and other medicines, but nothing helped me. One doctor said it was a case of blood poisoning, another that the three abscesses which had formed on my neck would fasten on my lungs and cause quick consumption."

We interrupt the lady at this point merely to put on record our sincere hope that the reign of King Cod-liver Oil will soon be over. He is a nasty old despot and humbug. This offensive drug never cured a case of consumption in the world, and never will. It sickens those who take it, without acting as a flesh-forming food, the sole purpose for which it is administered. No wonder it was useless to Mrs. Powell—whether she had consumption or not.

"My illness," she adds, "began in the

spring of 1888. At first I only felt weak and generally ailing, with a strange despondency and nervousness. This was so bad that I often felt like going somewhere by myself and having a good cry. My appetite was very poor, and after eating I had great weight and pain at the chest. A short, hacking cough fixed upon me, and my breathing was so bad that I had to be propped with pillows so as to get any sleep at night. I got so weak (through the disease and not eating any nourishing food) that I was unable to walk across the floor, and had frequent fainting fits."

For over four years Mrs. Powell lingered along in this condition; sometimes feeling a trifle better (as happens in all wasting diseases) and then worse again, with a sinking tendency to which there could, of course, be only *one* final ending.

Happily that was averted, and this was the way: "I keep a shop," she says, "and one of my customers warmly recommended to me Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. What was said so impressed me that I procured the Syrup from Mr. G. Bolton, Chemist, King Street, and began taking it. After having taken four bottles there was a wonderful improvement in my health. My appetite was better, I could digest my food, and was gaining strength. Being so much reduced my recovery was a matter of time. Gradually, however, the disease yielded, and in six months I was completely cured. Since then I have been busy telling my friends and customers about the medicine that restored me after all others had failed. You are at liberty to publish my statement as widely as you please. (Signed) (Mrs.) Kate Powell, Grocer and Provision Dealer, 71, Limekiln Street, Dover, January 13th, 1894."

Thus did another sufferer escape the summons of nature's dread messenger. But what ailed her? Was it consumption? No, it was a malady even more destructive, consumption's counterfeit—indigestion and dyspepsia. All the special local ailments she names are among its sequences and symptoms. Mother Seigel's Syrup purified the poison-laden system and the renovated digestion completed the work.

A great, a remarkable thing. But (now that you know the remedy) use it on the very day you first feel the touch of the demon's chilling fingers. Keep out of his clutches.

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The most remarkable of all the Costumes that have ever been produced is the one illustrated to the left of this page, and which John Noble, Limited, now introduce to their clients as being undoubtedly the most popular style of the season, it having been generally adopted as

A LADY'S HOLIDAY SUIT.

These Suits are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge (Regd.), in Navy Blue or Black; also in fashionable Grey or Drab Home-spun Mixture, and Navy or Drab Twill Drill, each suit consisting of a smart shape open coat or jacket, stylishly cut, beautifully made, with two pockets, and finished all round edge of coat with special quality silk cord—together with a bell-shaped costume skirt trimmed to match jacket. A shaped belt from the inside draws the coat in at the back of the waist, and shows itself in front, over the blouse or bodice. This is a decided advantage, as it keeps the jacket fitted closely to the figure, whilst still remaining open in front. These two garments, viz.—

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10/6

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8/9

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THE SHOT OF HONOUR.

THE ASSAULT WAS MADE AND THE POSITION WON.

[Page 458.]

THE SHOT OF HONOUR.

Tales
of the
Service.

By WALTER WOOD.

HIIS story of the "Baronet" and "My Lady" was told to me by Lindow, to whom it came from the only man who knew the real truth. The tale concerns the honour of the regiment and the price that once upon a time was paid to keep it spotless. It also shows how notions as to training juniors may vary, even among senior subalterns

Lindow was the junior of the 1st North Riding Regiment when that battalion was stationed at Walton. He it was who christened Barton "Bart," then "Baronet," and who, when the new junior, Milthorpe, became the bosom friend of Barton, styled him "Milly," then "My Lady." Original drawings of the pair are mounted, side by side, in a plain oak frame which hangs from the wall of the ante-room of the officers' quarters at Walton Barracks.

The pictures may be seen suspended above a set of the volumes of the Badminton Library, which every member of the Mess has read, and a row of military books "published by authority," which men look into when all other literature gives out. The portraits are not the work of a cunningly-devised camera and a skilled photographer, who between them can make people look like anybody save themselves, but good bold sketches that tell something of the character of the men they represent. They are signed "Excelsior," and are the work of Lindow, who caricatured every member of the Mess, and left the battalion almost simultaneously with the circulation of his portraits of the Colonel and his wife, the former in a gown and carrying a parasol, and the latter in her husband's regimentals, with three ostrich feathers substituted for the helmet. The chief could not see the humour of the

drawings, and sought refuge for his conduct in getting "Excelsior" transferred to another corps in that wise section of the "Queen's Regulations" which forbids the perpetration of practical jokes. "Excelsior," who has now left the Service altogether, has done pretty well with his series called "Sketches from my Attic Window."

Lindow told the story while we were sitting in his attic near the open window, which commanded a view of Palace Yard. He had borrowed a trifle of me temporarily, so that he might lay in stores for a little feast, or, as he put it, kill the fatted calf. He had laid in a couple of chops, which he had grilled on a tiny gas stove, and had made some delightful coffee, the berry of which he had ground between two nutmeg-graters, for want of a more perfect mill.

"I'm a perfect tank for coffee," said Lindow, "provided I make it myself in my own fashion. I want none of your beastly extracts—Heaven help the man that has to swallow the stuff from railway bars. I pay for this show five-and-six a week," he went on. "Thanks to the foresight of the men who work things in Pall Mall, I don't feel the absence of luxurious fittings. I got used to the regulation furniture in my quarters at Walton and elsewhere, so that when I turn this chair into a bed I don't feel that I'm suffering any serious hardship. I make my own bed, cook my own grub when I'm at home, and ply my pen or pencil when the humour seizes me. From my attic window I prepare those sketches which, if not immortalised, have at least a value in solid £ s. d. Excuse me for just one moment," said Lindow, leaning out of

the window and sketching rapidly. "There," he asked gaily, "how's that for high?"

He passed to me a rough sketch consisting chiefly of nose and collar.

"Good!" I answered.

"The title of that will be 'The Premier crossing Palace Yard: Sketch from Life, by "Excelsior.'" It'll be worth a fortnight's rent if *Britain's Glory* uses it. If it doesn't, I shall send the drawing to one of the penny illustrated rags. The editor will give me half-a-crown for it, and offer another half-a-crown for the first post-card naming the person supposed to be represented by the sketch. It won't be hard to tell, you know, and people don't mind sending cards, especially if they think they're doing something smart. Here's another bit from life," continued Lindow rather sadly; "it's a series called 'How are the Mighty Fallen.' That fellow," he showed me a drawing of a tall, pinched man who was carrying a sandwich-board announcing the performance of a farce at a West End theatre, "that fellow was once an officer in the 1st North Riding! You start—so did I when I saw him. That was the first time I really felt the difference between my position now and the time when I swaggered along the streets of Walton as a commissioned officer. I skulked past the poor devil with a face like scarlet, and never gave him a look. It was the mark of the cad," said Lindow, "and next time I see him I'll wipe it out. I'm not so important myself that I can't shake hands with him, and ask him to come in and see me."

"Curious that two of you should have fallen out of one set like that," I remarked.

"There's a great deal of interesting stuff that'll never get into the regimental records," he answered; "my case and that of Sandys, for instance—he's the chap with the sandwich-boards. But after all, they're only commonplace. Drink and cards did *his* business, and as for *me*," Lindow shrugged his shoulders and took a large draught of coffee. "Well, I suppose I was born a fool. When the governor cast me off he said I must be one, or I shouldn't have such low and vulgar tastes—and there's no appeal beyond the governor. But there are some cases that aren't commonplace, and Milly's was one of that sort. You remember the drawings of the 'Baronet' and 'My Lady' at Walton?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"But I don't suppose you know the story about them?"

"I know what the adjutant told me when I asked, that the titles, like the pictures, were more or less fanciful, as was only to be expected, considering who'd done them."

"He never liked me," said Lindow, refilling his pipe, "because I caricatured him, and put more colour into his hair than was quite natural. That's why he got the nickname 'Bonfire.' He never took kindly to it."

"But," I resumed, "he seemed rather mysterious, and when I asked him if there was anything specially curious about the pair, he hemmed awkwardly, and began a long tale about a strip of silk that one of the North Riding men whipped from a French standard at Waterloo with his bayonet."

"'Bonfire' doesn't care to talk about it," said Lindow, "nor for that matter do any of the officers. It's supposed to be the correct thing only to tell the story in the Mess, and not let it get known outside. But like a good many more things of the same nature, it hasn't been kept altogether to the officers' quarters. You're curious to hear it? Of course. I never knew a writing fellow that wasn't, and that didn't hunger after things which don't concern him."

"It would only be told by a friend to a friend," I observed reassuringly.

Lindow laughed. "Hear him!" he exclaimed. "Why, you paragon of hypocrisy, you'll go back to your den and put the stuff down before ever you go to bed, in mortal fear lest you should forget any point of it. Well, it can't hurt either of the men now, for they're beyond the reach of romancing quills and playful pencils. Ah, me! How those old times come back. It seems not more than a week ago that 'Bonfire' stalked into the ante-room and said a fellow had joined who he was certain would prove to be a girl in disguise. A few minutes afterwards, Barton, who was the senior subaltern, came in with the youngster and introduced him as Arthur Milthorpe. I was the junior before Milthorpe came, so that I was disposed to put on side and do the general patronage business. The youngster was as mum as a post. He blushed tremendously, sat on the edge of a chair, and gripped the back with his white hands as if to steady himself. When Barton rose

to go, Milthorpe went with him, and was so upset generally that he tripped at the doorway and shot ungracefully down the steps on to the parade. There was a shout of laughter as he disappeared, but the poor beggar looked so miserable as he passed the window, that even 'Bonfire' took pity and said 'Hang it, give the lad a chance. We weren't always as clever and brazen as we are now, for which God be thanked!' Then off he went, and the rest of us looked rather silly.

"I met Milthorpe during that afternoon, and assuming an air as if I'd been in the service ten years instead of ten months, I said, 'Look here, youngster, this sort of milk-and-water business won't do. You want grip and backbone if you mean to get on smoothly here. How do you expect you'll manage if you turn as red as a boiled beetroot when you pass one of the Tommies, and accept his salute? Why, don't you know the fellows are laughing in their sleeves at you already?'

"'It's awfully kind of you to take all this interest in me, Mr. Lindow,' he stammered, 'I shall get over my ner— I mean uneasiness in a few days, and then I shall settle down all right.'

"'You want bracing up,' I continued. 'Come and have a whiskey and soda to begin with.'

"'Thank you very much,' said Milthorpe, and although he went redder than ever, he looked straight into my eyes and spoke levelly. 'I'm a strict abstainer.'

"'You could almost have knocked me down with a feather,' continued Lindow. "There weren't many of his sort in the Service then. I suppose it would have been better for some men if there had been. We walked on for a few paces, and I purposely refrained from returning one of the men's salute, just by way of showing Mil-

thorpe how coolly a really seasoned hand could act. What other folly I should have committed I don't know, but Barton came up, and without any ceremony hauled the youngster off. I fancy he must have heard something of my talk, for he said curtly, as he took Milthorpe away, 'The adjutant and I are responsible for Mr. Milthorpe's training; you needn't trouble about it.' I felt sore, and went into my quarters and drew a picture of Barton there and then, and called it 'The Baronet.' 'He's so jolly pompous and cavalier-like in his talk, you know,' I explained, when I showed the drawing to one or two men who came in to see me, 'and we can't do less than call him Baronet.' Barton saw the sketch and slapped me on the shoulder, as he said, 'It's a thundering good likeness, youngster. You're a lot better artist than you are soldier.' I forgave the last part of the sentence for the sake of the first, and thought a good deal better of Barton afterwards, especially as I was privately of the same opinion."

Lindow took another draught of coffee before he continued. "The picture of Milthorpe was done not long afterwards, when he was known throughout the battalion as 'My Lady,' because of his gentle ways and because he was so friendly with the 'Baronet.' 'Bonfire' who'd attached the drawings as a sort of perquisite, presented the pair, nicely mounted in an oak frame, to the Mess. That was when he left the North Riding to take up the adjutancy of one of the Volunteer battalions of the regiment. There was a very nice paragraph in the local paper about the affair. I remember the writer spoke of the 'generosity of an officer,' and seemed to think that army men didn't often give anything away.

"Milthorpe didn't alter much, and he would never have altered at all if it hadn't been for the trouble Barton took with him. It was curious to see Bart and then Bonfire take him in hand, one after the other. They just tried all they were worth to stuff confidence into

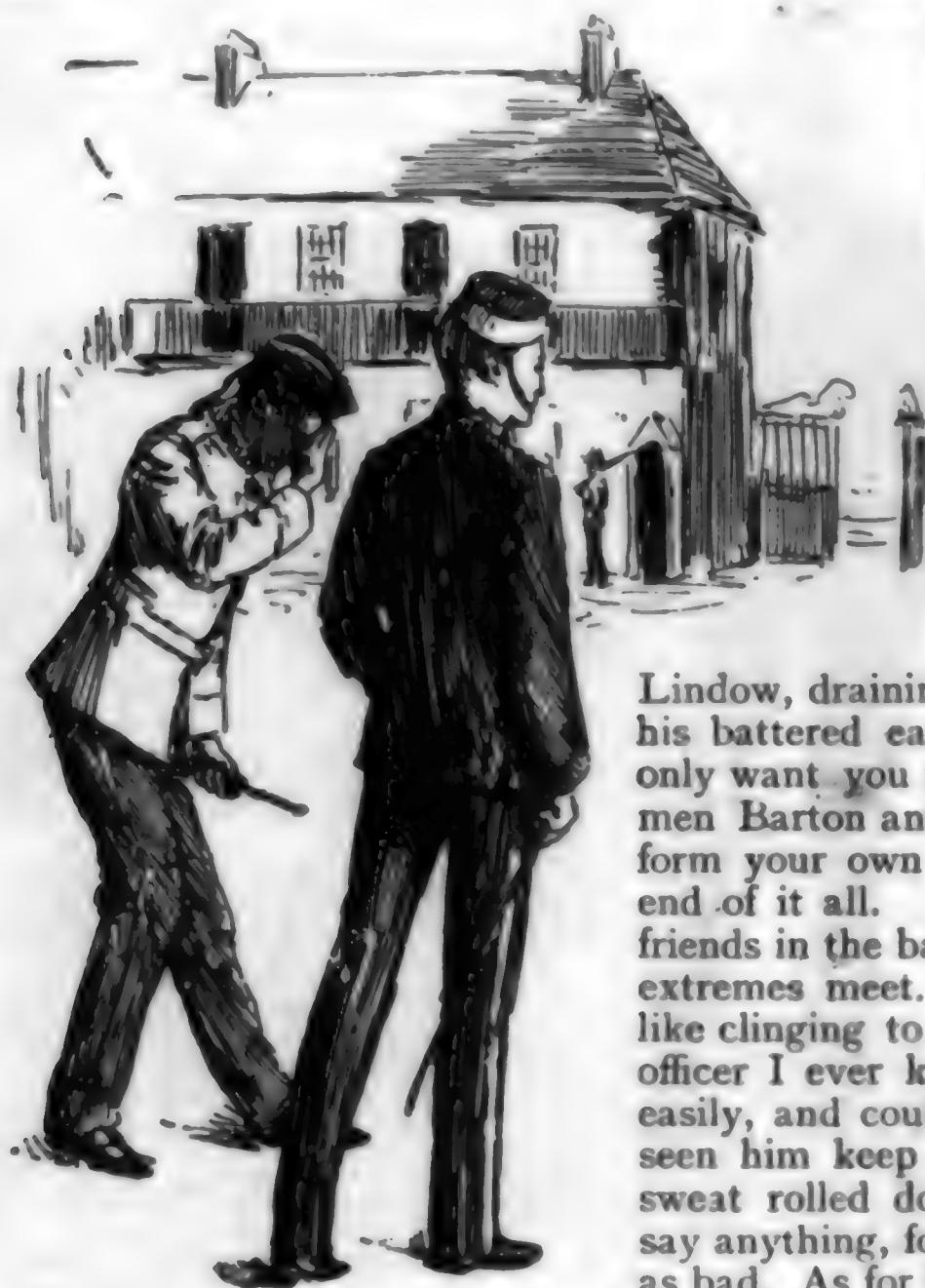


"BONFIRE" STALKED IN."

THE SHOT OF HONOUR.

him ; if they'd taken half the same pains with me, I might have been senior captain now.

"But it wasn't in the order of things," Lindow went on, after pausing to sip his coffee again, "that I should be looked after in that grandmotherly but excellent fashion. Everything and everybody gave place to Milthorpe for the time being. Great things were expected of him. He drank in the awful stuff about strategy and tactics like a sponge takes in water. He could reel off rules about these things, and about fire discipline and fire zones and all the rest of it, in a way that made your head swim, if it didn't send you off to sleep. He would talk of these subjects sometimes, but not often, and then only when we pretended that it was selfish of him to keep all the knowledge to himself. An appeal like that was always successful. The colonel was immensely proud of the junior. 'He'll be one of the finest officers in the army when he gets his confidence,' I once heard him say. 'I shouldn't wonder if he turns out a second Wellington.'



"A TOMMY MADE A MOCK CURTSEY."

"I thought differently, for the mischief was, Milthorpe never got his confidence. If he gave an order it was spoken as if he was afraid to open his mouth, and as if he was asking the men to do a favour. Why, one day a Tommy made a mock curtsey, and Milthorpe only blushed and hurried on. What could you hope from a chap like that? Hardly the way to uphold the honour of the Queen's commission, was it? The long and short of it was the youngster ought never to have entered the army. But he'd got an ambitious old governor, who was determined to have one of his two sons an officer. This was the one that could get on top of his books easily. The other couldn't, and that was a pity, for he would have made a grand soldier. He was a giant of a fellow, and had to go into the Church. He failed in nearly every examination for the army, and the old fellow was too proud to let him join the ranks and try his luck that way, as so many do nowadays.

"It was funny to see the big chap in his parson's get-up, and with his long, firm stride, stalking across the parade by the side of his brother, with his quick short steps, and his slender frame looking so queer in its uniform. Milthorpe wanted to belong to the Church, and his brother wanted to join the army. Things like that aren't the less strange because they're so constantly happening. The Church lost a good man in Arthur, and the army lost one as good in his brother."

"But what, my dear fellow," I ventured to say, "what of the story? What of the romance of the drawings?"

"All in good time," answered Lindow, draining his cup and stretching himself in his battered easy-chair. "I'm coming to that. I only want you to understand properly what sort of men Barton and Milthorpe were, so that you may form your own judgment of what happened at the end of it all. Bart and Milly became the biggest friends in the battalion ; it was, I suppose, a case of extremes meet. It certainly wasn't an instance of like clinging to like. Barton was about the best officer I ever knew. He picked up the book stuff easily, and could handle the men beautifully. I've seen him keep them at drill in a hot sun till the sweat rolled down their faces ; but they couldn't say anything, for his own condition was always just as bad. As for Milthorpe, he was such a soft-hearted little beggar that he was no good at all with the

Tommies. They liked him, you know, and all that sort of thing, but he wasn't much in their line. Possibly they had an uncomfortable belief that, as the adjutant had said, Milthorpe might turn out to be a girl, and, of course, wouldn't care to think that some day they would have to awake to the dismal fact that they'd been drilled and ordered about by a woman. Soldiers get queer notions at times.

"One day Milthorpe had bungled things rather worse than usual. The adjutant had spoken sharply to him, saying that book knowledge was all very well in its way, but wasn't much of a protection against a prod from a bayonet or a swinging cut from a sword; and that till a man could look after himself in this respect he was useless. I happened to be in the anteroom when the adjutant said what he thought. Barton was there too, but he didn't utter a word until 'Bonfire' had cleared out. Then he went for the youngster tooth and nail.

"Look here, Milthorpe," he said, "you'll never do any good by going about things in this fashion. You want to brace yourself up, get some backbone into you and some confidence. It's better to swear at the men than stand in front of them as you do, afraid to open your mouth. Mark my words, they'll take advantage of you, if you're not careful."

"Why was I ever thrust into the army?" asked Milthorpe, wretchedly.

"I don't know," said Barton grimly.

"Your governor wanted it, and the competitive system made it easy. Brains count for everything now; muscles and physical courage don't seem to have much of a market," I put in, anxious to have a say in the matter.

"There's something in your remarks," Barton answered ungraciously, "which is more than can generally be said of them. That doesn't alter the fact, Milly"—he was speaking more gently now—"that you must try and get the better of yourself. That's what's wrong with you. You want kicking about a bit, just to rouse the warlike spirit that's hidden in you somewhere. You can't surely be the brother of a fellow like the curate and not have some of his fire and enthusiasm for fighting. Why, he's a positive slaughterer to hear him talk."

"He'd give his head to exchange places with me," said the junior. "I wish he could. I wish he could; I should be de-

lighted to see him in scarlet and gold, and myself in simple black."

"Well, you can't exchange, and there's an end of it," said Barton.

"You can send in your papers, though," I put in.

"Shut up," said Barton savagely. "What nonsense do you want to stuff into his mind? Why don't some people act on the advice they're always so ready to offer to others?"

"I didn't make any reply. For one thing Barton was my senior, and for another, Milthorpe begged me by a look not to do so.

"I certainly can't resign," said Milthorpe. "If I did that, father would never look up again."

"Then he's an old fool," I thought, but I took care not to say it.

"Never mind, Milly," Barton said, with sudden gaiety. "We'll make a man of you yet. You only want to smell the powder of a real fight, and I'll warrant there'll be no holding you back."

Milthorpe shuffled in his seat as he answered, "If I were ordered away with the regiment on active service, I'd move heaven and earth to get out of the miserable business."

Barton stared at Milthorpe for fully a minute before he replied, "I'm thankful no one heard that remark but Lindow and myself. Lindow, I'm certain, won't repeat it, and I give you my word that I never will."

Milthorpe turned red, then pale, and finally hung his head so as to avoid Barton's reproachful look. He said nothing, and Barton flung open the door and went into his quarters. He must have felt pretty much cut up, for he thundered along the bare corridor and banged his door with a violence that made the place ring again.

"You've put the honour of the regiment in pickle, youngster," I said, and having made what I thought was rather a smart observation, I left Milthorpe in just the same position, only that his head drooped a little more.

"Now comes the real point of the story," Lindow went on. "You'll have to take it as it was told to me, for my first-hand information has come to an end. But you may depend upon it that the stuff is correct, for it came originally from Barton, who seemed to think he ought to get something off his conscience. He never

looked up again after doing what he did to Milthorpe, although he believed that in the same circumstances he would have done the same thing again, for the honour of the regiment was as dear to him as the honour of his own name.

"The North Riding men *did* get ordered on active service, such as it was. That was from their station in India, and Milthorpe was one of the men who had to go. He could have managed an exchange with one of the other officers as easily as falling downstairs. There wasn't a fellow left behind who would not have given half his possessions to accompany the rubbishy little punitive expedition—for that's what it really was. One or two tried it on, and nearly wept when they failed. A fiend of a youngster begged Barton, with tears in his eyes almost, so to arrange things that he might go. But Barton wasn't to be overcome. He'd got Milly's training to complete, and here was the very chance to finish it. He told the youngster he was sorry, but it couldn't be done. So Milthorpe, who didn't want to go, marched off, and the youngster, who did want to go, stayed behind, and wore his heart out with vain regrets and curses.

"There was only one bit of a fight, but it answered every purpose. The tribe that the men had gone out to smash had fixed up a strong little fort, to which there was only one approach for infantry, and they'd managed to get a couple of old field guns and some ammunition. They worked the things with stunning effect, and as they had one or two good riflemen, they bowled a few of our men over.

"The colonel got anxious, and determined on taking the place by storm. The men



"I CANNOT FACE THE GUNS."

were popping away from such slight cover as they could get, and were more or less smothered in the smoke of the rifles, for this, of course, happened before the days of smokeless powder. A field piece would have cleared the way in five minutes, but our men hadn't one, and that made all the difference. The idea had been that the detachment would, without any trouble, wipe out the people it had gone to punish. As things proved, the natives were wiping them out instead, and, as I've said, the chief was getting uneasy.

"While he was completing his arrangements for the assault, Barton and Milthorpe were standing side by side. They were hidden from the view of the men by a cloud of thick white smoke which hung in heavy wreaths about them, for the air was very still and the smoke didn't rise.

"Milthorpe's helmet had been knocked a little to one side, and was pointing rakishly towards the position. The chin-strap rested under the lower lip, which quivered convulsively against it. His face was white and drawn, and was turned with a look of pitiful entreaty to Barton.

"'Why, youngster,' said Barton, 'what's the matter? Isn't this to your liking? I think it's just glorious. I positively feel as if I could skim over the ground and land in the midst of the niggers like a fiend dropped from the clouds. Eh? Isn't that your condition?'

"Milthorpe's lips and tongue moved, but he made no sound.

"'You'll get over it, my boy,' said Barton. 'It's what I call the fire fever—the funk that comes when you hear the bullets ping about you for the first time

and see the shot go routing their noses into the earth at your feet. I always felt I'd like it, and I do. It's music to me—there's a shot from one of the old tea canisters just passed over our heads. A little lower, and it would have tipped your helmet straight. What a rakish little beggar you look, to be sure.'

"Milthorpe's lips again moved, but still there was no sound. Barton frowned.

on his comrade's shoulder, 'I cannot do it!'

"' You've got to join in the assault,' interrupted Barton in thick low tones.

"' Look at me and have mercy,' said Milthorpe appealingly. 'To you the noise of battle is music.'

"' It's life,' said Barton.

"' To me it's death,' said Milthorpe.

"' Rubbish,' interrupted Barton. 'Stick



"THE SHOT OF HONOUR, MILLY."

' You're not afraid, Milly ? ' he asked abruptly.

" Milthorpe spoke at last. ' Afraid ? ' he gasped. ' I am afraid. Oh, Bart, for God's sake help me now. I'm not a soldier—I cannot face the guns.'

"' You must,' said Barton sternly. ' Good heavens, do you know what you're saying ? If any of the men heard you they'd bayonet you on the spot. They're itching to be at the enemy.'

"' Bart,' said Milthorpe, placing a hand

your sword into somebody, slash at the gunners, and your fear will vanish like mist.'

" Milthorpe put a hand before his eyes and shuddered. ' Spare me, Bart, I implore you,' he murmured. ' The very thought of blood unmans me.'

"' You can't go back—it's forward,' said Barton more sternly than before.

"' I could fall, and lie still until the assault was over,' stammered Milthorpe; but even in his terror the hot blood of shame reddened his cheeks.

THE SHOT OF HONOUR.

"You'd do what an officer of Ours never did before," said Barton. "Even the youngest drummer-boy would scorn to skulk like that."

"I can't help it," faltered Milthorpe.

"The honour of the regiment would be for ever tarnished," continued Barton, "and what of your own?"

Milthorpe made no answer.

"Another shot screamed overhead. A murmur rose from the cloud of smoke near them.

"Hear the Tommies, man," said Barton, with sudden cheerfulness, slapping the junior on the shoulder. "Why, hang it, to hear 'em curse like that is music. They're being held like hounds in leash. Hear that," he cried, as the bugles crashed and the drums rolled 'the charge!'

Barton waved his sword and leaped forward. "Now, Milly," he pleaded, "be a man once for all."

The men leaped forward also, shouting. The smoke cleared partially off, and the dusky gunners could be seen aiming steadily and waiting till the foe was close to the muzzles before they fired again.

In the madness of the moment Mil-

thorpe hurried along. The guns blazed out, and the smoke once more spread like a pall.

"Fifty yards, Milly, and we're inside the battery," shouted Barton. "They can't fire again. Come on."

He turned, and saw that Milthorpe was standing motionless. They were alone in the battle smoke once more.

"I can't," said Milthorpe simply, and he stood there, staring.

"Then God forgive me, if I'm wrong," said Barton huskily. "And you forgive me, too, Milly."

He presented his revolver point blank at the junior's breast, and fired. Milthorpe fell without a word.

"The shot of honour, Milly," said Barton, sadly; "better that than flight."

The assault was made and the position won.

"Where's Milthorpe?" asked the colonel, as he sheathed his sword.

"Shot through the heart, sir, fifty yards from the

muzzles of the guns," answered Barton.

"Then he seized his revolver by the barrel, and sent it whistling through the air."



"HE SENT HIS REVOLVER WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR."

Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "Journalistic London," "By Order of the Czar," "Under the Great Seal," &c., &c.

MR. H. M. STANLEY.

STANLEY entered upon the most memorable period of his life when the *New York Herald* sent him, as its correspondent, with the British army in Abyssinia some six and twenty years ago. England was inclined to laugh, while she admired the splendid audacity of the next commission with which his journalistic chief entrusted him. "Go and find Livingstone," was the order. "What will it cost? Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have used that, draw another; and when that is spent, draw another thousand; and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on—but find Livingstone."

A man may be too successful for his own peace of mind. Certain wiseacres in wigs ridiculed George Stephenson before the first parliamentary committee on railways—scoffed at his locomotive, ridiculed his Northumbrian accent. One of them, with a superior air, asked if the man was a foreigner. When Henry M. Stanley returned triumphant from what had appeared to most people a Quixotic mission, he was hardly prepared for a reception not unworthy of a modern prototype of the Knight of Mancha. The sceptical disregard of Stanley's success was, however, an unconscious tribute to the reality of the man's remarkable adventures. The literary, geographical and journalistic guides of London knew what mighty efforts had already been made to find Livingstone. They appreciated the tremendous difficulties that would lie in the path of the most formidable expedition that could be organised to penetrate the heart of Africa. Those who had not come to the conclusion that Livingstone was dead had ceased to trouble about him. If

he was not dead, why, then, no doubt he had found some happy valley to rest in, and had no desire to return home. There were cynics with imagination enough to fancy the sturdy Scotchman with a dusky harem, living a lotus-eater life in some bamboo palace, where it was always afternoon. You may be ever so great, ever so pure, ever so noble in your life and aims, but you shall not escape misrepresentation and calumny. Public interest in the great traveller was re-awakened now and then, but only to die out with the reported failure of fresh clues, suggested in mysterious reports filtered through the gossip of Arab traders and English adventurers. The Geographical Society obtained enthusiastic support for their expeditions to relieve Livingstone, the most formidable of their efforts being backed by the public with a voluntary subscription of upwards of four thousand pounds. The lost Englishman was gradually becoming a mere companion memory to that of the great Arctic explorer, Franklin, when the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, having had remarkable experience of Stanley in the capacity of a war correspondent, gave him the biggest commission that ever was undertaken in the way of journalism. Neither the romance of newspaper work nor the adventures of foreign travel contain anything more remarkable than Mr. Stanley's volume, "How I Found Livingstone," which, in the history of the Press, will stand out as a monumental landmark on the highway of newspaper enterprise—between Russell's previous records of the Crimean war and Forbes's later story of Plevna.

I have some interesting personal reminiscences of Stanley, who is my chief journalistic hero. I had heard of him from an English war correspondent, who

was with him during the British campaign in Abyssinia. Stanley, in those days, seems to have been a communicative person, proud, possibly, of his career, even up to that date, as well he might, seeing how humbly it began, and considering the adventurous life he had led during the great civil war in America. My friend evidently thought the *New York Herald's* correspondent exaggerated somewhat the sights he had seen, and the things he had done. But America is a vast country, and offers numerous opportunities for journalistic adventure; and when one thinks of Stanley's bringing up in Wales, his running away, his life as a cabin-boy, his adoption by a New Orleans merchant, his enlistment in the Confederate army, and his eventual employment on the *New York Herald*, first in a trip to Turkey, and then as a correspondent with the British army in Abyssinia, it is not difficult to imagine that the New York reporter must have had plenty of facts for camp-fire narratives, without drawing the long bow. On Stanley's arrival in London, after his expedition through the Dark Continent in search of Livingstone, reminiscences of the Abyssinian days, when Stanley was full of anecdote and the enjoyment of his work, cropped up in a chat I had with men who doubted his African story. I met Stanley in London during the first week of his return from his adventurous and successful expedition, and was present with him at a popular Bohemian Saturday Dinner, where he was the chief guest. There was a tremendous earnestness in the man's manner, a far-away look in his eyes, with something of an appeal for sympathy. His face was pale, his cheeks sunken, his frame muscular, his hands bony; and with that longing for sympathy that I found in the expression of his face there was, nevertheless, a look of command that belongs to the successful captain on land or sea. He at once captured my admiration and confidence, but he was treated with scant courtesy by the club. Writers and newspaper men are not the best audience for set speeches. Most of them have had so often to listen professionally that they soon become impatient of oratory as the concomitant of a feast. When Stanley spoke, in reply to the toast of his health, he failed to command the general attention of the company. At that time his vocabulary was limited. He had

mastered none of the arts of public speaking. Like many another famous man, he had painfully to learn that thinking on your legs is a very different thing from thinking at your desk; that extemporeaneous speaking is an accomplishment only acquired by constant practice, and rarely attempted on special occasions by the most gifted orators. He had great things to say—fine thoughts that he could not express. He struggled manfully, however. Had he been less in earnest he might have done better. He had a peculiar and hesitating delivery, which was not improved, in critical opinion, by an American accent. In his tributes to Livingstone, he dwelt, so far as I remember, not only on the importance of his geographical discoveries, but upon the immense benefits of his work as a Christian missionary. There was no grace of style in his speech. It was disjointed in its matter and sentences—rambling, odd, influenced, I have often since thought, by the feeling that he was not speaking to an entirely friendly company. The truth is, he lacked the art of winning an audience. His manner was not conciliatory. He spoke too much as one having authority, and yet without the capacity of driving home his views and opinions. It was, nevertheless, a clever speech. Such glimmerings of eloquence as ran through it were of a Scriptural character, however, and our Bohemian friends were impatient of what they called Biblical mythology. "Is this a missionary meeting?" they asked. I don't suppose Stanley quite realised at the time that there were men in the room who did not believe he had seen Livingstone at all. It must have been a saddening shock to him when at length he understood that his word and his work were doubted. A night or two later half a dozen of these same Bohemians were dining at a West End restaurant when one of their number was mistaken by a stranger for Stanley. The error was turned to account and led to a spontaneous and hearty demonstration that troubled one of them sorely when he thought of the club dinner in which he had taken part. The proprietor of the restaurant insisted upon his guests drinking a dozen of champagne in honour of Stanley. Guests at other tables came round, speeches were made, and America and England were toasted, with abundant cheers for Henry M. Stanley.



MR. H. M. STANLEY.

The Bohemians were glad to get away with their mock hero undiscovered. It is only fair to say that the men did all they could to atone for their indifference to the honour and reputation of the African hero as time went on, and established him in their high opinion. At the moment, that glimpse of artificial sunshine at the West End restaurant was the only relief to what I have always regarded as one of the most pathetic incidents in newspaper history—the reception of Stanley by that Bohemian club in its one large room under the piazzas of Covent Garden. For many

a long year afterwards, when I thought of Stanley, his pale, worn face and tired, far-away looking eyes would start up in my memory, as I saw him in those first days of my acquaintance with him—the dazed expression, the cloud of disappointment and tobacco smoke through which he peered at friends and foes. What a return for his heroic march, his glorification of the Press, his finding and comforting of the illustrious English traveller and missionary! His reward came, however, all in good time. Every hero has his day, if he only lives long enough. Some-

times, alas ! the grim conqueror is impatient, and a posthumous fame is no compensation for neglect during life. Stanley has been lucky both in love and war. He has fought a great fight and lives to tell the story, and, like other heroes of modern romance, he takes his ease in his domestic circle ; but, not quite willing to drop out of public recognition, becomes a candidate for the best club in London, where members sip their after-dinner coffee in the smoking-room of the House of Commons.

Some years after that first experience of mine, when "Through the Dark Continent" had been added to the Stanley library of travel and discovery, a little dinner was given to Stanley by a distinguished friend of ours who brought together a dozen leading journalists and authors to meet him. During the evening he was asked by his host to tell them the story of his meeting with Livingstone. None of the men present had heard the remarkable narrative from Stanley's own lips. He was reluctant to comply. The subject was skilfully approached by our host, who has a quietly persuasive method of making people do what he desires. The guests were hardly in the humour for serious conversation. They were hard-headed, capable men of the world, travellers as well as writers, and had "heard the chimes at midnight." They were in a merry mood. Two of them could not resist the utterances of a little good-humoured banter about African travel ; and, as Stanley began to tell them and his host something of the preliminary meetings in the formation of the Congo Company at Brussels, they found opportunity for a fusilade of comment in that spirit of cynical badinage which has come to be a sort of conversational fine art.

Possibly Stanley at the moment recalled those early days of doubt, before his story was in print, and the nation, from the Queen downwards, had done him honour. Turning towards his two cynical critics, he described two persons of self-sufficient character who were objectionable in their manners as they were obstructive in their comments at one of the meetings in question. He drew a strong picture of these two men, called them "doubting Thomases," and, with dramatic skillfulness, identified them with the two cynical guests at the board. "These

two doubting Thomases, just as you two would, said so-and-so," he would remark, until he had literally mixed the doubting guests inextricably with the doubting Thomases of Brussels, so as to score off them when he had a more or less disagreeable point to illustrate. He thus turned the tables against them ; and they were good fellows enough to applaud his oratorical skillfulness. Having achieved this triumph, he was master of the situation, and he gradually drifted into a description of his first African march. We saw the jungle country, the little native army, the American flag flying, and heard the news of "the other white man."

The "two doubting Thomases" were among the first to be captured with Stanley's graphic story, and the first to seek relief from a genuine emotion in a hearty grip of the speaker's hand when he sat down, after fixing in the minds of the company the pathetic moment of the last look back.

"I assumed a gruff voice and ordered the expedition to march, and I resolutely turned my face towards the Eastern sky. But ever and anon my eyes would seek that deserted figure of an old man in grey clothes, who, with bended head and slow steps, was returning to his solitude, the very picture of melancholy, and each time I saw him—as the plain was wide and clear of obstructions—I felt my eyes stream, and my heart sink with a vague, indefinable feeling of foreboding and sorrow. . . . I took one more look at him; he was standing near the gate of Kwikuru, with his servants near him. I waved a handkerchief to him as a final token of farewell, and he responded to it by lifting his cap. It was the last opportunity, for we soon surmounted the crest of a land-wave and began to descend into the depression on the other side, and I never saw him more."

In this brief note of Stanley's personal narration of his meeting with Livingstone it will be seen that I have resisted the temptation to do more than allude to its influence upon that little company of London celebrities. If the narrative varied in words from the story as the author of "How I Found Livingstone" tells it in the pages of that most graphic and enchanting book, it was in detail and in fact the same ; and it may be worth the while of some of my readers, under the light of this passing reference to the

doubting Thomases of London and Brussels to take it up again. It is one of the most inspiring, and, at the same time, most touching chapters Mr. Stanley has ever written. There are critics who have found in Stanley's books an absence of cultured literary style; but, outside Defoe, I would like to know anything finer in the graphic simplicity of its language than the eleventh chapter of "How I Found Livingstone."

The latest achievements of Mr. Stauley are so fresh in the general knowledge, set forth as they are in "Darkest Africa," that one finds novelty in again harking back to the period before he started on his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha. At the time when it was generally believed that he was about to make another expedition to Africa—some said to go to the relief of General Gordon, and others to take the Viceroyship of the Congo State—I usually found Mr. Stanley accessible at his rooms in Sackville Street, Piccadilly. One day, prior to the journey which led to the founding of the Congo Free State, I had an interview with him, undertaken both as a matter of business and pleasure, the points of which I venture to recall in this personal sketch of one of the most remarkable of the world's Pens of the Press.

An early riser, he had finished his correspondence and breakfasted, and was smoking over a book when I entered his apartments at half-past ten in the morning. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" was in his hand, and all around him, at his feet, were a collection of American and English newspapers. He greeted me with a frank and cordial grip of the hand. I found little alteration in his sturdy appearance, but in contrast with our first meeting his manners had more repose; the expression of his face was less eager, and there was more of retrospection than of prospection in it than there had been in those earlier days. He had a graver and less aggressive look in his grey eyes than of yore, and there were in his words and manner a deeper suggestion of power and less consciousness of it, giving one the idea of a man who is content to leave his deeds to speak for themselves. In those days of his first great triumph he had to fight his African battles over again in London. You gather this from the appendix to his book, "How I Found Livingstone," in the letters of the Queen's

Ministers, and in the gracious recognition of his courage and his success by the Queen herself.

A large room, plainly furnished; it contained no evidence of luxury. Stanley, like most travellers, is somewhat of a Spartan in his mode of life.

"Do you write at so small a table?" I asked him, for one is interested in the way men work; and the piece of furniture in question was a small round table, such as a lady might use for a work-stand.

"Yes, always," he said, "and for this reason—I can sit right in the midst of my notes and papers, and move about easily. I wrote 'Through the Dark Continent' on this table and in this very wicker chair—wrote it in three months."

"At a white heat, as they say?"

"Yes, my notes here on my right, my writing-paper there," he said, indicating their positions; "and if you read the book with this explanation, you will, I think, realise the method; I wrote it straight off, throwing the manuscript sheets aside as I went on."

"Your book always impressed me as a narrative that had been written under the immediate and stirring inspiration of its exciting subject; it flows; it is unconstrained; it reads as a true story a man might tell to his friends, requiring no pause for invention or development; not like a novel, where the characters of the author's own creation sometimes carry him away into undreamt of and undesignated situations."

"I wrote it straight from my notes and as fast as I could write," he said.

Then we talked of the Congo, of jungle fever, of accidents by flood and field, of the great, broad view of universal usefulness that underlies the operations of the African International Association.

"Most of the deaths by so-called fever on the Congo might fairly be called accidents," he said. "I had a fine, strong, healthy officer engaged with a gang of men road-making; he encountered from another district another of my officers, whom he had known as a boy. For such a possible occasion as this he had saved up a bottle of Burgundy. His friend had a bottle of brandy. Men do these things far away from home. They retired to the shade of a tree and pledged each other. On the Hudson or the Thames they might have drunk their liquor and been well. Brandy sends the blood rushing to

the head. When my first-named officer came from the shade into the broad daylight the sun struck him, and within twenty-eight hours he was dead and buried; his death set down to fever; it was an accident. I lost another fine fellow, who got wet and neglected himself; and many, very many, deaths are caused through this kind of thoughtlessness. As regards the Congo, we want all the world, not one country only; all the world are clients of the Association, and we want them to come and trade freely. Portugal has not shown, as yet, that she cares much about the African; she only abolished the slave trade in 1836; what she has chiefly in view is the £190,000 revenue that may accrue from an endorsement of her claims on the coast outlet of the new African trade."

Chatting about the current rumours of Stanley's possible expedition to join Gordon at Khartoum (entirely devoid of foundation), the illustrious traveller said: "Gordon I can imagine to be just such a man as Speke. Burton, you know, has his following. Laurence Oliphant is one of them.* Verily, as the Scripture says, he hath his reward. Burton writes for his following, and they are pleased. But I am quite sure that, if Colonel Long reflected, he would discover very good and sufficient reasons why he should not support Burton against Speke."

"You do not know General Gordon personally?"

"No; but he has written many letters to me, and I have had opportunities of judging of his character; I will show you the last letter I had from him."

We went into an adjoining room, which was crowded with packing-cases, trunks, despatch boxes and portfolios of letters. One chest contained many curious spears, knives and cloths from the Congo region. Three years previously I remember Stanley describing to a few friends how a young native on the banks of the great river had stood threateningly poising a spear ready to hurl it at him during a parley.

* Sir R. Burton and Laurence Oliphant are both dead since this conversation; but on two occasions, meeting Burton at dinner, I talked with him about Stanley, and found him an uncompromising admirer of his contemporary traveller. Once during the burning question of Stanley's safety, I asked his opinion, which was a strong belief in Stanley's return.

"Yes," said Stanley, when I referred to the incident, "this was the kind of weapon."

It was very long, broad and heavy—ten times the size of some spears in my possession from Borneo.

"It would go clean through a man," I remarked.

"Yes," he said, "or cut him downwards by its very weight, having penetrated, and I have seen the effect of it. The weight of the handle and the blade bearing down in the wound cuts an awful gash; it is, indeed, a fearful weapon. But here is Gordon's letter."

He handed me an interesting epistle from the hero of the hour, to whom Mr. Gladstone, under the pressure of public opinion, was then on the eve of sending relief. It is dated "Brussels, 6/1/'84," and I make from it the following extract:

"I will serve willingly with you or under you, and I hope you will stay on, and we will, God helping us, kill the slave-traders in their haunt."

The letter was rather a long one, and very complimentary to Stanley, whom Gordon was to have joined on February 5, but he was overpersuaded to go to Khartoum in the service of the British Government, which at one time seemed dangerously inclined to altogether repudiate him and his mission. Stanley came out of his second African expedition with white hair, a young-old man.

"White hairs," he said, "are especially honoured in Africa; they are the symbol of age and wisdom, whereas in Europe you sometimes hear a young man, irritated by prejudiced opposition to some new idea, speak of an aged objector as an 'old fool.' In Africa they have so great a veneration for age—such an implicit belief in the wisdom of white hairs—that the sere and yellow leaf is a period which brings with it the highest consideration. Now and then you meet a chief who, like myself, has become prematurely grey; if he is really wise and active too, he is then, indeed, a great man—three old men rolled into one. I remember meeting a decrepit old fellow, of at least seventy, and I asked a chief, 'Which of us do you think is the oldest?' After pretending to think about it, he paid me the compliment of saying, 'Oh, I think you are.'"

"You must have vivid memories of your earlier travels; habit would so accustom you to the wonders and dangers

and sorrows of exploration that mental impressions are dulled by experience."

"My most lasting memories are connected with the finding of Livingstone," he said, "and my saddest, with our parting. I shall never forget how I lingered day after day on my homeward route in the hope of receiving some fresh last letter or message; lingered with a sorrowful foreboding that we had parted for ever; lingered and lingered until all possibility of hearing from him was over, and at last dashed on my way."

I recall, as he speaks, the memorable evening previously mentioned (it was at the Garrick Club, our host Mr. Henry Irving) when Stanley told a few friends the story of that meeting and parting—at once one of the most dramatic and pathetic things in the history of African travel.

"And," went on my host, "I shall always remember the pealing of the organ when we buried his remains in Westminster Abbey, and how the influence of the whole scene unmanned others besides myself; for I saw tears in the eyes of the strong and great men who stood around the hero's grave."

We then drifted further into what some of my readers may regard as "mere sentiment," touching a side of Stanley's character and feelings, which, in our various meetings, has always deeply impressed me. Stanley is full of humanity. As a traveller his heart goes out to the people of the new countries he visits. It is not the entomology of a district, its ornithology, its climate or its natural history that are his first concern; but its people, what they are, how they live; what they think, how they regard him and the countries he has come from; what is their mental condition, shut out as they are from the world's civilisation. You will note this genial sympathy with men and women in his books. It has always struck me pleasantly in his conversation.

"The glory of an explorer," says Burton, in one of his latest books of travel, "To the Gold Coast for Gold" "results not so much from the extent or the marvels of his explorations as from the consequences to which they lead"; and judged from this test, it may be said that Stanley's glory rests upon a most sure foundation.

"I do not think," said Mr. Arnold (now Sir Edwin, and then well known, especially in America, for his classic poem,

"The Light of Asia"), "that I have assisted at a more historic occasion than the present, which sees us gathered together on the eve of the return of the discoverer of Livingstone to the great Congo Free State, which he has founded in the centre of Africa."

It was not a numerous company, but it was a notable one. They met, on the invitation of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., in June, 1885, to do honour to Stanley in the pretty tapestried chamber of the Holborn Restaurant. The occasion was the eve of his latest journey and the publication of his "Congo, and the Congo Free State." Mr. Edward Marston occupied the chair. The guests included Dr. Henry Lansdell, who had recently returned from a journey through Central Asia; Mr. H. H. Johnston, the young African traveller, who had just written the first book on the Congo; Mr. J. S. Keltie, one of the chiefs of the Geographical Society; Captain Abney, of the Royal Engineers—an astronomer, who has accompanied the principal scientific expeditions to Egypt and elsewhere of late years; Mr. Edwin Arnold, Companion of the Star of India, literary editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and author; Mr. N. Maccoll, editor of the *Athenaeum*; Mr. Staveley Hill, Queen's Counsel and Member of Parliament, who has a little home somewhere in the Rocky Mountains and a charming residence in England; Mr. A. V. Mudie, director of Mudie's Library; Mr. Sandifer, one of the chiefs of Smith and Sons, the rival monopoly of the American News Company; Mr. G. A. Henty, the *Standard*'s war correspondent, who has seen active service in many of the great battles of Europe and Asia; Mr. J. F. Phayre, London manager of *Harper's Magazine*; Mr. L. Bangs, of the New York firm of Scribner and Welford, and several other gentlemen, in addition to the members of the publishing firm, which, with Messrs. Harper and Brothers, has given to the world some of its most notable books of travel.

The banquet was of a most elaborate character, and, in regard to its management, reminded me of many delightful dinners which belong to my own personal reminiscences of the United States. As a rule, one sits down to a repast of this kind burdened with the knowledge of a long and tedious list of toasts, set forth upon a carefully-printed programme, and

including all the formal healths, which make public dinners in England more or less tedious and unsatisfactory. It was understood upon this occasion that there should only be one toast—the health of the guest of the evening. Every man present, therefore, enjoyed his dinner in the happy consciousness of carrying no oratorical responsibility. The inspiration of the chairman's introductory speech, and the reply of Mr. Stanley, however, became infectious, and in the end nearly every man present had something interesting and special to say, and said it naturally and well. Mr. Marston said it was seven years, almost to a day, since he was surrounded by a similar gathering, to bid "God speed" to Mr. Stanley, who was then leaving England to establish the Congo Free State, after having, on his marvellous journey through the Dark Continent, discovered the grandest river in the world. In replying to the toast of his health, which was drunk with great enthusiasm, Mr. Stanley, after speaking of his agreeable relations with the firm of Sampson Low and Co., made some pleasant allusions to several of the most notable guests.

I had read with great pleasure Mr. Johnston's book on 'The Congo River,'* and little thought that the boyish-looking guest who sat near me was the author. He impressed me as singularly youthful in appearance, of gentle and sympathetic manners—anything but the physically strong, energetic man I had imagined him from his quite remarkable volume of

* Henry Hamilton Johnston was born June 12, 1858, at Park Place, Kennington, Surrey, the son of John Brookes Johnston; was educated at Stockwell Grammar School and King's College, London; is a fellow of several learned and scientific societies, and Her Majesty's Consul-General at Mozambique. It was in 1885 that he was appointed Consul for the Cameroons and the Oil Rivers. He was Acting Consul for the Bights of Benin and Biafra in 1887, was promoted to be Consul for Portuguese East Africa in 1888, and advanced to his present post in 1890. Journalism may fairly claim him as one of its famous pens. He has contributed largely to newspapers and reviews on travel, natural history and politics. His first important work in volume form was partly a reprint of letters to the *Daily Telegraph*, illustrated by his own skilful pencil; it appeared in 1884 under the title of "The River Congo." Two years later he wrote "The Kilimanjaro Expedition," and in 1889 "The History of a Slave." He has exhibited as an artist at the Academy and other galleries, and is an African traveller of large and varied experience. He has shown remarkable foresight and prescience in dealing with questions between England and the Portuguese, and in settling differences between the Arabs and the African Lakes Company, not to mention his recent great success in Nyassaland, being fortunate both as an active agent in the field and a diplomat in council.

travels about Stanley Pool; and it was charming to contemplate the rugged, square-shouldered Stanley turn with a smile of approval towards my young friend, and speak of his first meeting with him.

"One day," he said, "far away in those distant regions, one of my attendants brought me a card, upon which was written 'H. H. Johnston.' Who was he, I wondered? I never heard of him. Is he the first of Cook's tourists come out to see the Congo?" (Laughter). "Well, gentlemen, I hope to welcome some day the first of Cook's tourists. It is a great thing—a grand thing—to be the first of anything in these days." (Cheers and laughter). "But whom did I find? A young gentleman—a nice-looking stripling of a youth—botanising, catching butterflies, amusing himself, away in the Congo Valley. Look at him, gentlemen, now, and I defy any one of you to take Mr. Johnston aside and have five minutes' chat with him without being charmed and delighted with his conversation, and becoming his great friend." (Cheers).

Young Johnston received this not unpleasant badinage with a smile. Perhaps he blushed a little, but he sat quietly in his chair, as if he was accustomed to be considered too young.

"It was quite amusing," went on Stanley, "to see how this gentle-visaged boy could overcome a great chief, about twice his age and more than twice his size, by the winning charm of his manner, and his simple power of argument and self-control."

Mr. Henty sat by the side of Johnston. Henty is a big-bearded, burly fellow; and Stanley elicited a very hearty laugh when, pointing to the well-known war correspondent, he said:

"Years ago I had the pleasure of travelling with Mr. Henty in countries beyond the seas, when we were both special correspondents, chronicling the Ashantee and Abyssinian campaigns; and in those bygone days Mr. Henty was a blue-eyed youth, very much like Johnston, and very much like the gentle, unsophisticated person I was myself. . . . I turn," he went on, "to my friend, Mr. Edwin Arnold, on my right, the author of that grand work, 'The Light of Asia,' and recall that it was at his suggestion that, after discovering Livingstone, I decided to try and carry on that great man's work."

The company applauded these remarks very heartily, and repeated their genial demonstrations as Stanley referred to the Rev. Dr. Henry Lansdell, "a gentleman," he said, "who has, I believe, distributed tracts in all parts of the world, and whom I invite to come on a similar mission to the Congo. I can tell him honestly that there are many benighted Europeans in those latitudes (laughter), who would possibly be the better for his ministrations." (Laughter).

Mr. Stanley finished his remarks by proposing the health of Mr. Edwin Arnold, who responded in an eloquent tribute to Stanley, spoke of his gratitude to the American people for the great success of "The Light of Asia" in the United States, and declared that at any time no history of the nineteenth century would be complete without a large and lofty record of Mr. Stanley's achievements. "There is one thing," he said, "however, which I regret, and that is in the prospectus of Mr. Stanley's book, published, by the way, this very day, by Sampson Low on this side the Atlantic, and Harper Brothers on the other, it is mentioned, as I think by way of additional attraction to merchants and traders of America and England, that there are in the Congo region fifteen thousand herds of elephants. I do, gentlemen, put in a plea for the elephants. I fear for them the exterminating influences of civilisation, and I fear especially, because I think in the near future the elephant ought to become the hansom cab of the Congo valley." (Cheers and laughter).

Since this memorable, though unreported, banquet, Mr. Johnston has made his mark, not only in the literature of travel, but in the service of Her Majesty's Government, and his friend and patron, Mr. H. M. Stanley, has rescued from the last of Gordon's outposts the last of Gordon's captains. "But that is another story," as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say, and it is told in the author's "In Darkest Africa," a record of adventures, privations, sufferings, trials, dangers and discoveries, "during his heroic quest and rescue of Emin Pasha," which, in the estimation of the *Times*, is "as moving and entralling a tale as ever was told by man," and "will constitute," says the *Daily News*, "an enduring monument to its author's fame." "How Stanley wrote 'In Darkest Africa'" is related by his pub-

lisher in a bright little record of a trip to Egypt and back. It is quite true, as Mr. Edward Marston says, that it may be looked upon as a unique thing in the history of authorship for a publisher to travel so far from London, to give practical assistance to an author in the preparation of his manuscript. "The truth, however, was that a great book had to be written within a certain period of time, and if not completed by that time, there was every chance that it would never be completed at all." In the midst of the rejoicing of the world at his return to civilisation, the hero of the dark continent settled down at Cairo to write the history of his expedition, for which publishers and people in all parts of every great city of Christendom were clamouring, and for the dissemination of which the most remarkable arrangements had been made by Mr. Marston and his colleagues of St. Dunstan's House. In the first place, Mr. Stanley had to satisfy a syndicate of great newspaper proprietors, with whom he had engaged to supply a certain quantity of matter. Some of this he had been enabled to furnish while en route for Cairo. Then he had to receive and be interviewed by American and English correspondents, who had made adventurous journeys to meet him on his way. At that time I was filling an editorial position in connection with Mr. James Gordon Bennett's abortive but plucky attempt to establish a *New York Herald* in London. The *Herald* was represented among the foremost of the newspaper couriers sent out to meet Stanley, and our ambassador was first in the field with stores and provisions of all kinds, with wine and oil and books and news and hearty welcomes. I glance back at a file of the London offshoot of the great New York paper, and feel again that glow of enthusiasm that comes to a man now and then in the heat and steam of a newspaper office under the influence of great events. I wrote all the leaders and notes day by day upon the Stanley matter as it came in. The public can hardly be expected to understand anything of the organisation, the foresight, the diplomatic skill, the costliness that enter into such an enterprise as that of meeting the traveller and his attendants, welcoming them with creature comforts and telegraphing by sea and land the story of the work and its results. "Behind the scenes" of the theatre is no longer a mystery, but the inner life

and management of a great newspaper are still, to a great extent, secrets in the mighty business of journalism. As Stanley made his way from the darkness of the forest into the light of the civilised world, the couriers of Fleet Street, London, and Printing House Square, New York, despatched, by every possible means of conveyance they could command, to the nearest telegraph station, their messages of the hero's progress homewards, and Stanley began to read letters and newspapers that were several years old. He and his companions had been for three years beyond the faintest echoes of Europe. They must have felt something like men newly risen from the dead, when they began to take up printed intelligence and written letters that left a gap of unaccounted years. There was a streak of romantic commonplace in all this that brings the hero of an unknown world down to the level of the meanest capacity, and, at the same time, raises him to the highest platform of humanity. To the romancist, who had regarded Stanley from the novelist's standpoint, there would have seemed in his career one thing wanting. Writers of plays, more particularly, call it "a love interest." No one had suspected Stanley of any soft attachment. He was said to be too cold for even an enthusiastic friendship. His work was his mistress; his duty his friend. He was a chivalrous companion, but he had no seriousness to spare for such life as belongs to the mere camaraderie of a sentimental friendship; and to those who felt this in regard to his character, the idea of a woman coming for a moment between him and his thoughts and ambition about the great problems of Africa seemed absurd. Perhaps his companions and followers would have regarded him as something of a shorn Samson, if they had known that he carried into his battles with savages and wild animals, with pestiferous climates, with lakes and rivers, and Cimmerian forests, with open foes and secret enemies, the tokens of a love in honour of which the bands would play and the bells would ring, if ever they got through their manifold perils and dangers. It was only known to a very small family circle in London, that of all the men and women who were hoping, as it seemed almost against hope during the long silence of Stanley, there was one above all others who had the right to be credited

with the deepest anxiety; and this was a lady whose pictures in the Academy and among the black and white of popular publications were attracting general attention; Miss Dorothy Tennant was engaged to the African traveller. For three years she had to bear with every kind of report of disaster to her lover and his band of adventurous travellers. His death was frequently reported with startling and circumstantial details. He had died many deaths according to native and Arab intelligence: death from fever, death from the poison of fetid swamps, death from assassination, death in a battle with hostile tribes. Dorothy Tennant kept her faith; and love is ever hopeful. They were married in due course, as everybody knows, especially every woman, for the wedding was as stately a business as the match was romantic.

But the necessary brevity of these notes has tempted me to hurry on, leaving Mr. Marston at Cairo, waiting while Stanley wrote his book, "*In Darkest Africa*." How he did so, how Marston took out Mr. Bell, a clever artist, to prepare many of the illustrations for the engraver; how he set up a copying machine next to Stanley's writing room fearing to travel home without a duplicate of Stanley's manuscript; how he copied a good deal of it himself, and how Stanley wrote on day by day twenty pages a day for fifty-two days, until the work was finished, is a very interesting chapter in the history of literature; and it is notable from a point of view that keeps the publisher in sympathetic touch with the author. Marston had to remonstrate with Stanley for working so hard.

"You are killing yourself," he felt impelled to say; "it is quite impossible for the strongest constitution to stand such a strain as this; when I came here ten days ago you seemed to me to be in the most robust health; already I notice a difference in you; you complain of sundry aches and pains; beware of your old enemy, gastric fever." Stanley's reply to this was: "Ah! but the book! the book must be done!" And done it was, before we all went down to Dover to meet him on a fine April day in 1890, and nobody could make too much of him. There he was, the same young-old man we had seen off, but with his hair quite white now, his step none the less firm, his manner none the less self-possessed, his smile,

perhaps, a little more gentle than of yore. To some of the newspaper men he may have been less inclined than hitherto to talk of his work. He must have got a little tired of it. He had been talking and writing of it for months. He had to be stirred by some remark or controversial suggestion touching the rear-guard to draw him. It was they who should have told him news, considering how much had occurred since he had been cut off from the world. During the long weary days of the camp on the Aruwhimi one of that unfortunate company, Mr. Herbert Ward, whom I had originally introduced to Mr. Stanley, had written me many letters and sent me many illustrations of adventure. These had formed the subjects of a series of papers I had written for the *Illustrated London News*, until I was desired by Sir Francis de Winton, on behalf of the Emin Pasha

Two days before the publication of the book a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Stanley by his publishers at the Holborn Restaurant, June 26. Mr. Edward Marston occupied the chair, and amongst those present were, besides the guest of the evening, the Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. W. Martin, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and the Rev. F. W. Low, Sir Ford North, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. William Black, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. H. H. Johnston, Mr. Henty, Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, Mr. P. Da Chaillu, Mr. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., Mr. J. E. H. Gordon, Mr. C. J. Moberley Bell (of the *Times*), Mr. N. MacColl, Editor of the *Athenaeum*, Mr. J. R. Robinson (*Daily News*), Mr. Wemyss Reid, Mr. Stuart J. Reed, Mr. Bram Stoker, Stuart Cumberland, Captain Aboey, H. H. Howorth, M.P., Mr. Crosby Lockwood, Mr. Sotheran, Mr. L. K. Wilson, Mr. Mudie, Mr. W. Senior, &c. The French publishers were represented by MM. Fouret and Kleinau, and the American publishers by Mr. Bangs, and the artists by Monsieur Riou and Mr. Sydney P. Hall. The printers by Messrs. W. C. K. Clowes and E. A. Clowes; the paper makers by Mr. F. P. Barlow, and the engravers by Mr. J. D. Cooper, together with many other friends. One can but very roughly estimate the number of copies that have been printed in the different countries. The Chairman on the above occasion made the following remarks on the statistics of the work: "It contains, roughly speaking, a thousand pages of forty lines each. On January 25 of this year not a line of it had been written. Then it was that Mr. Stanley sat down at the Villa Victoria, in Cairo, with a firm determination that nothing earthly should stop him till he had finished it. In fifty days he completed his self-imposed task, or rather the task which he says I imposed upon him. This means that he not merely wrote out, but he had to think out, twenty pages, say, eight thousand words, a day. Gentlemen, if you wish to know what an amount of endurance and perseverance that means, I recommend you to try the experiment yourselves. It is easy enough to write twenty very long pages a day for one, two or three days, but to keep on doing so for fifty days consecutively, without any break or relaxation whatever to speak of, is quite another matter. Now let me glance at the manufacture of these volumes. In view of the enormous amount of public interest felt in this book I see no objection for once to depart from our usual reticence in such matters, and to say that we have orders in the house for, and on Saturday

Relief Committee, to bring the story of the rear-guard and other matters to a conclusion. I was, therefore, well posted in certain special features of Stanley's latest expedition. Moreover, I had taken a keen interest in the business from first to last, not only in a journalistic capacity but as an admirer and friend of Stanley and one devoted to the interests of my friend Ward, in whom Stanley had a great if not an abiding belief, and who had shown himself in many a tight place a young man of courage and resource. As I sat with Stanley discussing these things in the train from Dover, I was twitted by two of the great London chiefs of the Relief Committee with the fears I had expressed in regard to Stanley's safety. They had never doubted, they had never feared, they always knew that he would overcome every obstacle. These things were said in Stanley's presence and with

morning we shall despatch, over sixteen thousand copies, besides six thousand of a colonial edition, and other issues. You know the whole thing had to be rushed through the press, and I assure you it has taxed the resources of Messrs. Clowes' vast establishment for many weeks. To produce this book in the way it has been produced required something more than mere routine work. It required a thoughtful, guiding spirit — one who would devote heart and soul to the work, and we cannot feel too grateful to Captain Clowes for the extraordinary devotion and personal attention he has given to the accomplishment of this task. In the printing department the work has found employment for many weeks for sixty compositors, seventeen readers, twelve reading boys, and about two hundred machine-pressmen and warehousemen. The paper consumed in printing the *édition de luxe*, the colonial edition, the canvassing edition, and the trade edition weighs sixty-five and a half tons. This paper, if it had been laid out in single sheets, would have formed a white carpet for Mr. Stanley to have walked upon from the Congo to Zanzibar, or if laid sheet upon sheet it would have formed a tower something like the Tour Eiffel. The type and material used weighed seven and a quarter tons, and there were two million five hundred thousand types used in each of the above editions. Eighteen steam printing machines and ten hand presses consumed one and a half ton of printing ink. Then as to the binding, we had to get bound in a fortnight, in all, about forty thousand volumes. These have given employment to over five hundred men and six hundred women. About four thousand five hundred yards, or nearly two and a half miles of binders' cloth were consumed on these editions. Now, as there have been produced simultaneously in America and on the Continent about ten other editions, I think I should not be far out in stating that it would be quite within the mark to multiply all the figures I have mentioned by seven or eight. Taking the latter estimate, Mr. Stanley may comfort himself with the reflection that during the last four months his fifty days' labour of brain and pen has given employment to an army of probably seven thousand men and at least as many women and girls, and probably the aggregate weight of all the editions which will be issued simultaneously on Saturday will exceed three hundred tons." — *How Stanley Wrote "In Darkest Africa": A Trip to Egypt and Back.* By E. MARSTON.

an air of superior knowledge. I did not see that it detracted from the greatness of Stanley's achievements that at times one had been led to fear that he had at last joined the noble band of martyrs a victim to African exploration. They thought otherwise; and yet they knew something of the strange, weird and uncanny obstacles he had to overcome: but it is easy to sit round a board of green cloth in London and feel convinced that your man will pull through, don't you know. I heard from Stanley's own lips, during the journey to London, his story of the rear-guard, the description of his arrival at the broken-up camp, his disappointment, the retracing of his footsteps back all the miles he had journeyed to see after his companions. I could well understand his feelings. I heard him tell the story to a great audience in New York in eloquent terms of denunciation and regret, and with graphic details of adventure that arose out of the failure of the reliefs he left behind; and I was glad to see a week or two later a letter to the *Times*, in which, while taking exception to the conduct of his chiefs on the Aruwimi, he did ample justice to the gallantry, the heroism and the self-abnegation of the Englishmen who had maintained, in his opinion, the honour of the flag, and were worthy of the undying fame of English pioneers. It is not my business to say a word about the merits of the rear-guard controversy. It has been threshed out in the Press: but, at the same time, I don't think the youngest of the guard and the one having least authority can be held in any sense individually responsible for Major Barttelot's inactivity; and, if he was away when the patient and long-suffering chief returned to the unfortunate camp, he was obeying the orders of his superior officer. Ward's letters, which I dealt with in the *Illustrated London News*, are, to my mind, Ward's justification, and this judgment was endorsed by words and scrip at a council of the Relief Committee. The mistakes on the Aruwimi had their good side for Stanley. They added to his crown an extra jewel. In no chapters of his life does his patience and fortitude come out in more glorious colours than in the story of his retraced steps from the most perilous point of his journey to the Aruwimi.

Considered by the light of duties and achievements, Stanley's is a remarkably

full life. With the data of "Men of the Time," and other authorities, I have, in the following summary, condensed the romantic story into the prose of a mere record—bare landmarks on a long picturesque and eventful journey.

Henry M. Stanley was born near Denbigh, in Wales, on the 28th of January, 1841. Livingstone began work at the age of ten, in a cotton factory on the Clyde. Stanley was placed in the poor-house of St. Asaph. He remained there ten years. At the age of fifteen, when he had risen to the dignity of a pupil-teacher, he ran away from his native place and sailed as cabin-boy on board a vessel bound for New Orleans. Here a merchant, named Stanley adopted him. The real name of the lad from Denbigh was John Rowlands. He changed it for that of his American friend and patron, who, eventually dying without a will, left his protégé penniless, but not without the resource of an adventurous and enterprising nature. He enlisted in the Confederate army, was made prisoner, and subsequently, on his release, joined the Federal navy, serving as acting-ensign on the *Ticonderoga*. On the declaration of peace, the *New York Herald* sent him to Turkey as its correspondent, and afterwards with the British army to Abyssinia. For some short time afterwards he travelled through Spain for the *New York Herald*, and under the orders of James Gordon Bennett, he sailed from Bombay, in October, 1870, to find Livingstone, of whom no scrap of intelligence whatever had been received for over two years. Early in January, 1871, he reached Zanzibar, on the East coast of Africa, and in November of the same year he found the lost traveller at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. He furnished Livingstone with supplies, explored in his company the northern part of the lake, and remained with Livingstone until February, 1872, when the English missionary started on a journey he had long desired to make, but from which he never returned. Stanley made his way back to Europe, and reached England in the month of July, 1872. After the first curious expressions of doubt as to his marvellous story, the adventurous journalist was publicly received and entertained. The Queen sent for him and presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, and the Royal Geographical Society gave him the patron's Gold Medal. His next expedition was arranged

by the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*, in combination. They commissioned his further exploration of Africa, and he went out, in 1874, to complete Livingstone's latest work. Reaching Zanzibar, he learnt that Livingstone was dead, but did not think the mournful tidings sufficient to turn him aside from his mission. He advanced in a north-westwardly direction and explored the region of Lake N'yanza. His way was beset with far more serious perils than any he had encountered on his first expedition. He was attacked by the natives on several occasions, and his advance became literally a campaign, his fights amounting to battles, both on land and water. Out of a company of three hundred warriors and carriers, he lost, by death and desertion, one hundred and four. He reached Lake N'yanza, Victoria, in February, 1875, and found it to be the largest body of fresh water on the globe, having an area of forty thousand square miles. Thence he pushed westward towards Lake Albert N'yanza, and established the fact that it was not, as had been supposed, connected with Lake Tanganyika. Unable to maintain a stand here against the hostility of the natives, he had to return to Ujiji, and he resolved to descend the great river discovered by Livingstone and believed by him to be the Nile. Others believed it to be the Congo, and Stanley by this journey ascertained that they were right. Livingstone had named it the Luálaba. Stanley called it the Livingstone. It took him eight months to make his descent of the river, which was chiefly accomplished in canoes, and cost him many privations, much suffering and the loss of thirty-five men. On landing at a settlement on this coast, a Portuguese national vessel took him to St. Paul de Loanda, where he found an English ship that conveyed him and his party to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to Zanzibar. Here he had the satisfaction of returning his surviving followers to their homes and friends, and he arrived in London in February, 1878. Six years after the publication of "How I found Livingstone," he wrote "Through the Dark Continent." At the Sorbonne, in June, 1878, the President of the French Geographical Society presented Stanley with the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. In

1879-'82 he once more visited Africa, under the auspices of the Brussels African International Association, with a view to developing the great basin of the river Congo. From his private purse the King of the Belgians devoted £50,000 per annum towards the enterprise. Stanley established trading stations along the Congo from its mouth to Stanley Pool, one thousand four hundred miles of river, and completed his work in 1884. In the year following he published an historical account of his great mission, under the title of "The Congo and the Founding of the Free State." The freedom of the City of London was presented to him on Jan. 13, 1885, on the eve of his departure for a fourth time to the dark continent. His expedition this time was for the purpose of relieving Emin Pasha, Governor of Equatorial Africa, for whose welfare Europe was deeply concerned. Overwhelmed with grief at the fate of Gordon, England was most solicitous for the rescue of his lieutenant, Emin Pasha, from the death that threatened him. Again successful in spite of tremendous odds, Stanley relieved Emin, and brought him and his followers safely back to Egypt, but not without serious incidents of disaster, to which four hundred out of six hundred and fifty men added their bones to the victims of African exploration. The journey occupied nearly three years. Among the geographical results of this expedition were the discovery of the Semliki River; Mount Ruwenzori, believed to be seventeen thousand feet high; Lake Albert Edward, and the south-western extension of Lake Victoria. Lake Albert Edward proved to be the primary source of the White Nile, its waters connecting through the Semliki with the Albert N'yanza. It was at the close of 1889 that Stanley reached Cairo, where he remained until the spring of 1890, writing the record of his journey as already mentioned. His latest return to England was "one unending ovation." The Universities of Oxford and Durham bestowed on him the degree of D.C.L.; Cambridge made him an LL.D., and honours poured in upon him from one end of the country to the other. They had their splendid dénouement in Westminster Abbey on July 12, 1890, when he was married to Miss Dorothy Tennant.

The Guildhall School of Music.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

With Illustrations from Photographs by Messrs. Martin and Sallnow.

DEICIENT as it is in municipal government, the Metropolis has, in the Guildhall School of Music, an example of municipal enterprise which the provincial cities might well be glad to follow. The Corporation of the City of London, indeed, in bringing about the establishment of the highly successful institution on the Thames Embankment, has shown a courageous public spirit as noteworthy in its way as that which has given Birmingham its distinguished position among the municipalities of the world. For, until the City Fathers decreed otherwise, it was never supposed that, in this unmusical nation of ours, the teaching of music could ever become a matter of municipal concern. Art galleries, museums, technical colleges—it was meet that these things should be started and maintained with the aid of the rate-payers' money, but a school of music; this was a startling, not to say dangerous, innovation, despite the fact that nearly every second-rate Continental town has its municipal Conservatoire.

In an age which has since seen the most violent opposition to the introduction of a piano into an elementary school, it was only natural that the project of providing for the higher musical culture of citizens, their wives and daughters out of the funds of the City Corporation should at first excite strong protest. On the whole, however, the idea of the Guildhall School of Music was conceived and carried out with admirable promptitude. It really arose out of the movement, which was headed by the Prince of Wales, for the establishment of a "National Training School for Music," and which ultimately acquired a "local habitation and a name" as the Royal College of Music. In 1875 his Royal Highness wrote to the Lord Mayor, requesting the help of 'the City'

in the matter, and, in response, the Corporation voted a liberal subscription, and appointed a committee to co-operate with the promoters of the new institution. In course of time this committee had reason to be satisfied with the form which the National Training School was taking, and it then occurred to them that the City ought to have a school of music of its own. In June, 1879, they were accordingly empowered "to consider if there be any demand for musical education in the City of London, such as exists at the West End of London, and the best mode of supplying such education." In about six months the committee reported that such a need did exist, and that it should be met by the establishment of such a popular academy as the Guildhall School of Music has since become.

In September, 1880, the school was started with a grant of £350 from the Court of Common Council, and the loan of a large warehouse in Aldermanbury as temporary premises. Mr. Weist Hill, who was appointed principal, had been instrumental in stimulating the action of the Corporation by the success of the Guildhall Orchestral and Choral Society, a body of amateur musicians formed by him to give concerts at the Guildhall and other places in the City. Mr. Weist Hill held the position till his death in 1891, when he was succeeded by Sir Joseph Barnby. Starting with sixty-two pupils, the school in fourteen years has obtained the distinction, with its three thousand five hundred pupils, of being the largest music school in the world. Of course, it very soon outgrew the temporary accommodation of the Aldermanbury warehouse, which was at best ill-adapted to the purpose. The proposal to erect a new building, however, revived the opposition of the Philistine members of the Corpo-

ration, and there was some delay in consequence. But, in the summer of 1885 the building on the Embankment was begun.

The building, which was opened at the beginning of 1887, cost, with fittings and furniture, about £25,000; and for this comparatively modest sum the architect, Sir Horace Jones, was not able to obtain any remarkable external decoration. One might easily pass the three-storied building of Portland stone, which is partially hidden from the Embankment by Zion College, without having one's curiosity aroused, unless, as the swing doors opened in the centre to give egress or ingress to a young lady, say, carrying a violin case, there was carried to one's ears the somewhat discordant sound of the music of the voice and various instruments. But on entering the building it is found to be full of interest. It is three o'clock in the afternoon, and the work of the school is in full swing. The warm corridor is full of bustling feet, while pupils of various ages and degrees are comfortably awaiting their lessons on sofa-seats. A waiting-room was one of the necessities of its rapid growth, overlooked by the architect of the school; but it has now been decided to use for this purpose the quadrangular open space in the centre of the building. So I am told by Sir Joseph Barnby, when conducted to the Principal's room, an apartment which exemplifies in its small size the rigid economy of space which has now to be exercised, if the popularity of the College is to be accommodated to the limits of its fine building.

It is to this room that the new pupil, having been duly nominated by an Alderman or Common Councillor, is first taken, in order to make the acquaintance of the Principal and to have his or her musical



SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

powers tested. The ordeal is not a formidable one, for Sir Joseph Barnby is one of the kindest-mannered men, and its object is simply to enable him to ascertain under which professor the new pupil should be placed. Under Sir Joseph's advice, the pupils at the Guildhall School, unlike other musical colleges, may choose their own professors, subject, of course, to the engagements which these gentlemen already have. But the fees charged vary according to the experience and status of the professor, and the student who wishes

to expend judiciously the cost of a musical education generally accepts the advice of the Principal. It is obvious that a pupil who has yet to learn his notes, would hardly be wise to take his first lessons from Mr. Sims Reeves, and that one who had only an elementary acquaintance with the keys, would be extravagant in going straightway to Herr Pauer. One or the other of the staff of about one hundred and twenty professors chosen, the new pupil is informed of the time which the teacher has vacant, and makes an appointment for the lessons of twenty minutes' or half-an-hour's duration.

There is nothing, Sir Joseph Barnby tells me, in the nature of a qualifying test. For the school is primarily intended for those "desirous to attain, in a higher degree, the knowledge and exercise of the practice and principles of musical science, so as to execute well, and to comprehend fully, the works of the great masters." It would, therefore, be improper to require of every pupil that degree of natural ability which is essential to the achievement of professional distinction. Sir Joseph Barnby estimates that not more than three hundred of the three thousand five hundred pupils at-



MONSIEUR J. HOLLANDER.

tending the school have any intention of making music their profession, either as artistes or teachers. On the other hand, no discrimination whatever is made in the treatment of those who come as amateurs, pure and simple, and those who mean to make music their profession. The fees are precisely the same to both, varying from £1 10s., for twelve lessons of twenty minutes, to four guineas.

In the case of "second studies," it should be added, the fees are reduced to a guinea and a guinea and a half for twelve lessons of thirty minutes.

Apart from the excellence of its training, however, the Guildhall School of Music offers no small advantage to professional aspirants. It is not unfrequently the means of procuring for them those early "engagements" which are so apt to be as rare as they are sweet. Sir Joseph Barnby is constantly in communication with people who are in need of artistes for concerts of a public and private character, and, as a rule, he can recommend some member or other of the college in fulfilment of his correspondent's want. Then there are the city companies, whose frequent banquets are the source of many pleasant and lucrative engagements, while whenever the Corporation itself requires for its many social festivities the services of the musicians it has been the means of training, liberal fees always follow the event. An innovation of the present Principal's must also be of great value to such

students as have to regard their training as equipping them with a career. Sir Joseph Barnby invites every pupil who may be making any public appearance, even though it be only in some suburban school-room, to inform him of the fact, and give him the opportunity of hearing the pieces which the pupil proposes to play or to sing. A gifted composer, a skilful musician, and an experienced teacher, the advice which Sir Joseph can then give to the young beginner must be of very great value.

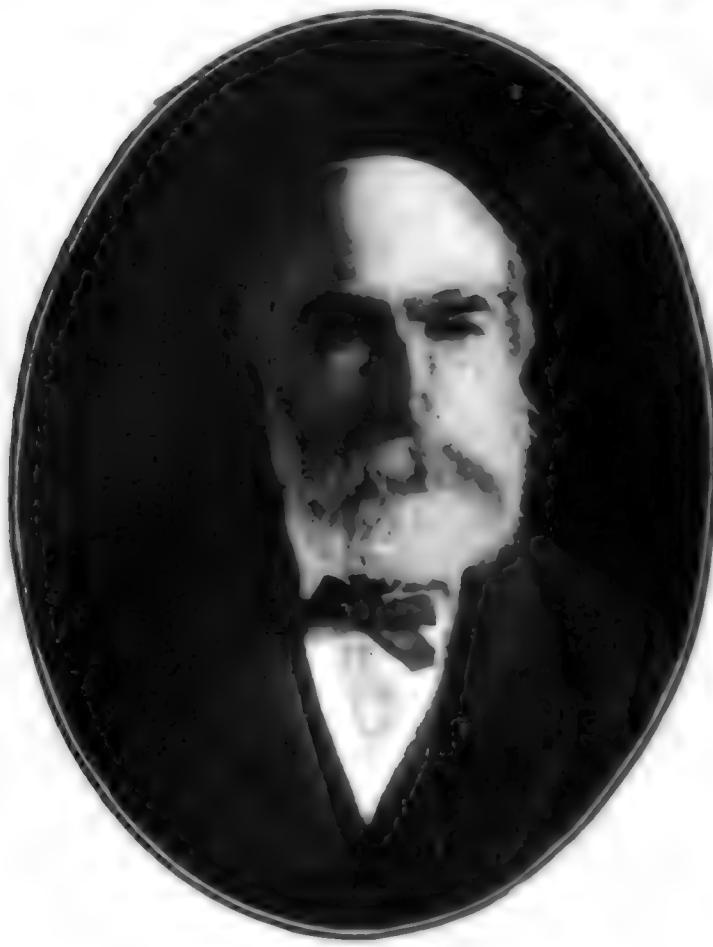
I should say that this invitation is gladly and universally accepted, for the Principal is apparently on the best of terms with both pupils and professors. As we walk through the corridors, peeping through the glass doors of the different professors' rooms as we pass, Sir Joseph has a kindly word or a pleasant nod for everyone he knows. At this hour of the day the school is almost entirely filled with female pupils, who have mostly come from distant suburban homes. The young men, very many of whom have business occupations in the city, come chiefly in the evening, the work of the school continuing as late as eight, nine or even ten o'clock. We first hear for a few moments the chamber music class, who are practising—such is the pressure of space—in a room adjoining the Principal's, which is really dedicated to the use of the Music



MONSIEUR E. DE MUNK.

Committee of the Corporation, in whose hands the general control of the school is vested. As a matter of convenience, the committee, however, meet at the Guildhall. Sir Joseph Barnby had, in fact, just returned from the weekly meeting as I arrived at the school. He tells me this much amidst the "scraping" of four violins vigorously wielded by four young ladies under the direction of their professor. Sir Joseph has heard every note, withal, for the next moment he is, in a quick, genial voice, giving a hint or making some suggestion to one or the other of the fair violinists.

Proceeding along the corridor, I notice through the glass window with which every door is fitted that in all the professors' rooms there are two or more pupils. This was not because, as I hastily supposed, two lessons were being given at the same time, although, in one sense, this might be said to have been the case. It is a rule at the Guildhall School of Music, that having taken her own lesson of twenty minutes or half an hour, a lady pupil shall remain while the Professor is giving his next two lessons, whose benefit she thereby shares. That is, if there is no interval, of course, between the two lessons, in which case the professor can pass the time provided for the teaching staff on the ground floor, probably enjoying a cup of coffee and a chat with one or the other of his confrères. On the staircase we encounter Mr. Sims Reeves just going to



SIGNOR LI CALZI.

seek this refreshment; the veteran singer comes two days a week to the school and has numerous pupils.

Having seen some of the class-rooms, the organ-room and the library, Sir Joseph Barnby takes me into a handsome and lofty apartment in which meet the orchestra (two hundred or three hundred strong), the stringed band and the choir of the



SIGNOR VIRETTI.

school. All three are under the personal direction, of course, of the distinguished Principal. This "practice-room," as it is called, is adorned with the busts of the great musicians of the world, and has, at one end, a stone scroll on which are recorded the names of some three dozen men and women who, having obtained the full certificates of proficiency, rank as Associates of the School. It was originally intended for the students' concerts, but these have now to be held in the larger space of the hall of the City of London School which adjoins the Guildhall School of Music. Once a fortnight, however, the less experienced pupils have a concert in the "practice-room," the singers thus gaining the confidence which is required to fill with their voices the larger arena. The students' concerts proper, held once a fortnight during Term time, are such as must impress every auditor of one of them with the rich re-

sources of the Guildhall School of Music and the high degree of excellence to which its teaching has attained. Let me give a few specimen items from the programme of the concert which I had the pleasure of attending:—

Duet for Two (Impromptu über ein Thema) C. Reinecke.
Pianofortes (aus Schumann's "Manfred") op. 66.

Miss ANNETTE MAFFERT and Miss ALICE LOUISE MULLETT.

(Certificates of Merit. Pupils of Mr. J. Henry Leipold.)

Song ... It is Enough (Elijah) ... Mendelssohn.
Mr. LEYLAND Langley.
(Pupil of Mr. Hermann Klein.)

Violin Duet... Concerto for two Violins ... Bach.

Miss E. Gwynne KIMPTON and Mr. A. J. SLOCOMBE, A.G.S.M.

(Certificate of Merit, Silver Medalist and Exhibitioner.)
(Pupils of Mr. A. Gibson.)

Song...She wandered down the mountain side F. Clay.
Miss PALFREMAN.
(Pupil of Mr. W. H. Cummings.)

It is now Sir Joseph Barnby's great ambition to see added to the school a concert-hall and theatre of its own; and, as the Corporation has some land vacant close by, this ambition will probably be realised in the near future. At present, the flourishing operatic class, in order to give a public performance, has to rely on the kindness of Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Irving, or some other manager in lending a theatre for the purpose. Highly successful performances have been given of "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Phélymon et Baucis," "Faust," etc. On such occasions, the school provides the orchestral as well as the vocal music.

The curriculum of the school is of the most comprehensive character.

In addition to such inevitable subjects as harmony and composition, solo and choral singing and instruction in the art of all the instruments in general use, it includes: elocution and gesture, Mr. Alfred Nelson; Italian, Baron Enrico Celli; French, M. de Fontanier; and German, Herr Leipold Goldschild. It must be added, however, that only those who are likewise studying vocal music can receive instruction in these languages. Altogether, something like five thousand separate lessons are given in the building in the course of a week. The professors take it in turn, moreover, to give a lecture occasionally (all students being invited) on some subject relating to music of which they respectively have some special knowledge. These lectures, frequently illustrated, as they are, on the piano or other instrument, generally crowd the "practice-room" to its utmost capacity, and have proved most interesting to both professors and pupils.

Small as are the fees charged at the school as compared with those which would have to be paid if lessons were taken privately of the same professors, they are, doubtless, beyond the means of many who desire to obtain a high-class musical training. In time their case may be adequately met by exhibitions and scholarships; already the school has exhibitions to the annual value of £411 10s., of which £200 is contributed by the Corporation, and other amounts by several of the city companies, and by Mr. Samuel Montagu, M.P., and Mr. Alderman Cowan. Prizes to the value



MR. SIMS REEVES.

of eighty guineas are given by, among others, Sir Joseph Savory, M.P., Sir David Evans, Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Charles D. Miller, C.C., the Chairman of the Music Committee, while a number of gold and silver medals are keenly competed for. Messrs. Brinsmead give every three years an upright piano,

while at the time of my visit there was on view in the "practice-room" the Steinway piano, one of three presented as a testimonial to Sir Augustus Harris for competition among the students of the three largest



ONE OF THE CLASS ROOMS.

musical academies in London. Anyone wishing to do something for the advancement of the study of music might well turn his attention to the scholarship and prize list of the Guildhall School.



THE MUSIC-ROOM.

The Music Committee of the Corporation, which is the governing body of the school, and which has the spending of the £2,300 per annum which is voted for its maintenance, consists of thirty-five members. The Lord Mayor is, of course, an ex-officio member, and among his colleagues are Sir James Lawrence, Sir Andrew Lusk, Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P., Mr. A. A. Wood, Mr. Thomas Beard and Mr. R. N. Perrin. The committee have, I believe, always shown keen and appreciative interest in every detail affecting the welfare of the school. The story goes, in illustration of this, that a girl student at the school, who had always had the greatest difficulty in scraping together enough money to pay the fees, was one day obliged to give notice of her intention to leave the school, although she was regarded as a brilliant pupil. The case, and its "true inwardness," somehow came to the ears of one of the members of the committee, and the poor girl found that her fees had been paid for the whole time during which she

would wish to remain at the school. She is now one of the most promising members of her profession.

But, however zealous the committee, it is obvious that the greater part of the burden of management must fall upon the shoulders of the Principal. Sir Joseph Barnby seems just the man, albeit his previous position as Precentor at Eton College must sharply contrast with that which he now holds—to handle the thousand and one details involved in the control of such an institution without raising a wrinkle or turning a hair. His policy, as he frankly avows, is to leave the teaching staff alone as much as possible; he believes that each professor is far more likely to succeed well with his pupils if he has a fairly free hand than if he is required to adapt his methods to the pre-conceived opinions or prejudices of someone else. It is Sir Joseph Barnby's musical faith that there are several methods of teaching, and they are all right if the teacher himself is a true musician.



THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

A Bride from Broadmoor.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

THE horses flashed past the post in the bright sunshine of a June afternoon. The three leaders were all of a heap, and it was difficult for anyone but the judge to say which had actually won. From the ring arose a wild Babel of sound. The names of three horses were yelled excitedly aloud, each of which was believed by many of the spectators to have won.

Then there was a second's silence. The number of the winner was going up. It was 13, "The Hero."

I am not an emotional man, but when that number went up I gave a wild cheer on my own account. I had taken 1000 to 15 "The Hero," and a thousand pounds is an agreeable sum to earn by a day's outing on Ascot Heath.

I made a remark about my luck to the man standing beside me. I thought it was an acquaintance of mine, who had been watching the race by my side.

But the voice that replied was not his, and I turned to apologise to the stranger I had addressed in mistake.

"I beg your pardon; I thought I knew you," I said.

"So you did once," he replied in a cheery voice; "but I suppose you've forgotten me."

I looked hard at the tall, broad-shouldered, fair-bearded man to whom I was talking, but I could not remember having seen him before.

"Do you remember a ball at Broadmoor a few years ago, when you danced with four murderesses, one after the other?" he said quietly.

"Good gracious me, of course I remember you now. You were a guest also, and we left together and walked across the Heath in the early dawn to the railway station. Your brother was one of the doctors then; it was he who invited me."

"That's right. Ah, poor chap, it was

a bad day for him that he ever went to Broadmoor."

"I haven't seen anything of him or heard from him for a long time now. What has happened to him? He hasn't done as so many men do who are constantly associated with lunatics—gone mad himself—has he?"

"Yes; he is hopelessly insane. But didn't you see the case in the papers two years ago?"

"No; I must have missed it. Two years ago I took a voyage to Australia for my health, and I saw no English papers for a long time; that is probably how I missed it."

"Well, I won't spoil your afternoon's pleasure by telling you the terrible story now. I know poor Jack thought a lot of you; and I'm sure you'll sympathise with us all in our trouble. Here is my card. Come to my chambers one evening and I'll tell you all about it. Good-bye; I'm going back to town now. I only came to see the Hunt Cup; I haven't missed it for years."

A moment more my old friend's brother had disappeared in the Ascot crowd, and I was left with his card in my hand, and my thoughts far, far away from the gay scene at which I was assisting.

Jack Devereux had been my friend when, as quite a young fellow, he was doctor on one of the Australian liners. But the brain was always his favourite study, and when he heard one day that there was a vacancy at Broadmoor for a junior he at once applied for the post and was quite jubilant when he obtained it. I didn't see much of him for a year after his appointment. When I saw him again he seemed much more reserved and sedate than I had ever seen him before. He told me that he liked his new berth very well; that he was deeply interested in his patients, but that his surroundings were undoubtedly affecting him.

"I am so constantly with mad people," he said, "that I am haunted with the idea that I shall one day go mad myself. I begin to look upon madness as the rule; sanity as the exception."

I laughed at his fears, and told him that I had heard of such an idea before, but that there was no proof that constant association with insanity would induce it.

"You are wrong," he replied gravely; "there are three doctors at the present moment who are confined in lunatic asylums, of which they had formerly been officials. But there, let us talk of something else."

It was a year later when I saw him again, and then I went to Broadmoor at his invitation to assist at the annual ball given to the female patients. He introduced me to my first partner, a tall, graceful girl, with glorious auburn hair, and the most beautiful blue eyes I had ever seen in my life. He danced with her himself twice during the evening, and later on, when we were smoking a cigar together in his quarters, he told me her history.

Helena Darville (the name is, of course, a fictitious one) was a young lady of good family, and had been engaged to her cousin, a captain in a line regiment, which, shortly after their engagement, was ordered to India. During her lover's absence Helena's father suffered severe financial reverses, eventually became a bankrupt, and the family was reduced to poverty. Shortly after the crash the Captain wrote, breaking off the engagement; and by the next mail information was received that he had married the daughter of a wealthy Bombay merchant. The double shock affected Helena's brain, and she became a prey to paroxysms of the wildest jealousy, but none of her friends suspected how serious the brain mischief really was. A year after the Captain's marriage he arrived in England, and an old friend of the family injudiciously told Helena that she had seen the Captain and that he was staying at a private hotel in the West End with his wife.

The next day Miss Darville, without saying a word to anyone, went out. No one knew that she had managed to get possession of a revolver which her brother kept in his room. She went straight to the hotel and, representing that she had an appointment with the Captain, was shown to his sitting-room. At the moment

she entered he was alone and was sitting at a writing-table, and his back was towards her. She called him by name; he started up at the sound of her voice and turned towards her. Instantly she raised the revolver and fired at him twice. The second shot entered his heart, and he fell forward, a dead man.

Arrested and charged with wilful murder, she was found to have been insane at the time she committed the deed, and was sent to Broadmoor, there to remain "during Her Majesty's pleasure."

"One can hardly imagine such a beautiful and refined girl being a murderer," I exclaimed, when the doctor had finished his narrative, "and she conversed with me quite rationally. If I hadn't met her here, I should never have believed that she was insane."

"She is not insane now; she is as sane as I am—or perhaps I had better say as you are."

"Poor girl, that is even more terrible. Fancy having to spend her life here, a sane woman, among mad murderesses."

"She will not have to spend her life here—that is to say, she would be sent back to her friends, if they were in a position to keep her from worry and excitement, and make her life a calm and peaceful one. It is not Her Majesty's pleasure to keep a sane man or woman in a lunatic asylum."

"Then, if the patients here become sane they are free?"

"Yes, if the environment to which they will return is not one likely to furnish an exciting cause for a fresh attack of insanity."

"Even if they have committed murder?"

"Yes, they are not criminals. Lunatics are not held by the law to be responsible for their deeds. Murderers are frequently discharged from Broadmoor, and many of them settle down and become peaceable and contented members of society."

"Then Miss Darville will go home to her friends?"

"No, her father is dead, and her sister, who is married and not well off, declines to make a home for her and be responsible for her comfort and happiness. We never allow patients, even when cured, to go away without they have friends to look after them, and to be responsible for them. So the poor girl will probably pass her life here."

"It's a sad story, a very sad story," I said. "I don't like to think about it. Give me another brandy and soda, and let us talk about something else."

That was the last time I ever saw Jack Devereux. I wrote to him once to Broadmoor, but the letter was returned to me by the Post Office, marked "Gone away."

And now after a lapse of years I had met his brother, and he had a terrible story to tell me about poor Jack, who was hopelessly insane. I had no further heart for racing, and shortly afterwards I left the course, and made my way to the railway station.

* * *

A week later I called upon the elder Devereux at his chambers. I was anxious to know about Jack, for I could not get him out of my mind.

"Poor Jack!" said his brother, with a sigh; "I went to see him the other day at Broadmoor."

"At Broadmoor, good God, you don't mean that he is *there*!"

"Yes, where he was once a doctor, he is now a patient."

"But Broadmoor is a *criminal* lunatic asylum."

Mr. Devereux looked at me sadly and nodded his head. Then he went to a bureau, unlocked it, and from one of the pigeon-holes he took an ordinary Letts's Diary.

"This is my brother's diary," he said. "If you will look at the passages I have marked you will see how one particular idea began to affect my brother's mind. Look at this entry:—

"'I think of her night and day. It is horrible. She so good, so beautiful, so gentle, and condemned to pass her life in this fearful place, among these terrible people. And she is sane. She knows, she feels, she understands, and she suffers; and I, who love her, I can do nothing—nothing to save her from this dreadful fate.'"

"Your brother was in love," I exclaimed. "But what does he mean by her terrible fate? Who was she?"

"The lady you met at the Broadmoor ball, Helena Darville."

"Good God! the girl who shot her former lover."

"Yes. Jack fell madly in love with her:

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there is no doubt of that. For a time, if you were to read through his diary, you would see that he struggled against a passion which seemed to him hopeless. She was a murderer; and though she had become sane, she could not be set free because —"

"Yes, yes; he told me all about it that night. I begin to understand now; his hopeless passion turned his brain?"

"No; he married her."

"What!"

"It is true. At one time he evidently contemplated leaving Broadmoor, and travelling, in order to distract his thoughts, but his love was too strong to endure the separation. He knew that if he left he would never probably be able to see Helena again, and she would drag out her life at the asylum. Then it seems that one day he found an opportunity of telling her of his love, and he asked her if she thought she could ever return it? If she were free, could she forget the past, as he would, and marry him?"

"And she consented?" I exclaimed.

"Not at first. She told him that she knew that she was sane now, and she quite remembered what she had done while she was distracted with passion and had lost her reason; but no man would be justified, she said, in marrying a woman with such a tragedy in her life. She asked him to go away and think no more about her."

"But they met again and again, and at last she began to understand his devotion, and gradually she must have fallen in love with him, and recognised that it was her one chance of peace and happiness in the future."

"At any rate, we come to a date in my brother's diary when he wrote that she had confessed her love, that she had given him her promise that if he could secure her freedom she would be his wife."

"From that moment he evidently concentrated all his thoughts on a scheme for securing Helena Darville her liberty. He makes notes of several conversations he had with the head doctor, who agreed that Helena Darville was quite sane; but who pointed out the difficulty of setting her free because she had no friends to whom she could be given up."

"Then he goes to town and sees the married sister and her husband, and has a long interview with them, and at last evidently persuades them to agree to his

proposition. They are to write to the authorities at Broadmoor, and express their willingness to receive Miss Darville and to be responsible for her comfort, and then he will marry her and make a home for her, take her off their hands and give her a husband's love and protection. He is a doctor, a doctor skilled in mental diseases, one who could detect the first symptoms of a return of the malady which he assures them is not permanent. If they are really anxious for their relative's welfare, they could not desire anything better than such an arrangement for her.

"They consent, and eventually, after all the formalities have been complied with, Miss Darville is sent to her sister's and is accompanied by a female official and my brother as the doctor in charge, who is to explain fully to her relatives their duty and the circumstances under which they are to communicate with the authorities at Broadmoor.

"A fortnight later my brother has resigned his post at Broadmoor, and has found a practice for sale in a quiet Thames-side town about twenty miles from London. He purchases the practice with my assistance, and shortly afterwards I get a letter from him informing me that he is married, and inviting me to come and see him.

"I am surprised that I have heard nothing of the intended marriage and that he does not mention the lady's name, but I go, and to my intense astonishment, when he introduces me to his wife, I find that it is Helena Darville. He has married a bride from Broadmoor, a girl whose jealousy had driven her mad, and who had deliberately assassinated the man who had jilted her."

"You were horrified, were you not?"

"Horrified! I don't know what I must have looked like, but Helena's face turned deadly pale, and my brother's lip quivered.

"Helena was the first to speak.

"'You think your brother has done a very dreadful thing, a very dangerous thing,' she said.

"I could not answer. I could not lie or utter commonplace platitudes; the situation was too terrible. What would the children of such a marriage be? The children of a mad murderess. I think my brother read my thoughts in my face."

"'I know what you are thinking,' he said, quietly, 'but your fears are groundless, Helena's brain is as healthy to-day

as yours, and we are not going to thrust ourselves on the world. No one but yourself and Helena's relatives will ever know who my wife was, or the story of our strange courtship. And you and they will keep the secret. There is nothing to fear on that score.'

"My brother was called out of the room at that moment to see a patient who had called, and I was left alone with his wife.

"As soon as the door was closed she came across to where I was standing and said quietly, almost beneath her breath: 'You need not fear, Mr. Devereux, that I shall not make your brother a good wife. I will take care of him; it is to do that I married him.'

"'You mean, my dear young lady,' I said rather nervously, 'that he will take every care of you.'

"'No. Our positions are changed now. I am sane; he is going mad. Never refer to my past in his presence again, or to Broadmoor, or to insanity. If he keeps these things out of his mind he may be saved; if he dwells upon them he is lost.'

"You can imagine that my stay at my brother's house was not a pleasant one. I was glad when I could decently make an excuse to leave, and I left the house with very gloomy forebodings as to the future. The whole thing seemed to me as a hideous nightmare. What man in his sane senses before had ever married a murderer from a lunatic asylum?

"Now look at some of these later entries in my brother's diary. He has been married twelve months, and he is becoming gloomy and morose. I know now that this woman was everything that a gentle and loving wife could be, and bore from him, as his madness increased, every taunt and insult.

"He has begun to hate the poor girl, you see; to curse his mad folly in marrying her; to suspect her of wishing to kill him. He says in one passage in this diary that he saw her looking at him in the night when he woke up, and there was murder in her eyes. He is perpetually on his guard; he won't keep any poison in his surgery; he secretly searches her boxes and her wardrobe for a revolver which he suspects her of hiding.

"He is beginning to lose his practice. He complains of his head, of the horrible feelings which come over him, of his inability to handle the instruments of his profession. Here is the last entry in his

diary. Look at the mad way in which it is scrawled. There is insanity in every curve and twist of the handwriting.

"I believe she intends to do it to-day. I heard her muttering to someone in the night. There are accomplices in the house. It is my life or hers."

"The day after that entry was made I received a telegram from my brother's assistant, asking me to come to the house at once. I went and found my unhappy brother had at six o'clock that morning given himself up to the local police, stating that he had killed his wife as she was in the act of attempting to murder him.

"The police went to the house at once, woke up the terrified servants who had heard nothing, and going to the bedroom found my brother's wife lying in a pool of blood upon the bed in her night-dress, and quite dead.

"He had murdered her in the night, his poor disordered brain haunted by the idea that she intended to take his life.

"That he was insane at the time there was no doubt. He was a raving lunatic before the day of the trial, and his one cry was that he would not be murdered in his sleep.

"He will spend the rest of his days at Broadmoor, and they will not be many. They told me, when I saw him the other day, that acute mania has commenced, and that the merciful end is not far off."

* * *

I was glad to get out into the fresh night air and mix with the sane people who filled the streets. I wanted to get the story of my poor friend's fate out of my mind. When I got home I went to my study to get a book to take upstairs with me to read in bed. I had no intention of lying awake and thinking. I looked on the mantelpiece for the match-tray, and I knocked over a number of old cards and invitations and ball programmes, which were stuck about under the looking-glass. Among them was the programme of the Broadmoor ball, which I had carefully preserved. On it I had written the name of my partners for the various dances. Against the first waltz was "Miss Darville."

All through that night I lay with a book before me, and my eyes were fixed upon the open page. But I never read a printed word. My thoughts were elsewhere.

Rambles Through England.

The English Lakes.—Ullswater and Keswick

ROM Windermere, as our headquarters, we had visited the lakes and chief waterfalls in the southern district of Lakeland; the weird grandeur of the more desolate mountains, and the stillness of their vast solitudes contrasting most vividly with some smiling, rippling fall, dancing and tumbling through fern-lined dells, throwing kisses to the sun as its foaming waters jump from rock to rock singing a never-ceasing lullaby, which the throstle in the pine-top takes as his accompaniment in the joyous song he is pouring out to his mate in her nest in the thorn-bush below. We could well spend as many weeks as we have done days in visiting and revisiting the lovely scenes we have recently passed through, and, we promise each other to make another holiday at no distant date, when we will devote ourselves exclusively to searching out all the beauties which we have now so hurriedly scanned.

We are loath to leave our comfortable quarters at Rigg's Windermere Hotel, which has been our rendezvous hitherto; but the district we are about to visit lies too far distant for us to attempt to get back each day; so we pack up our belongings and book our seats on the coach for Ullswater, distant about fourteen miles from Windermere.

We have been favoured with charming weather so far during our excursion, and this morning is the most beautiful of all. A breezy, south-westerly wind tempers the glowing sunshine and wafts the fleecy clouds in brilliant masses

of light and shade across the hills and vales.

Our coach is full up, carrying nineteen travellers outside, including the coachman, who is habited in the correct coaching costume—scarlet coat, white hat and top boots complete. The inside of the coach is devoted to luggage, rugs and cloaks.

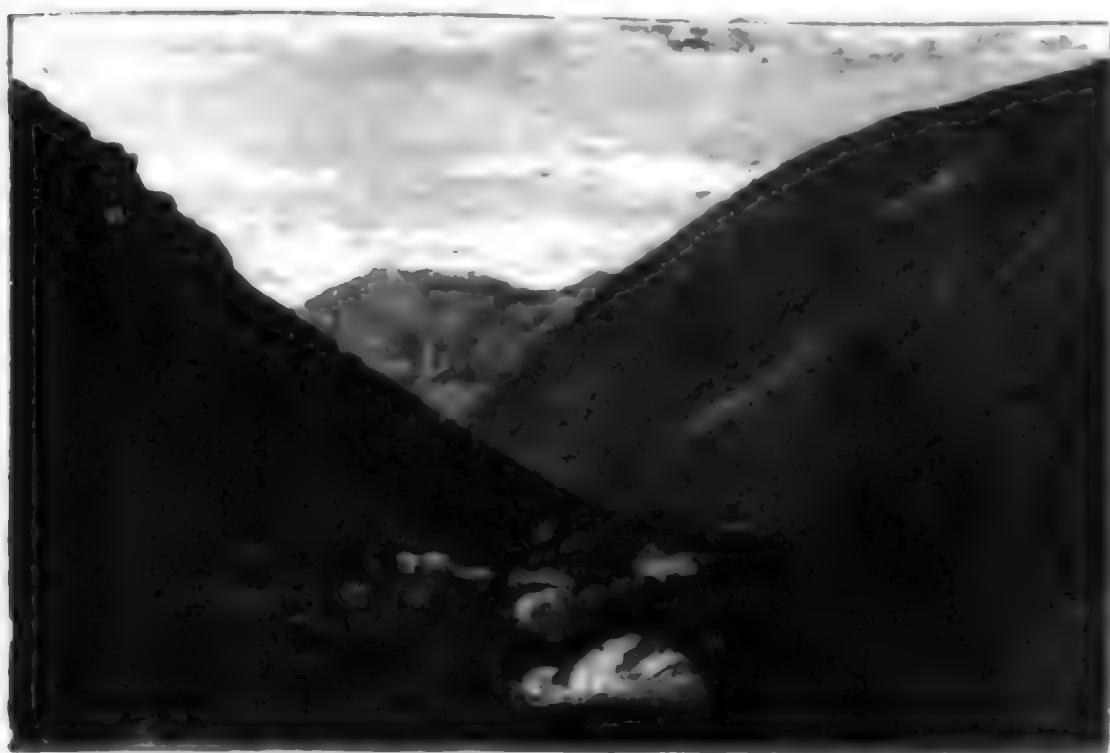
As we wave adieu to our acquaintances at the hotel, our driver tootles cheerily and scientifically on the horn, and we rattle merrily away down the steep hill that leads past the station, and, turning skilfully to the right, we start on one of the most delightful drives in the district.

Leaving the lake of Windermere on our left, we mount the hill by a narrow roadway almost entirely over-arched with fine trees, whose branches we can touch on either side with our outstretched arms; presently, the trees leave us, and we drive along the side of a hill mounting always more or less upwards, the dale on our left growing deeper and more distant.

At our back we now have some lovely



THE TRAVELLERS' REST, KIRKSTONE PASS, 1,480 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.



KIRKSTONE PASS.

peeps at Windermere Lake and the mountains on its opposite shore; while, down in the valley just referred to, dances the little river of Troutbeck, looking, from our elevated position, like a ribbon of silver tinsel as its falls and eddies glisten in the sunlight.

A couple of inns and a few cottages on the west bank of the stream form the miniature village of Troutbeck. The scenery now grows more grand and rugged and the hill more abrupt, when presently a halt is called, and most of the passengers descend and stroll gently upward, to relieve our good horses.

Continually climbing upwards, the roadway we are now driving along appears to have been originally cut out of the mountain's side, as we find that as we near the top of the pass the off-side of the road, which is bounded only by a low stone wall, looks down a sheer precipice of many hundreds of feet, into the valley below.

This is the Kirkstone Pass, one of the most celebrated passes in the district; at the highest point of the pass we stop for a few minutes at a little inn, called the

"Travellers' Rest," where our panting steeds find a grateful drink of water awaiting them.

We have time to jump down and sample the nut-brown ale, and ascertain that this inn stands fourteen hundred and eighty feet above the sea level, being the highest inhabited house in England, with one exception.

After a few minutes' rest, we resume our journey, the road now being all down hill, and we spin along gaily.

The heights on our left are called the Red Scree, while on our right is the High Street range of hills, so termed from the old road, built by the Romans, along the hillside. The loftiest peak of this range is 2,663 feet high, and, as the "street" ran within a few feet of the top, this old road was no doubt one of the highest ever made in England.

Now, however, there is little left to indicate this gigantic undertaking, for—

*"The massy ways, carried along these heights
By Roman perseverance are destroyed,
Or hidden underground, like sleeping worms."*



BROTHERS' WATER.

Below, on our left, is a large detached mass of rock, which has stood godfather to this wild mountain pass; it somewhat resembles a church in shape, or, as our forefathers called it, a kirk.

The pass now broadens out, and the little lake of Brothers' Water comes into



THE ULLSWATER HOTEL.

view. It is only a small piece of water, of little more than half a mile square, and obtains its strange name from the pathetic incident that, on two separate occasions, two brothers were drowned in the lake.

Ahead of us are the hills of Patterdale, a little village at the head of Ullswater Lake. Here we draw up at the Patterdale Hotel, where some of our companions leave us; but we are bound for the Ullswater Hotel, a mile or so farther on. The road here runs through a bit of lovely wooded country, watered by tumbling

brooks and bounded by fern-clad banks; then, turning sharply to the right, we drive up to the door of our hostel in time to satisfy our sharpened appetites with lunch.

The Ullswater Hotel is charmingly situated, overlooking the headwaters of Ullswater, its grounds running down to the borders of the lake, where is the landing stage for the little steam yacht that plies up and down the lake several times daily.

After lunch, as the day is too far advanced to set out for a mountain walk, we decide to make a trip up the lake on the steamboat.

Ullswater Lake is the second largest English lake, Windermere being the largest. It is nine miles in length by about half a mile in width at its widest part, and is more or less surrounded by grand mountains, those at the Patterdale end being the most majestic. Ullswater has been called the English Lucerne, and combines almost every variety of lake scenery, parts of its shores being covered in sylvan verdure, whilst the rocky moun-



THE HEAD OF ULLSWATER.

tains at its head are most solemn in their mighty grandeur.

The sun is shining brilliantly as our little boat steams rapidly down the lake, and view after view holds the eye enchanted as fresh visions of beauty pass before us like scenes in a beautiful kaleidoscopic picture.

We are too engrossed in watching the ever varying panorama of Nature's lovely scenes to descend to particular details and pick out points of note. These we determine to note more fully on our return voyage.

In almost too short a period we arrive at the little landing stage at Pooley Bridge, at the foot of the lake, where many of our passengers leave the boat to take the coach to Penrith.

Near the landing-stage is a tree-covered hill, known as Dun Mallet,

*"Where once there stood
A Roman fortress, built of yore,
To guard Ullswater's narrow shore."*

Having taken on board a few passengers for the homeward voyage, our boat is put about, and we turn our bow towards Patterdale again.

We see Barton Fell on the eastern shore of the lake, and tradition has it that here is the ancient site of Tristemount, the abode of Sir Tristram, one of the knights of the Round Table.

The position was so fortified by art and nature that it was inaccessible to a hostile attack, and it is said remains of the fortifications are still visible. Farther along on the same bank is the little hamlet of Howtown, where our steamer is signalled to put in; and we take on board a small party of pleasure makers, who have been exploring the neighbouring fells. These are Swarth Fell (1,832 feet high), Raven Crag (1,747 feet) and Hallin Fell (1,271 feet). Near the latter a perpendicular crag of rock juts out into the lake, known as Kail Pot, owing to a circular hole which the rock has in its side near the water's edge, and which the natives state derived its name from the fact that the fairies "once upon a time" used the pot to boil their kail (broth) in. A further curious thing about the pot is that it is a very lucky thing for you to throw a silver coin into it. A sly wag hinted that the luck was thus inferred to follow the person who threw in the coin, but that in reality the luck

belonged to the native who fished it out. But some people are so unbelieving; are they not?

We shall visit Howtown another time, in order to walk to Hawes Water, which lies inland about five miles.

As we leave Howtown we see on the opposite shore Gowbarrow Park and Fell, and a little below is Scale How Force, a waterfall of much beauty. Almost hidden by a group of trees close by, is a small cottage owned by the Earl of Lonsdale, and where, in the times of the Scottish wars, the ancestors of the present owners used to secrete their jewels and other valuables.

Stybarrow Crag, a precipitous cliff, near by the Ullswater Hotel, is renowned in the history of the district for the gallant defence made by the villagers under the former owner of Patterdale Hall, who earned the title of the King of Patterdale for this victory over a band of raiding Scotch



STYBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER.

moss-troopers. We now steam slowly up to the Ullswater Hotel landing-stage at Patterdale after a most charming day's outing.

Patterdale, or rather, Glenridding, as the hamlet is called, is a charming spot, and, if time permit of a short stay, the visitor can pass a very pleasant day or two in making excursions to various scenes of interest in the neighbourhood.

The chief mountain ascent is to the summit of Helvellyn, whose highest point is 3,118 feet, the road up the Glenridding Valley being one of the easiest climbs to ascend this celebrated mountain.

A stranger should not, however, attempt the ascent without a guide, as, although the journey is not difficult in itself, the mountain is liable to sudden envelopment



MIST ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

by clouds of mist, in which event the novices' position would be exceedingly critical, and a false step might precipitate the lost traveller down its rocky sides; and, even if this fate were avoided, there might easily follow a night on the mountain, exceedingly unpleasant to contemplate.

Unless one of the party has a good knowledge of the mountain to be ascended, a professional guide should always be engaged when any of the higher ranges are to be climbed, that is, unless the weather is absolutely settled bright and fair; and even then, a few hours may bring a sudden change which should immediately be accepted as an intimation to the mountaineers to put off the ascent for that day and return to the valley.

A very beautiful walk is that to Lyulph's

Tower in Gowbarrow Park. The present tower was built for a shooting-box by the Duke of Norfolk on the site of the ancient Tower, whose legend is well worth jotting down here.

The story goes that in the ancient castle there dwelt a lovely maiden named Emma, who had bestowed her heart on a gallant knight, Sir Eglamour. The knight, as the fashion was in those days, left his betrothed in order to seek adventures in the great world beyond, and was so long away that his lady love gave him up for dead. Her grief so preyed on her that she used to walk in her sleep every night to the trysting place in Aira Dell, where she had last bidden good-bye to her lover. He was not dead, however, but returned after a long absence, and, as lovers are wont to

do, he betook himself to the bower just at the time that the unhappy Emma was making her midnight visit there. On recognising her, he ran forward to clasp her in his arms; and waking her from her somnambulistic sleep, she tore herself from him, with a frightened shriek, and threw herself into the stream beneath.

The knight immediately dived in to her rescue, but the shock was too severe for the gentle maiden, and she died in his arms.

The grief-stricken knight took the loss of his love so much to heart that he retired from the world, gave all his wealth to the poor, and built himself a cave near the edge of the stream, and there lived the life of a hermit.

The lands of Gowbarrow Park have a wild charm and beauty all their own, and in the spring the profusion of dainty daffodils, which cover the whole country side, is so beautiful that the scene incited Wordsworth to indite to them the following lines.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

One of the most beautiful of the lake waterfalls is the Aira Force; the stream runs through the dell just referred to, and

precipitates itself in one bold leap eighty or ninety feet over bold and rugged crags into the pool below; the sides of the fall, framed by luxuriant foliage and masses of ferns, form a picture which we could gaze on for hours.

Before leaving Ullswater we make a trip to Hawes-water. For this purpose we take the steamboat again to Howtown, from whence we proceed along the banks of a little stream which flows through Fusdale Glen and then over Weather Hill, from the top of which we obtain some grand views of Ullswater; while over the hotel we see grim Helvellyn towering above his companion mountains far into the azure heavens. Descending the hill, the Pennine range and the valley of the Eden are the chief features before us; and so always onward, after a walk of just five hours, we see the lake of Hawes-water at our feet. The lake is surrounded by mountains, some clothed from foot to summit with lovely woods; others bare of all foliage. After refreshing ourselves at the Dun Bull at Mardale Green, we return to our hotel at Ullswater, over the High Street range of hills, which gives us four or five hours' of mountaineering, and, after a substantial supper, we are soon ready for bed.

We are up betimes next morning, as we leave Ullswater for fresh scenes and

pictures new. We have arranged to drive over the hills to Thirlmere, and a more charming drive one can hardly imagine. Skirting the borders of Ullswater for a short distance, we turn sharply to the left up the Glencoin Valley, our road continually wending upwards through a leafy lane, which affords us ever changing vistas of Ullswater and its bordering mountains. At the summit of our drive we have, as we look backwards, a glorious panorama spreading out for miles and miles. At our feet, as it seems, lies the sparkling lake of Ullswater, whilst all around are mountains and fells piled one over another in grandest profusion.

Then, slowly descending, we are enchanted into silence with the scenery of lakes and mountains, reaching as far as the eye can travel. Thirlmere scintillates like a band of purest crystal just beneath us, while farther beyond flash and glitter the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite.

Almost too soon our lovely drive is over, and we descend at the little inn, The King's Head, at Thirlspot, near the head of Thirlmere lake, and which is on the coach road running from Windermere and Ambleside to Keswick. Thirlmere was purchased some years ago by the Manchester Corporation to act as a



TH'RLMERE.

reservoir for their water supply. The lake is some three miles long by five hundred yards wide, and a little north of its centre it is so narrow that one can imagine it to be two lakes united by a little stream. Here a pretty little foot bridge connects the roadways which run round the lake.

After an early lunch at The King's Head, we spend an hour or two in rambling along the side of the lake and climbing one of the lower hills, to obtain a view of the surrounding country. Perhaps the best view is afforded from the western shore of the lake, where Helvellyn stands sentinel in the background of the picture. As we intend going on to Keswick to-day, we shortly return to The King's Head, where we shall get seats on the Keswick coach (which it is well to book well in advance, as frequently it is difficult to secure seats, especially during holiday times).

Before leaving Thirlmere, we might mention that the ascent of Helvellyn can be very comfortably made by a bridle path starting close to The King's Head inn, and occupying not more than a couple of hours. A pony and a guide can be hired for about ten shillings, affording an easy means of ascending one of the most celebrated of our English



THE KESWICK HOTEL.

mountains and making the excursion a very pleasant one for a lady.

Our coach is now ready to depart, so we get our baggage on board and climb up on to the box seats, which, fortunately, are left vacant by outgoing passengers. With a cheery tootle tootle on the horn, we are soon spanking along the valley, with Thirlmere lake on our left and Castle Rock, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in his "Bridal of Triermain," on our right. Crossing the little river Thirlmere, which is the outflow of the lake, at Smeathwaite Bridge, we obtain a glimpse of the beauties of the vale of St. John, which we intend to visit next day; then up Castlerigg Brow—from the summit of which we have a view of surpassing loveliness.

The town of Keswick lies spread out half a mile below, with the lake and beautiful wooded banks of Derwentwater winding away in the distance. We put up at the Keswick Hotel whilst visiting this district. Keswick is a capital centre for visitors to view the scenery of the northern lakes, and has the advantage of being easily accessible, the London and North Western Railway, connecting at Penrith with the local line, running through Keswick to Workington. Coaches run from Keswick



CROSTHWAITE CHURCH. THE BURIAL PLACE OF SOUTHEY.



CASTLE ROCK, ST. JOHN'S VALE, KESWICK.

daily to Ambleside and Windermere, and during the season there are a number of coaches and char-à-bancs running round drives to most of the spots of interest within a radius of ten to fifteen miles.

The town itself is not very interesting, but it is situated in the midst of some of the loveliest mountain and lake scenery in England.

The chief manufacture is that of lead pencils, for which Keswick at one time was renowned, but the days of competition have robbed it of its pre-eminence.

The parish church at Crosthwaite, about a mile from the town, contains a handsome monument to the poet Southey, consisting of a recumbent figure of the poet in white marble, with an inscription by Wordsworth, of which the following are the concluding lines :—

" His joys, his griefs have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and Christian faith
Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death."

Greta Hall, the residence of Southey, and before him of Coleridge, may be seen standing on a wooded slope, at the foot of

which runs the river Greta, which flows close alongside the railway before joining the Derwent.

One of the most beautiful walks in this lovely neighbourhood is to the Vale of St. John, of which we obtained a passing glimpse from our coach on the way from Thirlmere to Keswick. The walk will form a nice morning's stroll of about ten miles or so, but if this distance is too much of a pedestrian seat, a carriage may be hired. If we take the Penrith road, and after crossing the second railway bridge, turn to the right up a steep incline, we shall find ourselves at a spot that will carry the mind back to the days of the Druids, for here is a veritable druidical circle. There are thirty-eight stones, forming a circle of a hundred feet in diameter; within which, near the eastern circumference, is a small oblong enclosure formed by ten other stones, which, by the learned in such matters, is said to have been sacred to the priests, who there performed the rites and ceremonies peculiar to their religion. The view from this plateau is magnificent in its beauty and

magnitude. From it we can see Skiddaw, Saddleback, Scawfell, Helvellyn, and a host of other giant mountains, girdling, as it were, the verdant valleys which lie around our coign of vantage.

Returning to the road, we proceed a mile or so along a leafy country lane, which presently opens out into the lovely vale of St. John, down which the silvery stream of St. John's Beck merrily dances from its home in Thirlmere Lake; our route continues along the river side for some distance, new beauties of land and waterscape being revealed at almost every turn. As we advance, the hills seem to close in ahead of us, and presently we reach a mighty crag known as Castle Rock, from its likeness to a turreted castle,

and familiar to all lovers of Scott, who, in "The Bridal of Triermain," describes the charming scenes of fairy loveliness :

" Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd ;
Buttress and rampires circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower.
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd ;
A ponderous bulwark, to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.

Gently retracing our steps, we return to Keswick in time for table d'hôte, and looking eagerly forward to to-morrow, when we have arranged to make our excursion round Derwentwater.

HUBERT GRAYLE.



THE HEAD OF DERWENTWATER.

A Sunday and a Half.

By MAY CROMMELIN.



THE cracked bell of Cushenderg Church ceased calling its flock from the whitewashed farms and cottages scattered over this Ulster parish. It was Sunday morning.

"Tinkling Johnny has finished," said the last comers to one another, as they toiled up the long, winding road to the house of prayer on the hilltop. Why the church was ever perched so high it were hard to say, seeing the only companion of its solitude was a farm house on the other side of the graveyard. The inmates of the farm naturally rejoiced at the event of weddings and funerals.

"I tell ye it was for a veesible sign of releegion," said the sexton; "a beacon that cannot be hid."

"Or perhaps as a Christian exercise," returned his pastor, the Reverend Thomas Connolly, with a twinkle of the eye. For the church, indeed, was "a mile and a bit" from the Rectory, and a good step for most of the congregation.

We were listening on this special morning to the second lesson, concerning a bloodthirsty expedition of Joshua against the Hittites and Hivites and other "ites." Two pews off a loose-limbed, big farmer had composed himself in a corner, and catching my eye with the tail of his own, his rugged face relaxed into the anticipation of a smile to-morrow.

Although I was a stranger and an Englishman, "Long" John Campbell rather approved of me. Perhaps because I was a guest at the Rectory, where he liked the family; also he may have "suspected" my feelings towards one of its inmates in especial.

Campbell's farmyard being close to the Rectory, he and I had already held several chats over the gate on my return from shooting expeditions.

Yesterday evening I chanced to remark, by way of good-bye, "See you to-morrow, Campbell?"

"Maybe no," replied Long John so seriously that I enquired his reason.

"Well, sir," said he, looking full in my face, "the very last time I was in church—and that's a week ago—I was just that tired of hearing about the wars of them Philistines. Now I'll tell you what it is, Captain Lennox; in my belief, if the Scribes and Pharisees were living now, they'd put all about the battles of King William III. and the siege of Derry in the Bible; and it would be a heap more interesting: of that I'm very sure."

A story he once told me himself will illustrate the nature of the Ulsterman. [It was some years afterwards when we were close friends, but that does not signify].

"Our minister, Mr. Connolly, is mighty knowledgeable in matters of conscience," said John.

Now it surprised me he should say so, though we were discussing a delicate matter at the time: whether to give information to the police or no—in which I, as a Saxon, was all for helping the law, and Campbell, as an Irishman, thought it was possibly a duty, but plainly dishonourable. As to consulting a churchman—! Well, not often do the stern and thinking sons of the north seek to quiet their consciences by requiring comfort or counsel from some discreet and learned minister of the Word, opening thereby their griefs, as the prayer book doth enjoin under circumstances of ghostly trouble. To them it would seem a Popish practice.

"So you might say; nevertheless, that is what I just did," answered Campbell. Then he told me why.

For a reason best known to himself, Campbell ceased at one time to attend the Lord's Table, as he had been regularly wont to do. His rector, noticing this, spoke to him on the subject. Long John was grieved, but at first would give no

reply. However, Connolly persevered, seeing his parishioner was in trouble of mind.

"Then all at once I came out with it," said John. "One evening, returning homewards, I chanced to see a shovel lying on the roadside, close by a neighbour's gate, so I up with it on my shoulder and carried it home; *and I didn't know why!* Maybe I had a drop too much in my head." And he scratched the same in enduring perplexity at his own misdeed. "Anyway, as I told Mr. Connolly, that shovel is just what keeps me. It lies that heavy on my soul. And why I took it is what fairly beats me, for I didn't want a shovel; I would not have stolen for fifty shovels." (This I knew was true, for, besides his honesty, John was a "warm man," with a well-stocked farm).

"'Give it back,' says the minister to me. 'Ah, sir, I'd think shame,' says I. Well, he thought awhile, then he says: 'Look here, you go to the town this very evening and buy a new shovel, with a good handle to it. It will be dark when you are coming home, so just heave it over the wall into your neighbour's yard. And let me see you next Sunday at sacrament.'

"So I took his advice. That's all."

One can picture the farmer trudging heavily to "town," as they call every big village, slinking back late; then the light-heartedness of flinging his burden into the other man's midden; while what headshakings would follow next morning, and mutterings that "the witches had been at queer work," for it is wonderful how superstition still survives among this otherwise hard-headed race.

But I little heeded Long John on this Sunday, for opposite sat my promised bride, Aileen Connolly, looking so sweet and devout, it was a hard task not to think of her now and again during prayers. While Joshua was smiting the Girkashites it seemed excusable to steal a glance. Where were her thoughts?

Once my queen raised her eyes to meet mine; then quickly dropped them, self-reproved. Once again she turned her head that was so lightly poised on the long curve of her neck and darted a timid look towards the Doctor's pew. Old Mrs. Ryan sat there alone, glaring with beetle brows at her Bible, as if ready to convict her pastor of any inaccuracy in the jawbreaking names he was sonorously declaiming.

With a reassured air, Aileen's eyes came back to refuge, so to speak. The reconnaissance into the enemy's country had set her fears at rest. Desmond Ryan was not there.

I smiled upon my pet's timidity from my superiority of manhood. Why—because a girl has refused an ill-tempered brute of a country doctor—should she be afraid? Certainly he did bluster and rave a few weeks ago, when on his pressing her as to the cause of her obduracy she acknowledged our engagement. In his frenzy of rage he even called Heaven to witness that this marriage should not take place while he was alive. What of that?

But only that Tom Connolly—hearing what sounded like the shouts of a madman in the drawing-room, as he described it—came and turned the fellow out promptly, armed with triple authority as master of the house, his sister's guardian, and by virtue of his cloth. Only for his succour Aileen owned she "might have been frightened."

On hearing the story I made light of it, as any Briton of common sense would. Ryan was always bragging when tipsy (his usual state), or else abjectly imploring silence and forgiveness from those who might have reported his unfitness for his post of dispensary doctor to the district. Oddly enough my future brothers-in-law, not alone Thomas, but Bill, himself as wild an Irishman as ever lived, looked grave while I pooh-poohed my rival's threats.

They were satisfied, however, when Desmond's fariner brother, a good fellow, though a bit sheepish, called next day with an apology.

"Gentlemen, Desmond cannot come himself, as you, Mr. Connolly, have forbidden him the house. But he bids me say he will leave the country soon, and if he can help it, you will never set eyes on him again. It will be hard on my mother, for she thinks the world of Desmond."

"Ah," said Thomas, shaking the honest fellow's hand, "she has never known who her best son is."

So, on this peaceful Sunday morning, Aileen felt, dear soul, that although sorry for the widowed mother, she was glad in her own heart that Desmond Ryan was gone, really gone!

In our pew, Bill alone was attentive to the lesson, as, with his long legs out-

stretched, he listened to the roll of his brother's voice. Besides, I am convinced he enjoyed imagining the grand fights of those old days. The walled cities, their battlements lined with archers; the black tents of the Israelites covering the plain. Then the sorties of the beleaguered heathen, the bloody onslaughts, hand to hand, stabbing and thrusting, while spears, swords and shields mingled in disarray; a cry swelling to a roar of wild hate and fierce welcome as the terrible war-chariots drive through the ranks of the invaders, their wheels glittering with scythes.

Meanwhile that imp, Loo, was fidgeting as usual. She worried me, although the others did not seem to mind; having grown resigned during the thirteen years or so of existence, during which she had plagued them.

She was sitting in discomfort, owing to a diary which she had thrust into her pocket just before starting for church, to escape my teasing. So I was, in a manner, to blame for the danger which was even now hanging over the poor child's head. I little knew! My laughing attack had been made out of curiosity to see her diary preface, of which family gossip told the same. Loo had composed these touching lines at ten years of age:

"When I am dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
This little book will tell my name,
When I am quite forgotten."

"I was much younger when I wrote that," Loo used to explain. "Still, I don't mean to alter a word of what I have once put down; my thoughts are valuable to me."

Just now this beloved volume proved a steel-bound stool of repentance, but she dared not risk a reproof from Bill by producing it from its hiding-place. As some solace, she twice kicked me badly and kept tossing her hair in my eyes.

Just as I was nearly roused to pinching-point came relief.

The church-door slowly opened a few inches; a shock-headed urchin peered shyly in. Taking courage, he entered; rubbed a dirty paw along our pew, which was next the door; then, nearing Aileen, he dropped a soiled letter in her lap with an elfish grin, and vanished outside again to play marbles.

Aileen opened the ill-written missive, that was signed by her own cook at the Rectory. It ran thus:

"MEDDUM.—I rite to let you no that Nurse Cosby is took ill on a suddent and I cannot both mind her and the dinner. Will you please come to see after her, she says. James Brannigan has loaned his car and a boy to convoy you. It will be outside the church dore. you're humbil sarvint, ANNE."

Giving me the open letter, with a whisper to pass it on to Bill, Aileen prepared to leave the church as quickly and quietly as possible.

Meanwhile Loo read the message over my shoulder, clawing hold of my arm lest Bill's curiosity should be satisfied before her own. Then she jumped up, following Aileen.

"What is it, dear? I don't want you—better stay."

"If Nana is ill, *I must go too!* I can't stay anyway. I want to go." (The diary had bruised her sorely.)

"But Tom! He won't like our both leaving, dear child."

"Oh, take her—do!" I struck in; our discussion being carried on in undertones. "If not, she will give us *suck* a time of it!"

An indulgent smile rippled over my darling's face. She signed consent, and Loo slipped out like an eel. The congregation had their backs to us, so Aileen gave me a last smile.

A last smile — !

My God! when I think of it even now I clench my hands and bead-drops break out on my forehead. The whole scene rises once more—the grey walls, the listening people, one strong voice reading aloud, the glimpse of a woman's dainty hat and cape disappearing through the door.

And the memory so stirs me, I almost spring up to follow. A cry rises to my lips:

"Stay, stay! Come back, Aileen! There is danger awaiting you. Stay!"

There was danger too truly. But at the time no faintest presentiment shadowed my mind, dearly though I loved this girl with every drop of blood in my veins. Creatures of clay that we are, why did no warning instinct rouse my stupidly basking intelligence? A dog would have been more on the alert. As it happened, a dog was.

What followed we in the quiet church there, recking no evil, only learnt later, and that in fragments.

A car was waiting outside the church, with a "boy" on the off seat who seemed a very impatient driver. As the sisters appeared he was touching up the mare in the car with his tapering jarvey's whip, and then pulling her in sharply, so that she quivered in anger and was ready to bolt. He was a stranger, at least his red head and low-bred, dissolute features were unknown to both the girls, who yet knew their brother's parishioners fairly well.

And the mare, too! If James Brannigan, the village carman, owns her, then a miracle must have happened last fair day.

"How could he buy it?" exclaimed Aileen.

"What a beauty!" cried Loo.

"Ladies, ladies! Would your ladyships get up quick, for I can hardly hould the animal. She'll no wait long," interrupted the driver in a tone of servile but eager apology.

Both girls sprang up on the left side of the car at the warning, and were hardly seated before the mare started off at a tremendous pace, in revenge at having been so uselessly fretted. Now Brannigan's old chestnut and young black horse were not bad cattle. He drove both long distances at a capital pace, with never a hair turned hardly at the day's end.

"Middling good," he would say with pretended indifference. "The one is terrible ould; and the other is soft still. But if I had the money, what wouldn't I drive!"

Had he got a legacy, then? For this beautiful bay was just such a prize as Desmond Ryan once described his own hunter, and in his bombastic language. "A man would do a murder to get the like, if buying or stealing failed." The sporting doctor's passion for horseflesh was the cause of most of the troubles which he drowned in drink.

But the sisters had little time for surmise.

Bang! the car had caught the gatepost on turning out of the church-yard, and the step, it was luckily on the driver's side, was bent crooked. But the mare never heeded. Neither did the man.

Bow! wow! wow! A volley of ear-splitting barks came from a hairy black and tan thing that came racing in pursuit of the car; more like an evil demon than a well-bred house-dog.

"Hush, Laddie, good boy, be quiet," called Aileen.

It was her collie, who never could be brought to see why he should not go to church with the rest of the family. Often, as to-day, he would steal thither behind hedges and ditches, then wisely paying a visit at the farm-house close by till service was over, would greet his mistress with such affectionate entreaties that he always gained a forgiveness that sent him into transports of joy.

"*Domn yon brute!*" muttered the driver angrily, as his mare, startled by Laddie's noisy greeting, tore along at a still faster stride. "Can't you send him back, miss? Send him back, or I'll no be answerable! D'ye hear?"

The man's tone which had been fawning at first, was now rude, almost threatening. Was he tipsy? flashed through the minds of the girls, as they glanced at each other.

"My dog is doing no harm; he is quiet now. Of course he must come home with me."

"I say, Aileen! This man is taking us by the old coaching road; what is that for?" cried out Loo.

True enough, just as Laddie barked, they had turned out of the country road that led down hill by easy curves into the valley. The long deserted way along which they were now spinning at reckless speed, was grass grown in parts, and lower down a terribly steep descent made in former days with utter indifference to the ease of man and beast.

"Pull up! Turn back! Why are you going this way? It will not bring us to the Rectory," expostulated Aileen sharply, almost in a breath with her sister.

"I be'd (anglicé, was obliged) to come this way when your dog made the mare lep. I could not hould her," came in surly explanation, as the "boy" chirruped, urging on the already excited animal. "Ach, never fear! There's a lane a bit further will bring us into the new road again."

"But that is only a cart-track. And you are going much too fast. Steady the mare! Do you hear?"

"Is it fr-rightened ye are? He, he, we're all right; divil a fear!"

"Aileen! Why is he so insolent? Is he mad or drunk," whispered Loo, sharply. Neither of the sisters knew a feeling of cowardice; but though so high-spirited, they understood danger.

"Neither, dear, I hope, or surely Bran-

nigan would never have trusted him. Perhaps it is *show-off*. He may have made a bet in the village. Anyhow, he won't stop. Hold on tight; it's best to stick to the car; don't try to jump."

Both girls clutched the car rails firmly, bracing themselves for a possible spill; and, at the pace they were going, it would be a very bad one. Aileen found breath to gasp in consolation, although her heart was beating hard, "We shall get all the quicker to poor Nana."

Three quarters of the way down hill, the rough lane of which the driver had spoken connected the old road with the new one. They were nearing it fast, in a few seconds, rather than minutes, as the hedges whizzed past them; and it was a sharp turn. The sisters gave an indistinct exclamation to each other in warning, for the driver was not slackening speed, and —

And seven seconds later they were safe, but still on the old road and racing faster than ever.

"Pull up! Pull up! You have gone past the lane. Stop, stop!"

The voices of both sisters mingled in sharp remonstrance as a new terror seized them at the prospect of a mad drive across country with this crazy Jehu, and Nana ill at home. Laddie caught the indignation in their tones, and his sharp bark echoed in sympathy as he bounded along the bank.

"Is it stop? It's quare stopping I'd stop with me arrums nearhand pullt out of their sockuts, thryin' to hould this she-devil." As he spoke, the driver made a great show of leaning back, taking a pull at the mare's mouth, his shoulders squared and teeth set, while his neck muscles were apparently rigid with effort.

"It's a lie! He isn't trying a bit. Look," burst out Loo.

"Hu—ush!" Aileen was searching in her own mind for counsel, as she glanced rapidly down the deserted track that sloped straight and steep ahead.

"Stop your dog barkin', miss, and we can stop, maybe; Boyo, hould yer whist." A cut of the whip, which Laddie, however, evaded, exasperated the collie into uplifting his voice more clamorously than ever.

"How dare you? If you don't pull up we'll jump from the car. You shall answer to Mr. Connolly for this," flashed out Aileen.

She was standing on the footboard, holding by one hand, while she gathered her skirts with the other, preparing to leap. Loo did the same, alert as a young wild cat. No fear of her not landing safely on her ten toes; she seemed made of gutta-percha.

"Hould, hould, miss! For ony sake, be aisy. I'll be kilt if you are hurtit. I give ye my wurred I'll pull her up in two blessed minits," shouted the driver across the car, in evident fear. "Woa, lass, woa. Easy now; so." He was in earnest now.

They were just descending into the valley, and, at the pace they had been going, it was plainly impossible to stop the impetus of the animal and vehicle until going some way farther on the level, where a narrow gorge on one side of the track was overgrown with bushes and gorse.

The car stopped.

Aileen was just drawing a long breath of relief and about to get down when a man's figure rose out of the bushes. With a bound, he sprang beside the car and clasped the girl's knees, forcing her back on the seat.

"Doctor Ryan!" she cried, bravely suppressing a scream, though Loo gave a sharp screech. Little wonder the girls were frightened, for Ryan was almost disguised in rough farmer clothes with a soft hat pulled low on his head, while a muffler concealed the lower part of his face. But what of his features could be seen were working wildly with excitement, while his eyes seemed devouring Aileen.

She shrank in dismay from her unwelcome lover, uttering, "This is treachery! What does this mean?"

"No, no, Aileen, my love, my jewel. I will not hurt a hair of your head. I swear—I—I—" Ryan's eyes seemed fairly starting from his head, their black orbs ringed with white like onyxes.

"Villain!" hissed Loo, giving him such a blow on the nose with her prayer-book that he drew back an instant. "Now—"

The sisters had locked hands and jumped together from the car, almost knocking Desmond down.

At that moment a second man appeared from behind the opposite hedge.

"What the devil did you bring that child for?" thundered Desmond Ryan to the driver, as he caught Aileen again,

holding her fast. "Get up again, my dear; I'll drive you home myself, Aileen. All I ask is a few minutes of your sweet company, that's all. Forgive me for frightening you so badly, just to get that. Come, darling, and let me sit beside you."

His voice sought to assume accents of honeyed persuasion, as he wound his arms close about the girl, urging her back towards the car inch by inch.

"Not with you. No, no! Loo, don't leave me. *I wont go.*"

Aileen was struggling to hold her ground, she and Loo clinging fast together. Laddie joined in the scuffle, biting Desmond in the leg, then nearly dragging the coat off his back. But a tremendous kick in the ribs from the last comer on the scene drove the poor animal to one side moaning piteously, with alternating piercing barks.

"It's no good fighting; get on the car. Do as I tell you," Desmond shouted, flinging aside his momentary semblance of gentleness. "Patsy, you fool, can't you help?"

Thus urged, the third confederate dragged the sisters asunder, snatching up Loo in his arms as if she were no more than a baby, in spite of her kicks and struggles. A rug was thrown over Aileen's face and twisted behind by the driver, drowning her cries for help. Then Desmond lifted her easily on the car, although she still made desperate efforts at resistance.

"What will I do with the wee lassie? She's after tearin' my hair out," called out Loo's captor. "Kape still now, or I'll kissye!" Sosaying, he pinned down his victim's arms with an air of enjoying the situation.

The idea of such an indignity had quieted Loo more effectually than would a threat of murder.

"Do what you like, but get rid of her. Take her down the glen and tie her to a tree. Stay—don't hurt her. Man alive! make haste."

"Lend us yer handercher, Doctor, darling; 't'll stop the yells of her."

No sooner said than done. Shortly after, while Ryan had begun a stream of curses as black and flowing as if issuing from a dye-mill, Patsy re-appeared, running, and jumped on the car.

"That job's done! She'll not stir hand nor fut. The young say-sarpint."

And the car rattled off faster than before.

We were seated at prayers, Bill and I, elbows on knees, and heads bent forward, when we heard a scratching and whining at the church door beside us. Then came a dog's sharp bark, followed by more scratching as we took no notice. The sexton, duly shocked, went to open the door cautiously, so as to slip out and admonish this unmannerly animal.

But the dog slipped in between his legs. Next moment he had wriggled into our pew all one hairy quiver of excitement, holding something in his mouth. It was Laddie.

Bill caught the dog's collar with whispered reproof, and forthwith marched him out again; not noticing what Laddie had let fall at my feet.

But I picked up and examined a coarse, large handkerchief, with some bloodstains on it. Plainly a man's one. By all the powers! there was D. R. marked in the corner.

"What does this mean, Bill?" I gasped, standing wild-eyed beside him in the porch, as he chid Laddie, who kept springing up to lick his face and then trying to drag him away by the coat.

"Eh, what? Down, sir," as Laddie became frantic with anxiety, whining and leaping about us. Then a smothered cry of rage burst from Bill's lips as we both simultaneously exclaimed.

"*Desmond Ryan!*"

"Gilbert, my boy, this is some villainy!"

"But what? what? In a civilised country?"

Bill gave a hoarse laugh. We were already running to the hill-brow whence the road lay visible for a mile or more. But no car was to be seen; no speck on the level track which narrowed to a drab-coloured thread in the distance.

"They *should* be in sight still! Twenty-five minutes it takes to go easy down this hill and get home, they can't have turned in at the Rectory yet."

"Never, or why should Laddie be so uneasy?" (The dog was all but conjuring us like a human being to come quickly. No dumb man could have used more entreating gestures.) "For God's sake, Bill, are there no horses to be had at the farm here?"

At my suggestion we turned and ran breathless into the yard. The farm-owners were at church, but we found two

animals in the stable, waiting harnessed ; a spring-cart and a crazy looking car in the shed near plainly belonged to them.

"We'll go quicker riding them than in any shandrydan," exclaimed Bill. "No saddles ? Ah, you're right !"

For I was already leading out a brown horse that had stood nearest my hand. It had been the work of a few moments to strip off the harness. There were no bridles to be had ; so knotting up the long reins, we threw ourselves on barebacked. Bill's animal seemed familiar, in the one glance I threw it. It was the chestnut mare James Brannigan drove in his village car ; an old stager, well-bred, and still full of spirit, but shaky on her forelegs.

My own beast was a plough-horse, and most likely underfed, besides a slug. No matter ! he would have to go his best now.

Past the church we rode bareheaded, while Laddie dashed in front with piercing barks which increased to frenzy as he turned down the old coach road, while we kept to the newer one.

Bill pulled up and shouted after me as I forged ahead,

"Hi, hi ! The dog knows something ; he wants us to follow him. But this road is never used."

"Wait a bit ! It is, there are fresh wheel-marks."

Half throwing myself off the horse, my eyes were searching the ground. Not for nothing had I the sight of a hawk.

"This way, Bill. Come on for heaven's sake !"

It was the first certain sign we had that something was amiss ; and we went down the steep hill at the fastest pace possible, with only our fears for spurs. Bill's mare needed cautious riding here, and twice I heard the rattle of stones behind, and his cry of "Hold up !" My own brute lumbered along slowly under me, but still he was steady and surefooted.

Three minutes later we were on the level ; but Laddie had bounded aside into a gorse patch and was giving sharp yelps, as if to draw us thither. We pulled up, puzzled ; and the dog disappeared.

"Bill ! the car has gone on. See the tracks !"

"Hold hard, dear boy. Over haste may play the mischief." (We had changed natures, for Bill was the more anxious to keep cool as he saw I was fairly maddened with fear for Aileen's sake.) "Laddie means *something*. Listen !"

I was down on the ground, picking up an object in the grass. A prayer-book with Loo's name on the title-page. Near it lay a torn scrap of black lace—some glistening beads. Aileen had some such trimming on her cape. I groaned.

Like an echo came a weak human cry from the glen.

"Run, Gillie, for God's sake ! I'll follow."

But I was already off, after flinging my bridle to Bill ; bursting through the brushwood, stumbling over scattered rocks, and sending ahead a loud shout of help.

It was answered by an eldritch screech, at which my heart sank. Aileen could never squeal like that, in her utmost extremity. It might be Loo.

Loo it was indeed, and what happened to her may here be told, after she was carried down the glen. The poor child had screamed desperately in spite of threats from Desmond's lieutenant. "Whist now, or I'll murder ye. Give over, ye Tory, or I'll wring your wee neck on ye." But this was uttered in a joking tone that did not greatly frighten Loo. She little guessed that Patsy was accused by the country folk, with bated breath, of having "put two ones out of the way" in just such a jocular fashion. One deed was deemed a necessary death, being the smothering of a man suffering from hydrophobia, or so Pat let on. The other was the disappearance and suspected murder of a stranger pedler. No one told.

These rumours came out later.

Setting down his burden, the man proceeded to gag Loo with his employer's handkerchief, getting his fingers bitten in the act, which made him rather savage. Then tying her silk necktie over this across the child's mouth, he fastened her to a tree with her own loose cape ; having bound her hands and feet by means of some stout cord produced from his pocket.

"There, ye wee devil ! If I had the time —" And Bragin shook his bitten hand before Loo's face, monkey fashion.

So ugly a look came on his dirty face that Loo's heart turned sick.

Just then sounded a shrill whistle from the road, and Patsy remarked :

"Begob, the Doctor's in a white heat. Well, there's money to be made out of yon job ; and that's luck for you, my wee lassie, for yer teeth are too sharp for yer mate."

As a second whistle began, he started

off running back. The whole affair had only lasted three or four minutes.

Left in this dismal plight, the little girl broke down into violent weeping. This was for Aileen's sake; seeing the old road was so deserted, no one might pass by for hours, and even if they did, she could not make a sound heard. How was her sister to be rescued?

But a few moments later Laddie was licking her face with doggish sounds of desperate anxiety. Nuzzling against her cheek, the collie, either by accident or design, dragged down the silk necktie tied across Loo's face. Freed so far, the little girl managed, by signs and headshakes, to convey to her ally's intelligence that her mouth was still encumbered. Laddie promptly caught at a corner of Desmond's handkerchief that gagged her, and, pulling it out, worried it in triumphant wrath. It was slightly blood-stained from a cut on her lip.

"Oh, good dog. What a blessed relief." Laddie could not untie his little mistress further, but he could, and did, obey orders

"Laddie, take that handkerchief to Bill. Fetch it to massa. Go and seek Bill," reiterated Loo in urgent command.

Laddie paused, giving a final shake to the offending object in his jaws. For an instant or so he seemed to reflect; then, with all the sagacity of his race, he understood, and darted off straight up-hill, swift as an arrow.

That is how we came to be warned so rapidly after the abduction.

When I ran up to her Loo was still pinioned and sitting on the ground. But she was no longer crying, for before I was well within earshot she was calling out:

"Gillie—Gillie, Aileen is carried off! Desmond Ryan and two other men have taken her off on a car. Don't mind me: save her."

At the news, realising my worst fears, the blood sank from my head to my heart, leaving me calm. Untying the little girl, I put one arm round her, and so partly carrying her, we ran back to Bill. Her legs were still cramped, but she was a brave child and did her best. She was like my poor Aileen in that.

There was not an instant to lose; and Loo could give us no clue as to the destination of the fellows on the car.

"Go and tell Tom, dear. You're safe now. You're not afraid?"

Even as Bill spoke we were starting again.

"I'm all right. *You find Ai—lem.*"

The words followed us down the road, shrieked with all the force of Loo's lungs.

On, on we galloped, not a breath wasted in a word. No sound but the rasp of our horses' hoofs on the stones of the rough track, their heavy thud-thud on the grassy edges here and there.

After half a mile I burst out:

"Where are they heading for? Can you tell?"

"The sea, I think, eight miles off. He—Ryan—has a sailing boat there, or had. He's mad enough to try and take her over to Scotland."

"My God! If they get to the sea first we're done for."

"We are, Gillie—*we are.*"

And on we rode, harder than ever—on, on, holding up the old mare, urging on the plough horse. Oh for a pair of sharp spurs and a cutting whip. All I had with which to belabour my slow beast was an ash branch, torn from the hedge as we rode by.

At last—at last we turned a corner of the long, desolate road.

"*Ha! see there!*" burst hoarsely from my lips in a cry of rage, mingled with exultation.

Far down another interminable stretch of road, almost out of sight, was a moving black speck—the car itself. And I shook my fist and shouted after it, while the brown horse snorted and went faster under me in alarm.

Suddenly the object of our chase disappeared. It had wheeled to the right, where a cross-road branched towards the sea. There came a deep growl from my companion; but it was one of satisfaction—that which anticipates revenge. Bill had raised himself on his mare's back, and was scanning the fields eagerly.

"Ho—ho; I think we may trap them yet. Gillie, I say, I've hunted here and remember the country. Yonder road they are on bears round in a curve for near two miles. If only we could get across country here, we'd strike it again beyond that hill, and save a mile."

"If. Can these brutes jump?"

"Mine can. She used to be hunted once. I'll give you a lead."

"Then go ahead, man. *Go!*"

And Bill went.

There was a low, grassy bank, with a

narrow ditch beyond, that separated us from the adjacent meadow. Putting the old mare at this, she went over without the smallest hesitation, and with ease suggesting how good she must have been in her palmy days.

To my great surprise, my beast followed slowly but safely, just as if, in its dull opinion, banks were meant to be got over as naturally as furrows had to be ploughed.

All around the country was very lonely; no chance of raising a hue and cry in pursuit. Only a few scattered farms lay around, at long distances apart, and their occupants would be all at church, without doubt. We must depend on ourselves alone.

Away we went, with roused hope and fresh spirit, over the wide, breezy meadows. Some handy gaps helped us into two or three more fields, and already we began to imagine all difficulties between us and the road overcome.

"All right so far, old chap," called Bill cheerily from the front.

"If it's all like this we'll do," was my answer, given more grimly.

But it was not.

Presently a stone wall came in view, built high, and piled yearly higher and looser with fresh crops of stones which had been ploughed up on the surface of the field. My heart sank at sight of this obstacle; and Bill dreaded equally any delay for me, for if even he got up in time to stop the car, one man to three was dangerous odds.

"Maybe I'll knock it down a bit," he shouted, trying to throw reassurance into his voice.

Not so. His ancient huntress, dropping into a trot, went up close to the wall and hopped lightly over, not displacing a stone. On I came, driving my slug full speed up to the stone fence with a do-or-die determination. He did his best doggedly—rose, but hit the top hard, and we came down on the other side with a tremendous rattle, in a shower of flying stones, but safe.

A wheat-field lay ahead, its tender green shoots sprung some six or eight inches high. Over this we rode ruthlessly, being out for no sport that we should turn aside for our neighbours' crops.

This was easy going. But at its further end came a stiffish broad bank, with a deep drop into a lane. So far the chest-

nut had held her own gallantly, but this last trial proved too much for the old mare. She topped the bank well, but her shaky fore-legs went from under her on alighting in the cart-track, and she rolled over, throwing her rider into the opposite hedge.

Not knowing what had happened, I was meanwhile pounding along towards another spot. My beast of labour kept going better than any reasonable hope could have anticipated—though, in my state of anxiety, the wings of Pegasus would have hardly contented me.

But the slug rose at the bank and fairly clambered on the top. There he stood still, his four feet planted near each other, while he only gave equine grunts in reply to my kicks and objurgations. Then, having considered well, he actually crept down the bank, my body lying nearly parallel with his back, and only when he had got as low as possible did he jump.

Landing safe, my eyes fell on Bill, who was unhurt, though slightly dazed, and stood holding on to the long reins which he had not let go. At the other end of these the old mare was pulling taut, seeming as lively as ever, thank goodness, despite her spill.

Mounting again, Bill jogged more cautiously after me down the lane, where I had spied a gate. Then, Providence be thanked, only one long field sloped upwards to the hill that was the goal of our hopes.

How long that hill seemed, as our horses breasted it with sobbing breath! But once on the top, there was merely a narrow bank, with its hedge "hagged" nearly to the ground, to be reckoned with. Getting over this safe, though the chestnut in her eagerness nearly came to grief, only a grassy descent lay between us and the high road and—and —

How our hearts beat, as our eyes devour the landscape! There was no car in sight.

"Bill ——"

"My poor lad, we'll never catch them up now."

For the first time in my life I felt the cold horror of despair.

Several times I had known what it was to be in great danger; but then only my own life had been at stake. Now it was far worse. My promised bride, my darling Aileen, was in the power of a ruffian, who would hardly stop short at murder, if she resisted him—as she would.

We could see down the road a good distance, for it dipped into a wild gorge and rose again uphill. A deadly damp broke out on my forehead as I stared dully at the crest of that steep ascent. How in the devil's name, whose work he was doing, had Desmond Ryan got so far ahead? A sudden faintness came over me, and for a few moments I was only conscious of keeping my saddle, till a sound pierced the mist that seemed to surround me.

It was an exclamation from Bill, like the roar of an infuriated animal, for he saw the villains.

The car was just emerging from a plantation of Scotch firs below. So near were we that we could recognise Ryan's well-known fast mare trotting easily, as if her owner no longer feared immediate pursuit. The driver was smoking a pipe. And in the middle of the group my straining eyes beheld a dark, huddled form, lying half on Ryan's side of the car, half in the middle.

It was Aileen! At sight of her, I suddenly grew quite calm, like a man who sees his task before him and knows he needs all his strength to succeed. A silent prayer rose to my lips, for the madman down there seeing his victim likely to escape him, might turn upon her, that I, his rival, should not rejoice in a living bride. Oh, God!

As the thought flashed on my mind, Bill was shouting with a great curse, "Desmond Ryan, you blackguard, we've got you!"

And a mingled yell of defiance and execration from the road answered back.

How we ever got down that hill at the pace we did passes understanding. Bill seemed stark mad. But my judgment had not left me, for I marked a gate and swerved towards it, unheeding the jeers and scornful cries of "coward" howled at me across the hedge and deep ditch, parallel with which I galloped on.

"Curs! We'll see who laughs last!"

Beside the gate, by good luck, was a gap large enough to drive a cow through, and barely stopped by a thorn-bush. Over this my horse plunged, and—hurrah! the car was only two yards ahead.

Aileen was aware that some attempt was being made for her deliverance, and now was struggling so violently that both men could hardly hold her down. Ryan was all the time vociferating at the driver, using fearful threats and foul epithets.

"Drive faster! Lash the brute! Flay her alive, or I'll murder you! I'll choke out your soul with my own hands."

Then in a shriek of abject fear and entreaty:

"Boys! boys! I'll give you five-and-twenty pounds apiece! — fifty pounds each! — all the gold mines on earth!"

"Fifty! I'll hould ye to that," called Bragin; and upon the bargain, he pinned down Aileen so brutally that the struggling figure quieted, leaving Ryan more free.

"Ay," shouted the driver across the car, while lashing the mare, "I'll be witness. Troth, us ones will need our passages paid to Amerikay!"

Now our chase was become a hot, close race. My heart glowed with the joy of near revenge, as Bill's voice called close behind above the hoof-strokes of the horses.

"Head them, Gillie! I'll take the other side." I was on the left, nearest to Aileen.

"Keep back, Connolly; do you want your death? I've no quarrel with you, but I'll shoot that — Englishman through the head before he gets my girl."

Ryan was standing on the foot-board now. With one hand he still held down Aileen's prostrate form, while the other aimed a revolver at me. There was death in his expression. His black eyes, ringed with white, glared at me with ferocity.

Throwing myself instinctively on the further side of my horse, I held on by one leg, while a bullet sang harmlessly over me in the air; a second scored the blinker of my horse.

"Quit that, Doctor! The mare's off—we'll all be—kilt!"

The warning was gasped by the driver, as he sawed wildly at his animal's head. Startled by the noise and outcries, she had fairly bolted into a mad gallop, the car bounding behind her as she dashed on, now swerving to this side, now to that.

A maniacal laugh rang back, as Ryan jeered us. He hailed the chance recklessly, though both he and Bragin had their work cut out holding Aileen, who was in danger of being thrown off.

Oh, for a faster horse; I knotted up the long reins and laid into my poor slug; kicked its sides and kicked again, harder.

But instead of hastening his lumbering gallop, my horse only slackened speed, going slower and yet slower, with sobbing breath. Merciful heavens; he was failing.

Just ahead of us now, the road descended abruptly into the ravine before mentioned, where boiled a mountain stream. To the left rose abrupt heights down which the water leapt in a succession of small falls; then rushing over big boulders, swirling into black pools, it rushed seawards, at the pace of a mill race.

As my exhausted animal clattered down-hill with shortened stride and occasional stumbles, Bill looked back twice anxiously. He was ahead of me, by a good distance, and doing his best to keep as near the runaways as possible.

The car was now tearing at frightful speed towards the bridge. One man rolled off like a sack, but as Bill passed him got on all fours and scrambled up the bank. He was the driver, and I could see Bragin vainly trying to catch the reins that were flying loose. They would trip up the mare and then!

Even as I strained my eyes in horror of the crash which must soon come, the car neared the stream.

Here the road met the bridge at an angle. The car struck the parapet violently, and Ryan's figure shot with extended arms into the torrent below.

But I hardly noticed his fate, for next instant followed worse, at sight of which the light left my eyes. After a wild plunge or two, the mare fell, bringing down the car and its remaining occupants in a wrecked mass.

Aileen!

My horse had stopped under me, dead beat. I threw myself off, and ran forward like a madman. But Bill was before me, dragging out a seemingly motionless form from the débris.

Then, then I knew nothing more till aware of a white-faced vision that came staggering towards me with outstretched arms.

It was she, herself—my darling, safe!

After that, I little cared what had happened to the others. And it will be no matter of surprise to anyone that for some short time it seemed to me a matter of far greater importance to make sure that Aileen had received no serious injuries, than to trouble my head as to whether the world was well rid of Ryan or no. Providence be thanked! though she was faint and bruised, and trembled like a leaf as she clung to me, yet she was only suffering from the shock.

Bill, meanwhile, was busying himself to

save his miserable fellow-creature if possible. While rescuing Aileen, he called furiously to Bragin who had crawled to his feet with difficulty:

"Your master's drowning, you infernal villain! Can't you try to save him. You may be let off the lighter for this day's work."

"Ochone! Is it me go? Sure all me bones are bruk. Let me kape the mare still in your stead, yer honour. I'm nearhan' kilt and most lamentably hurtit."

Bill was sitting by this time on the mare's head, for she was striving to rise. He had flung himself there by instinct, the moment Aileen found her senses; and though he would probably have been loth to affirm later that he preferred the safety of so valuable an animal to that of a wretched human being, yet that was what he did.

"You're a liar, I believe. But if you won't go, I must."

Whereupon Bill started off and ran stumbling among bushes and boulders for a quarter of a mile down stream. In vain.

Left to himself, Bragin proceeded to justify both his own words and those of Bill. He was a liar, being unhurt, and he kept the mare as he offered.

Quickly contriving both to soothe the terrified animal and to set her free from the harness, she struggled up. I turned my head just then, but too late.

"Hallo! Stop, you thief—stop, I say!"

But even as I ran forward, Patsy was on the mare's back and riding away. He had the impudence to wave his hand in adieu.

"Good morning, Captain. I'm off to send yez all assistance. There's not any doctor left nearhan', ye know, now."

To make an end of this story, nothing more was seen of Dr. Ryan. Bill had the last glimpse of him, as he struck the water, when he turned, and what seemed a log went drifting down-stream.

When at last some few helpers came to aid the search, even their efforts to find the body, fired by hope of reward, were fruitless. And it was generally supposed that it had either got jammed between rocks in deep water, or been swept out to sea.

"Let it keep him. The earth is well rid of him, anyway," pronounced Nurse Cosby, in indignant verdict upon the Doctor's sins.

That was a Sunday to be remembered

long in the parish. Never had the oldest inhabitant known such excitement connected with the service, or the small fry a morning of such blissful deliverance from the sermon.

It appeared that, even before Loo dragged herself, with cramped limbs, to the top of the church hill, she was met by two of the principal church members, "takin' a daunder down the road, suspicioning something amiss." These were the sexton and the owner of the brown horse. Several of the congregation, seeing the exit made by Bill and myself after the disturbance of Laddie's entrance, had turned their eyes naturally to the windows, innocent of such superstitious inventions as painted glass.

Equally they were interested in seeing us "come galloping coarsely through the graveyard." It was a whisper, gurgling delightfully down the pews to where the fathers of the parish occupied the corners, of "Boys a boys, what has come owre the quality? They've all got slippery sates this morning. Man, dear, what is it, at all—at all?"

So the sexton thought it his duty to investigate the distant landscape from the hill-brow; and the owner of the slug, though, of course, as he assured me after-

wards, having the utmost confidence in my integrity—well, he "com' too." And a good few more, seeing the first outgoers did not return soon, slipped out after these, "just to see." Then all the children stared round at the door, big-eyed; and all the women shook their heads at the delinquents, and bid them behave, stealing a glance themselves even while twirling round the small polls.

The pastor's voice took a surprised inflection, but he went on more loudly than usual till the sexton, hastening up the aisle, made a whispered communication. Upon this, "the minister, decent man, seemed quarely vexed, and small blame to him." He ended up the service "all of a heap, and giv' out there would be no sermon," so blessed and dismissed the congregation.

Never, probably, had such a stirring event occurred in the annals of Cushenderg.

We ourselves were brought home by a triumphal procession of a car, two gigs, and a donkey cart that cried herrings on the weekdays; while all the afternoon the throng of sightseers to that bridge, in local parlance, "would have astonished ye. Man alive! the road was as thronged as a fair." Well—well, that was a Sunday and a half.



DICK PLOWDEN and Jack Barton sat in the verandah of their little iron house, at Dutoitspan, on two easy chairs. The former was scribbling in a pocket-book and working out some accounts, which were evidently of an extremely complicated character.

"My dear old chap," said Jack Barton, "what's the good of it all? We started with a couple of hundred, and now we have got nothing. Puzzle over the accounts until you show how every penny went, and we sha'n't get any further. We did any amount of accounts before we started, and they all showed us that we were bound to come out all right; we have come out dead broke. Hang accounts, I say."

"The diamonds we have found," said Dick Plowden, "have cost us two pounds a carat. We have got about half that for them; but the two hundred has gone two weeks before it should have. What crushing luck we have had. We have been working this wretched ground down here while we might have gone up to the Gold Fields, and made a lot of money, as the other fellows have."

It was galling enough to the two partners to think that they had lost their small capital in a digging venture, which even if it had been successful would only have yielded a fair profit, while other men who had less capital than they possessed, had been making large gains at the new Dorado which had been found in the Transvaal, while they were muddling on at their unfortunate speculation at Dutoitspan. But after having been rolling-stones for years, they had both determined for the future to follow the copy-books' and Æsop's fables' rules of life, which had again and again proved to be correct, when they had gone directly against them. They had drawn much comfort from the moral taught

by the dog and his shadow, when they had refused to give up the excellent chance they had of working ground they had rented on what seemed to them to be very favourable terms, for the specious promises held out by the new gold fields. The certainty had turned out a delusion, while there was every reason to believe that the more rash adventure would have been brilliantly successful. What made things worse was that the Diamond Fields were getting "played out," so far as poor men with small capital were concerned. The days of individual enterprise seemed to be over, and Dick Plowden and Jack Barton, after spending a good many years in South



"WHAT'S THE GOOD OF IT ALL?" SAID JACK BARTON.

Africa, seemed to have missed all their chances, and to be poorer than when they first landed on the Diamond Fields, in everything except that rather unmarketable commodity, general experience. What made it all the worse for Jack Barton was that, for the first time in his life he was beginning to take a serious interest in his own good or ill-fortune, which had hitherto seemed rather to amuse than elate or distress him. Though he did not go much into society, he had managed to fall in love, and was engaged to be married to the daughter of an official in the civil service, who had a comparatively small fortune and a large family. This accounted for the persistence with which he had stuck to the certainty at Dutoitspan, instead of going in for the risk of the gold fields—and for the novel vein of prudence which he had developed, and with which he had infected his partner.

"Well, it's no good grizzling over it all. I suppose we ought to consider ourselves lucky to have got billets from the company, though I never did take kindly to the notion of working for wages. Well, we have got enough money to pay the boys this week; though, confound them, I fancy they have paid themselves pretty well, for not a single big diamond has come our way; and every one says that ground always used to turn out a lot of big diamonds—and we will pay Tom, and tell him to look out for a new master. Here, Tom, you rascal," shouted Dick Plowden, and a Zulu, dressed in a very old suit of Dick's clothes, shuffled up, and stood watching the two partners with a grin on his half-humorous face. "What's matter, boss," said he. "Here are your wages, Tom, and think yourself lucky you have got them, and here are five shillings for luck. After to-morrow we sha'n't want you any more. We are going up to Kimberley to work in the claims. We shall live in the company's compound, and we sha'n't want a house-boy."

"I am very sorry the bosses are going. My heart will be very hungry for them when they are away."

"You mean thirsty, you scoundrel," said Dick, and the Zulu grinned and his eyes twinkled; "but, you see, Tom, the ground we were working was no good, and we have lost our money."

"Ah, boss, but I feel very sore for the two bosses. There is a Basuto boy working for you, who find a big diamond in the



"HERE ARE YOUR WAGES, TOM."

bosses' claims, and he sell it for plenty money. I heard two of his brothers talking about it when I went to take a liquor at the canteen. I just hear them say that, and then another boy says, 'Here comes Tom, who is the long boss's boy,' and they stop talking about it. But I talk to another boy about it, and I am sure it's true. It was as big as this"—and Tom picked up a lump of earth about the size of a bantam's egg and held it up—"and a white stone. If the bosses stop, and work on at the ground, perhaps they will find another diamond like it."

"Do you think that is true?" said Dick Plowden. "It is enough to make one sick if it is. By George, if one had one's own, instead of being dead broke, maybe we should have a good sound balance at our banker's."

"What's the odds whether it's true or not. We haven't got it, and I sha'n't bother my head about it; for it only riles one to think we've been robbed, and that if we'd looked better after the boys we should have saved a big diamond. I shall dress and go up to the rush. How one uses old names; it's many a long day since they called Kimberley that, and yet it seems only the other day that I was given out a claim in the middle of the mine. It

would be worth twenty thousand pounds to me to-day if I had it."

"Then you are not going to look into this business. Mind you, if the diamond was found in our claims, the property in it remains with us, though someone else has the mere possession. I can't help looking at the legal aspect of the case," said Dick Plowden; who, before he came out to the Diamond Fields had kept some terms at the Temple, and who often looked back and thought that he was a spoilt Lord Chancellor.

"The mere possession,' as you call it, is everything in this case, my boy," said Jack Barton, and, telling Tom to saddle his horse, he went into his room and changed his clothes. Dick Plowden was still at the accounts when he came out of his room. After he had ridden away for a few yards, he looked back at the old iron house in which he and Dick had lived for a good many years, and realised that it had gone away from them. The very horse he was riding would be sold on the Kimberley Market the next Monday morning, and on that day he would begin his new life as an

overseer, working for wages. Well, it was no new experience for him to be hard up, only, bad luck seemed harder to bear now that it affected someone besides himself; and yet his life, he thought, had become far brighter and happier now that the someone else had come into it. The rest of his two mile ride to Kimberley he only thought of the girl who had promised to marry him.

One of the first houses he came to in Kimberley belonged to the gentleman he hoped would some day be his father-in-law, Mr. Gray, of the Crown Lands office. It was an iron house, old and rather ramshackle, but it was overgrown with creepers, and the garden was well cared for; and, altogether, there was a look of home about it which one does not often see on the Diamond Fields. The door was opened, not, as he half expected, by Alice, but by a coloured servant, who, with an amount of ceremony which seemed to him ominous, ushered him into the drawing-room. He waited some minutes, and then he heard a slow, and heavy step, and Mrs. Gray came in. She was a tall and rather grim-looking



ALICE REPEATED THAT IT MUST BE ALL OVER BETWEEN THEM.

woman, and though she had been friendly enough to him at first, and he was the most unsuspicious of men, he had of late begun to think she had not a very favourable opinion of him. As she shook hands with him, Jack knew she was going to have it out.

"I wished to speak to you, Mr. Barton, about dear Alice. I am afraid that all this is making her very unhappy." Barton's face dropped, as this was quite a new view of the case to him. "I believe that on Monday, you are going to work for the De Beers Company as an overseer. Now, I can hardly consent to my daughter being the wife of a common working man, and if one looks at things as they really are, that's what an overseer is."

Somehow or other Barton had never taken this view of his position; but when it was put to him, he was overwhelmed by it. He tried to argue that it depended on what a man was, but Mrs. Gray told him, in the Colonies a man was what he made himself, and that there must be something morally wrong about him to account for his career being all downhill. Then, when Barton was utterly broken down by the turn circumstances had taken, the excellent woman left the room and came back with Alice.

Barton ought to have seen how white and sad the girl's face was, and how heart-broken she looked when she repeated the words her mother ordered her to say, and told him that it must be all over between them. As a matter of fact, he only realised that it was broken off; and it was not till he had left the house that he thought how poor a fight he had made for the girl he loved. But what could a man do against such crushing luck as he had experienced.

At the club he found a friend of his who had just come back from the Gold Fields, who told him that he really had a good thing, for which he wanted some capital, and he hoped Barton and Plowden would join him in it.

"We haven't a penny left; we are dead broke," Barton answered, and he thanked his friend for thinking of them, for he knew that the chance offered was a genuine one.

He found Plowden full of the story they had heard from Tom, and inclined to worry about what he called the legal aspect of the case, as to their ownership of the diamond. After talking for some time, Dick declared that he would not stand doing nothing, but that he would probe the mat-

ter. "I will make that Basuto confess somehow or other," said Plowden; and then going to the shed in the compound, where about half-a-dozen Kaffirs slept, he had them all out, and made them a speech, in a jargon of Dutch, Kaffir and English, which they had learned to understand. He had had a vision, he said, that one of them had found a diamond. He had got medicine from a Malay man which would tell him who had taken it. Then he made the boys stand in a ring. Barton looked at the performance with a certain amount of disgust, but he did not spoil the show by any expression of disbelief. Plowden looked into the boys' eyes; made passes as if he were going to hypnotise them, and went through a good deal of business. Then he pulled out a stop watch, and stood in the middle of the circle, chanting what he could remember of the address with which the usher of the court opens the proceedings at the Old Bailey, while the hand travelled round and round. Suddenly, he touched the spring, and the hand stopped. It pointed at the Basuto.

Plowden did not say a word, but he took the boy by the wrist, and led him away from the others, and asked him to tell him to whom he had sold the diamond, or the Malay would make him very sick and fill him with pains. Barton looked on with a good deal of unconcern and yet with some interest. As chance had it, however, Dick Plowden's rather elaborate fooling had impressed the Basuto. He was trembling, and frightened; and, after hesitating a few minutes, he told Dick that he had sold the diamond for ten pounds to a coolie, who sold cakes in the market-square. It was three days since he sold it, he added, in answer to Dick's questions.

The partners started without any delay, and in the market-place they saw a dirty Indian with an evil-looking tray of cakes. An expression of terror came into his face as he saw the Basuto and the two white men; but it changed to that mild, crushed look, which the Indian countenance so often wears. He shook his head when he heard the charge that was made against him. "Me nevar see that boy before; me sell cakes. Me no buy diamond," he said, again and again; and that was all that could be got out of him, and, after a while, they gave it up as hopeless.

"The scoundrel bought the diamond right enough," said Barton; "I could see that in his face when we came up to him.

If I only knew where it was, I would have it back and hang the law. There is too much law in this place; men ought to have treated the I.D.B.s. as they would have been treated in the Western States, and lynched them. I know a lot of highly respectable gentlemen who would be in their right place if we found them hanging by their necks on the street lamps one fine morning. There are enough mem-

bers of the Kimberley club in the trade for every lamp-post in the four camps; but let us have a drink; I am thirsty," and Barton turned towards a bar they were passing.

"But you are not going into that den of thieves, are you?" asked Dick Plowden.

"Yes; maybe I shall see some I.D.B. there, and it would do me good to have a row with one."

Dick Plowden noticed that the thought of the big haul which they had missed had at last taken hold of his partner's imagination, and when he saw how bitter it had made him, he felt sorry that he had not left it alone. He said nothing, however, and followed Barton into the canteen. The only customer there was a little hatchet-faced Jew, who was watching the barman practising cheating with dice.

"Yes, you will be a clever man some day," he said, as he turned away. "Hope you're well, Mr. Barton, and that ground has turned out all right."

"If it hadn't been for some of your friends robbing me, the ground would have been all right. As it is, I am dead broke.



"THEN I WILL TELL YOU," SAID LEVY

Look here, Levy, you could tell me as likely as anyone else who bought a big 'un from the coolie in the market square."

"Vat, a big diamond?" exclaimed little Barney Levy, with a twinkle in his eye. "Never look at 'em. Shouldn't know von from a piece of glass if I saw von."

"But you know how things go, Barney. Now, you say you owe me a good turn; tell me who has got my diamond."

"Yes, I owe you as good a turn as ever man owed another. I told you that much when you swam after my little Benny the day the kid got into the river at the Bend when the flood was out. But what's the good of trying to find a diamond that the trade have got?"

"Still, I want to know," said Barton, who began to believe that Barney Levy did know something about it. Barney was not in "the trade," but he had swept the price of many a "big 'un" into his pockets from his set out at faro, and he was supposed to know what went on.

"Well, then," said Levy, "I will tell you that I do know that Jerry Hart bought the best stone he ever had—and he has had one or two 'big un's' in his time—from a coolie two days ago, and he means running it to-night. Samson was a strong man, and Solomon was a wise man, but they were both fools about women; and Jerry Hart, though he is smart enough, can't help talking to 'em and telling 'em things: that's how I have heard about it."

"You have done me a good turn. I will have that diamond yet," said Barton.

"No, I haven't. You will only get into trouble if you try to get it. Now, you two gentlemen can hold your tongues if I tell you that I happen to know that the police have got an idea of what Master Jerry is going to do, and that they will be out to-night. They mean catching Jerry this time, and having the diamond."

"But the diamond is ours. The property in it has never passed from us," said Dick Plowden; "there is no doubt about the law of the case."

"Do you think that there is any chance of our getting the diamond back when they have once got it?" asked Barton.

"It would be so like 'em to give anything back, wouldn't it?" put in the Jew.

"Well, there is no doubt that we should have a good case at law," said Plowden; "but like most laymen, my dear fellow, you don't see that having a good case on the pleading is one thing; being able to prove it is another."

"Hang your law. I mean having the diamond, police or no police," answered Barton. Then he put a good many questions to the Jew, and learnt that there would probably be three or four detectives lying in wait for Hart behind some debris heaps, near an old prospecting shaft about three hundred yards from his house. Levy warned them that Jerry Hart would be sure to have the diamond stowed away somewhere until the second before he jumped on his horse to go for the border, and begged them not to do anything rash.

Barton, telling Dick to come with him, went off to reconnoitre the enemy's position. Jerry Hart was a very old hand in the trade. He was a South African Jew, who had lived all his life in the country, knew every Kaffir language and dialect, and was as wary as a fox. For years the detectives had longed to catch him, but he was always able to evade them. His residence was an old mud house on the veldt, a quarter of a mile outside the town of Kimberley. It stood in a large compound, which was surrounded by high walls. Some three hundred yards off was the place where the detectives would be in hiding, which overlooked the house and compound, though the gate was at the back, out of sight. Barton lit a black clay pipe, and throwing himself down on the veldt, smoked and thought. After some time, he took hold of his partner's arm and imparted to him details of a plan

which the reader will learn when he hears how it was carried out.

"But it makes us accessories after the fact. We shall be aiding and comforting Jerry Hart," said Dick Plowden.

"Guess he won't find me much comfort to him," answered Barton grimly; "but we have no time to spare, and we must be off; and I will ask Dick Kelly for Monogram. He will lend the little horse to me, though he wouldn't to anyone else."

* * *

It was one of those splendid nights which are the most charming feature of the South African climate; and though one may grumble at it when one is out there, and long for the London fog, it is, after all, the best in the world. The veldt gleamed in the moonlight, and the domain



CLAY SAW HIS QUARRY WAS LIGHTING HIS PIPE.

of Jerry Hart seemed to stand out more prominently than in the daylight, so that the three mounted police, who were pulled up behind the shadow of the debris heaps, could keep a very careful observation over it.

"Are we going to catch him this time, Todd?" said a big man, who was none other than Tom Clay, the head of the police. "You don't suppose he will have any spies out who may see us?"

"No fear. Jerry Hart works alone, or I would have had him long before this; and he keeps his mouth shut to everyone barring women," answered the detective, who probably more than any other man or thing figured in the nightmares of the I. D. B.s of the Diamond Fields. "He will be on his black horse—a good 'un

enough, but not faster than ours. He will be armed, but I think he will be too good a judge to shoot when we have got him fair. Hist! but there he comes. Now, Jerry Hart, the day is mine at last," said the detective, as a man on horseback dashed out from the deep shadow.

"Let him get clear of the house. After him, lads, and stick to the road; beware the ant-bear holes," said Clay, and as he spoke he rode straight at the man on horseback, while the other two rode to cut off his progress in the direction of the border.

At first the man they were after did not seem to see them. But when Clay was fifty yards from him he turned off to the right, and went at a hard gallop across the veldt. If Jerry Hart was on the old black horse, it was a rare good 'un, Clay thought, as the gap between them lengthened instead of diminishing. Todd and the other detective followed in the rear, keeping a good deal to the left, in case the hunted man should take it into his head to wheel round, and make a dash for the border. For six miles they went along at a racing pace, and Clay began to doubt whether they would catch their man. Still he had taken a direction away from the

border, and Clay consoled himself by thinking that sooner or later they would come up with him.

All this time he had hardly turned in his saddle. Suddenly he came to a stop, and Clay, as he rode up, saw, to his intense surprise, that his quarry was lighting a pipe. There came a feeling of doubt, changing to one of certainty and disgust, as he shouted :

"Dick Plowden! by George; what do you mean by playing one of your fool's tricks on us. You were always the biggest fool in the camp, but I didn't think you such an ass as to interfere with us. Why, that's Monogram you're on. What foolery are you after? Anyhow, I mean searching you."

"Do you think I want to steal the little horse? Dick Kelly lent him me all right, and as for what I am after, that's my business. You may have me searched. The few diamonds we have found lately are at home; and if you detectives took as much pains to stop diamond stealing as you do to collar the diamonds when they have gone wrong, there would be more of them."

The other two detectives, when they rode up, were startled to see whom they had got, for they had no reason to suspect Dick Plowden was "in the trade;" but they made no demur to obeying Clay's order to search him. Plowden made no resistance to this indignity, but nothing was found on him; and, after he had remarked that as the detectives had no reasonable ground for believing that he had an illicit diamond in his possession, an action for assault would lie, he mounted his horse again.

"I thought you were a straight man, but now I believe you are in with Jerry Hart," growled Clay. And



JACK BARTON'S RIGHT HAND WENT OUT.

then, with much bad language, he and the police rode off. "He will be over the border by now, thanks to that idiot's foolery," he added to his men.

They happened to be perfectly right. Twenty minutes after they raced after Plowden, over the brow of the hill, another figure on horseback might have been seen stealing out from the shadow of Hart's house. Galloping across the veldt without meeting with any hindrance, this man pursued his way until the road passed a low ironstone kopje. Then he woke up the silent night with a shout, and waved his hat in the air, for he was in the Free State where, as there was a dispute between the two governments and no diamond treaties in force, the I.D.B.s were in safety. For some twenty yards or so the road ran between some low hills. Then it dipped down to a flat of low-lying ground, in the middle of which there was a canteen where many a person who had experienced the stress of the civil or criminal law of Griqualand West had found a refuge. As the Jew turned a corner of the road he almost collided with another horseman.

"Evening, Jerry Hart. What brings you over here at night? Going to see the fight?"

"Fight! what fight?" said Jerry Hart, reining in his horse, for he was a patron of the fancy and the word appealed to him. "Between whom?"

"Between you and me, you blank illicit," answered the other, and his right hand went out and landed on the side of Jerry's face, sending him out of the saddle on to the ground like a log of wood.

Before Jerry Hart quite grasped what had happened, his assailant had jumped from his horse and, kneeling on him, had searched his pockets. In a few more seconds he was off at a gallop, and when Jerry Hart had staggered about a few moments, looking for his hat or his head—he didn't quite know which—he began to realise that the load his old black horse would have to carry was diminished by

two hundred carats—the weight of a big white diamond.

An hour or two afterwards Jack Barton and Dick Plowden were discussing two brandies and sodas in their house at Du-toitspan, and on the table was the big white diamond.

"That," said Dick Plowden, "we will enter in our register as found in our claims, as it undoubtedly was, and though Jerry Hart might have his action against us, the police would undoubtedly run him in, and he would get ten years for illicit diamond buying if he did; so we may say we have now both the property and the possession, which constitute ownership."



"THAT MEETS THE CASE, I THINK," REPLIED JACK BARTON.

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

That meets the case, I think," replied Jack Barton. "Anyhow, my conscience is clear, and now for the gold-fields."

The diamond was sold and realised a thousand pounds. The spec on the gold-fields turned out trumps, and Mrs. Gray, when not quarrelling with her son-in-law, says that she always believed in him and persuaded her daughter not to give him up even when his fortunes were at their lowest.

I.D.B. is the expression used in the diamond-fields for illicit diamond buying, all bona fide dealers in diamonds having to be licensed.

Young England at School.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

"Intus si Recte ne Labora."



SHREWSBURY SCHOOL AND CHAPEL.

VISITORS to Shrewsbury and North Wales will never regret travelling this journey by the Great Western Railway from London. More especially does this apply to tourists, for during the whole journey the most lovely of English and Welsh scenery is traversed by that system. It was my delight to avail myself of two routes, for the out and home journey, the former *via* Oxford, Worcester, Malvern, Hereford, Ludlow and Shrewsbury, and the latter *via* West Bromwich, Birmingham, Leamington and Oxford to Paddington.

A grand service of express trains run over this route to Wales and Liverpool, and everything that can be conducive to their patrons' comfort is provided by this Company.

It was late when we arrived at Shrewsbury, where we found very comfortable quarters at the George Hotel.

Lately we have, somehow or other, not been in the best of luck in this respect,

happening to fall in with people who apparently are desirous of driving trade away by bad catering and extortionate charges.

Shrewsbury School, founded in 1551 by Edward VI., ranks high in the educational world, forming, as it does, one of the nine foundations representing "England's Great Public Schools." It may be mentioned that in 1862 Dr. Kennedy, an old Shrewsbury School boy, then Headmaster of his old school, was selected as one of the Headmasters forming the commission, representing the first nine Public Schools of the country, to consider the introduction of a new Latin grammar. The prominence of this noble seat of learning cannot, however, be wholly attributed to the honour conferred upon the school in consequence of its possessing in its Headmaster one of the greatest scholars of his age at the time of the above commission.

The school has passed through many



THE SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-HOUSE FROM THE CHAPEL.

vicissitudes, and at one time its numbers fell to nine, while at the present time over three hundred young Salopians crowd under its famous banner.

The fame of Shrewsbury may be attributed to the efforts of three great masters in this century—Samuel Butler, Benjamin Hall Kennedy, and the present Head, the Rev. H. W. Moss, M.A.

Dr. Butler, who is rightly designated "the second founder of Shrewsbury," was educated at Rugby, under Dr. James, where he gave great promise of future distinction.

His University career at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a Fellow, was equally successful. In 1798 he accepted the Headmastership of Shrewsbury School, which, by his moral and intellectual excellence, he raised to a level with the best seminaries of the kingdom. For thirty-eight years he worked and laboured for the school, after which period, in 1836, he was promoted to the Episcopal See of Lichfield. Dr. Butler was succeeded by Dr. Kennedy,

a name deeply rooted in the affections of all Salopians, whose constant personal interest in all under his care, kept intact the great fame which Shrewsbury had won.

The present Headmaster, the Rev. H. W. Moss, M.A., like his predecessor, Dr. Kennedy, is an old Salopian. One of the most remarkable features in the Headmaster's career is the fact that he officiated as Headmaster over boys who had previously been his schoolfellows. Returning to his old school to take up the reins of office when so young, one can thoroughly understand Mr. Moss had no easy task to perform, particularly in following such a past master as Dr. Kennedy. But then, Mr. Moss had been tutored under Dr. Kennedy, and was, therefore, not only thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of a master held up as a pattern to the world, but the true Salopian life, which he had experienced since boyhood, qualified him to more easily conduct his school.

It goes without saying that Mr. Moss gained high distinction at both School

and 'Varsity to enable him to be eligible for such high office when only in his twenties. But the esteem in which he is held by the governing body, his assistant masters and old and present Salopians proves that he took to his work with a devout heart and earnest mind, to maintain the standard of excellence and improve it, if possible.

That he has fulfilled his wish no one will dispute. Shrewsbury is, at the present day, at the top of the tree, and its successes at the Universities are equally as numerous and, I think, as brilliant as in the past; while the numbers at the school stand higher than at any previous period.

To the agitation of Mr. Moss Salopians are indebted for the magnificent school and grounds so beautifully situated on a hill (as Professor Jowett said, "where it cannot be hid") which forms a bank to the River Severn, and affords a charming view of its winding course around the town of Shrewsbury, through its delightfully wooded banks.

In my opinion, Salopians should be proud of their school and the masters attached to it, and I have every reason to think they are, and a more command-



"TOP SCHOOLS" IN THE OLD SCHOOL.

ing position could not be imagined for so famous an institution. No doubt many Old Boys regret the departure from the old building in the town, which forms part of our illustrations; but schools, as well as other things, in this wonderful age, must go with the times. I quite agree it is hard to part with associations that are dear to us, and would be the first to cry out against the demolition of walls that are hallowed with traditions of a great historic past, such as Shrewsbury old school. were I not convinced that such an action was an absolute case of necessity. The old building was quite unequal to cope with the increasing numbers, and all must agree that over-crowding is by far the worse evil of the two.

The old church of St. Mary was also inconvenient; and, with these difficulties to face, the Governors resolved, in 1878, to move the school to its present site. Thanks are due to the Corporation of Shrewsbury, who purchased the old buildings and converted them into



SHELL (ONCE SIXTH) FORM IN THE OLD SCHOOL.

a free library. The work was able to proceed at once, and soon a goodly number of boys deserted their games for the spade and barrow to level their new playing-fields—a recreation many will long remember.

The redeeming point of this excellent contract was the saving of the old school from destruction, thereby fostering the cherished associations of the Old Salopians, as far as exteriors are concerned, and enabling the Governors to open a handsome school, equal to all demands, with a situation equal to the best school in England, and yet only a stone's throw, comparatively speaking, from the old school.

One can hardly believe, when we visit such a grand pile of buildings and see the vast area of its grounds, that Shrewsbury School is the outcome of the town Grammar School.

Not only is this a fact, however, but Salopians boast, and well they may, that not only is their school in the front rank of Public Schools, but the record of eminent scholars sent out of Shrewsbury School exceeds in numbers that of any other English school.

Many old Salopians will remember the 'Honour Boards' which formed a paneling to the "Shell Form" (once the Sixth Form), which served to commemorate University distinctions. These are now placed in the entrance hall of the new building and continued up the staircase.

Mr. Moss, when kindly showing me over the building, made a long halt at these boards, and pointed out the names of men who make

the long list of distinguished sons the more remarkable.

In the roll of memorable persons who owed their youthful training to the *Schola Regia Salopiensis*, foremost stands out the famous Sir Philip Sidney, the accomplished poet, the refined gentleman and the gallant soldier.

Philip Sidney entered the school, according to the school register, the 16th of November, 1564, and on that day Fulke Grevil was entered upon the books of the school, which is rather a coincidence, seeing that both figure so conspicuously in the annals of the country.

Of the Shrewsbury prelates and divines, whose names ornament the records of the school, the most prominent are Dr. Thomson, the late Archbishop of York; Bowers, Bishop of Chichester, 1724; and Thomas, successively Bishop of St. Asaph, Lincoln and Salisbury, 1743-'61; Dr. Scott, Master of Balliol, and Dr. Cradock, Principal of Brazenose College, Oxford; Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's, Cambridge; the late Dr. Kennedy, the present Bishops of Wakefield and St. David's, and the late Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, of whom every Salopian is proud.

Of Archdeacons and Head Masters, such names appear as Dr. E. H. Gifford, late Head Master, Birmingham, and Dr. Peile, late of Repton, and others far too numerous to mention.

Seventy or eighty years ago the great naturalist, whose fame now fills the world, Charles Darwin, was a youth learning his lessons in the old school.



THE REV. H. W. MOSS, HEADMASTER.



SIXTH FORM LIBRARY.

Amongst those who have in the past distinguished themselves in other walks, are Sir John Harrington, famous for his English version—the first of its kind—of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso"; James Harrington, the author of "Oceana," who, though a speculative Republican, was the faithful friend of Charles I. and attended him to the scaffold.

In law there are such prominent names as Sir Thomas Jones, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Sir Thomas Powis, Attorney-General to James II., who, with Sir William Williams, Solicitor-General, and subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons, conducted the trial of the seven bishops.

Amongst the most prominent statesmen and politicians are the names of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax (Macaulay's "accomplished trimmer"), a man of great eloquence; and Richard Lyster, the head of the Shropshire Tories,

and who, from his long Parliamentary career of forty-five years, was called the "senator." The senator, according to Howard Staunton, was a great oddity. "In his progress to London he travelled in a coach-and-six, and was a week on the road. Upon leaving home his principal tenants and tradesmen accompanied him as far as the Watling Street, where they were regaled at his expense. When he reached Highgate, he was met by a select body of his London tradesmen, who ushered him to his town house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and upon his return to the country the same

ceremonies were repeated."

William Wycherley, the dramatist, and Ambrose Philips, a man of varied ability and wit, take their places with the worthies of the school, together with a name I feel deserves mentioning, Dr. John Taylor, the editor of "Lysias" and "Demosthenes," who bequeathed his extensive library and considerable fortune to Shrewsbury School. Taylor was a son of a poor barber in Shrewsbury, and was originally intended for the same line of business.



CALL OVER AT SHREWSBURY.



THE CHAPEL.

My readers may imagine it took some time to scrutinise these interesting boards, of the contents of which I have only given a slight idea; but, really, I could make up my article simply on Shrewsbury's great scholars, so must cut it short by referring to one. Thomas Brancker, whose name Mr. Moss pointed out to me with apparent pride. Brancker, in 1831, while in the Sixth Form at Shrewsbury, but admitted of Wadham College, was elected Ireland University Scholar, a feat probably unprecedented in any other school. For a schoolboy to outshine undergraduates of some three years' residence hardly seems credible.

In 1841 Dr. Kennedy scored a marvellous success, when his three pupils, Cope, Bather and Thring, came out first, second and third in the Classical Tripos.

The school has carried off thirty-six Porson Prizes, had eighteen Senior Classics and won more than fifty Browne

placed in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, Part I., and one in the First

medals for Latin and Greek odes and epigrams. The successes of Shrewsbury are not all recorded in old history, for, as I have previously mentioned, Mr. Moss and his excellent staff of masters keep up the high standard of proficiency that has made Shrewsbury stand so high in the eyes of the educational world.

This year, three Old Salopianians were



THE CHANCEL IN NEW CHAPEL.

Class of the Theological Tripos at Cambridge.

Referring to our illustrations of the old school, some little description may be found necessary and interesting.

The buildings are situated in the centre of the town, close to the Great Western Railway Station. The general view given here is taken, I believe, either from the wall of the old Castle or from the Castle stables. The space in front of the buildings was known as "School Gardens," shut off from the main road (but this is concealed from view by the roofed buildings and trees in the foreground of the picture) by "School Wall," a valued relic of the past, covered with the names of those distinguished in school athletics; now re-erected behind the fives courts on the present site.

The "Old School Chapel" is now the town Reading Room: our view is that looking east. The ceiling and upper part of the walls were whitewashed; the lower part of the latter panelled in black oak, with benches of the same, polished almost to reflection from many generations of service.

"Top Schools" is a view showing the room which served for evening preparation, and consisting of two parts, Sixth Form, the larger and nearer part; Fifth Form, beyond and partially separated from it by a screen. The Headmaster's chair and desk are shown to the left, beyond the stove pipe, and in front of the Headmaster is the Rostrum, from which the boys construed. At the far end of the room, in the right-hand corner, was a door leading into the "Headmaster's House," or that portion of it known as "Doctor's," the other half was known as "Gee's." This room is now devoted to the Museum of Antiquities.

The "Shell Form," I have already mentioned, is interesting on account of the old "Honour Boards" and its having once served as the Sixth Form. This is now used as the Lending Library, and communicates, by a spiral staircase, with the Reference Library, formerly the Third Form.

It certainly was a grand old school,

but when we pass from these old associations down the High Street to the beautiful pleasure resort known as the "Quarry," the noble pile of new buildings stand out on the top of the hill across the Severn in striking contrast.

The rope ferry takes you across, at the nominal charge of one halfpenny, to the school boat house, after which an ascent is made by way of the winding footpath, as shown in the illustration.

The Form Rooms are exceptionally light and airy, and, in fact, the whole school has been so designed that every boy may have the full advantage of the healthy situation of the school, whether he be at work or play. There are two libraries, one containing the old and valuable manuscripts from the Old School

Library, and the other the Sixth Form library, which contains a valuable assortment of suitable literature, and affords



OLD SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, NOW THE FREE LIBRARY.

exceptional advantages for the Sixth Form. The chemical and scientific laboratories are second to none I have seen, either as regards accommodation or appliances. There are large rooms apportioned to music, where the student may take his violin—a favourite instrument, judging from the number I saw patiently struggling with intricate exercises—or sit down in seclusion to perform on the more exhilarating instrument, from a beginner's point of view, the pianoforte.

The chapel, as will be seen from our illustration, is detached from the main building, and forms a prominent feature in the school. The interior is lofty, and although it naturally looks new, it is grand and imposing. The choir stalls are very fine, and especially interesting from the fact that they were originally the choir stalls at Manchester Cathedral,

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

and now bear a brass tablet with the following inscription : "These chancel seats were removed from the choir of Manchester Cathedral, and given to this Chapel by J. Craven, an old Shrewsbury schoolboy, 1893."

At the west-end of the chapel, the old screen, which, it will be remembered, was one of the ornaments of the old school, has been erected.

At the present time there are seven houses close to the school grounds, with easy access to the school itself: a feature not to be overlooked, when we consider the inconveniences caused at some schools, especially in inclement weather, where the houses are far from the school.

One house has accommodation for sixty-six boarders, three for forty-two, and the others for smaller numbers. Each house has been specially built, and in each everything conducive to the boys' happiness has been studied. The Monitors have apportioned to them a room; and every

three boys are provided with a study, many of which are artistically adorned.

The dormitories are of the open type, but far from crowded, and sweetly clean, lofty and well ventilated. Within easy access of each dormitory, a bath, which permits of a good cool sluice in the morning, is a great advantage; while down in the basement everything is arranged so that the boys may change in the day-time and wash, without using their dormitories for any purpose whatever. The sanatorium is quite away from the school or the houses, situated at the extremity

of the school estate, and here again every possible accommodation is made in case of emergency, and it is gratifying to be able to state that this department is conspicuous by its scarcity of patients.

The playing fields are very extensive, and when I refer back, I cannot remember seeing any I could call superior.

The situation,



INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHAPEL, LOOKING EAST.



THE SEVERN FROM SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

right on the top of the hill, with a vast and beautiful country as far as the eye can scan to the south, and the school buildings to the north and east, is, indeed, a picture of delightful variety.

Here the School eleven and House teams play their games of cricket or football.

In the Christmas term Association football is the code selected, at which game the school is most efficient. Last season the Chirk team, winners of the Welsh Cup, paid a visit to the school and were compelled to return defeated by two goals to one. Unfortunately, Shrewsbury is unable to arrange many fixtures with other public schools, owing to the distance dividing them; but at football, return matches are played with Repton, and at cricket, with Rossall.

A four-oar race takes place each year against Cheltenham, but this is generally a one-sided match, owing to Cheltonians being so far away from the river, whereas Salopians are not one hundred yards.

Several prominent cricketers have hailed from Shrewsbury School; and only this year G. B. Raikes, an Old Boy, gained his blue and played for Oxford against Cambridge, materially assisting in the victory of the dark blues.

On the playing-fields there is an excellent swimming-bath, presented to the school by the present Headmaster, Mr. Moss; a gift, considering the large accommodation it provides, every Salopian must appreciate. Here competitions are held for the Royal Humane Society's medal.

For members of the Boat Club there is excellent bath-

ing up the river; but assurance must be given the Headmaster as to any boy's swimming qualities before he can avail himself of this extra advantage.

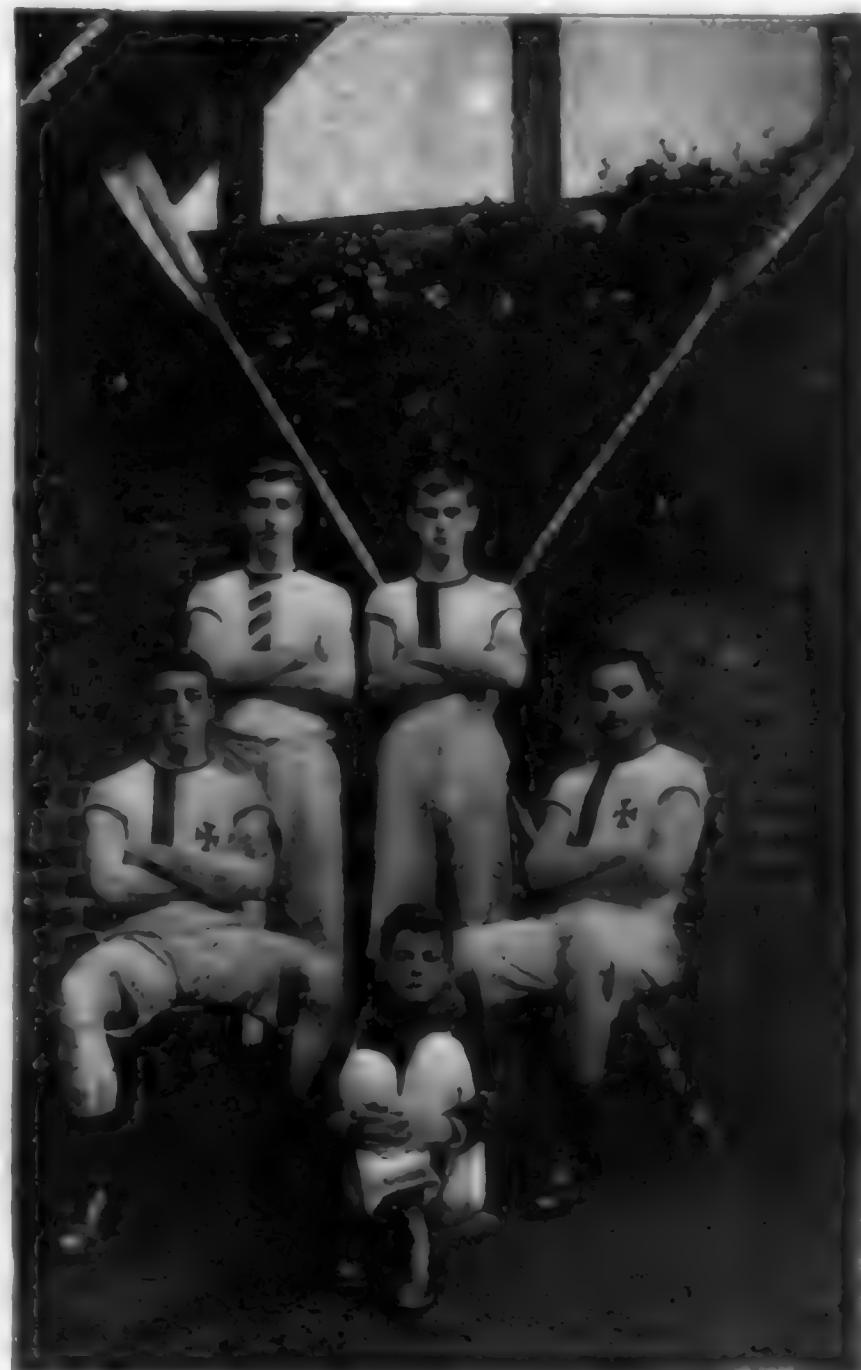
The school carpentering shop finds favour amongst many, and some good work is executed there.

The Field Society, with its scientific excursions for its members, provides interesting and instructive recreation, and receives deserving support.

The work occupies one hour before breakfast, which is at nine o'clock; again from ten to twelve, and in the afternoon from three to five, except Tuesdays and Thursdays, when work is from three to four.

Preparation of work is arranged for half-past seven to nine, and the following half hour is devoted to prayer and supper, the latter being digested by another half hour's preparation, and then to bed.

That Shrewsbury boys are happy and contented I was soon convinced, and it was pleasing, if not to say gratifying, to me to hear one and all speak of the masters in terms most affectionate. Indeed, one young Salopian made sure that I should not have the chance of forgetting the masters, and wrote me a letter stating that "the masters all seem to strive for the welfare of the school," and urging me to pay them full notice. I was pleased with that boy's letter, and am always glad to receive hints from the boys themselves. It, however, was a subject I had touched upon with the Headmaster, who evinced great pleasure in assuring me of the harmony that dwelt in the school as between himself, the assistant-masters and all the boys.



THE SCHOOL BOATING FOUR.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

To Mr. A. F. Chance, M.A., I am indebted for our pictures of the old school, and his willingness to assist me. Mr. Chance, without doubt, has the boys' interest at heart. He coaches them at both football and cricket, superintends the navvying (for the boys still go in for this exercise when levelling or draining is required), and trains the actors for the Greek play. In fact, as one boy said, "he devotes all his time for our good."

For boating Mr. Hayden is the chief coach, with Mr. Prior; but valuable assistance also comes from Messrs. Bennett, Dolby, Stokes and Moser. The others assist in various ways. Mr. Baker presiding over the Field Society, Mr. Lock over the carpentering shop, and Mr. Duncan helps the singing.

It was my misfortune that my first visit to Shrewsbury was so short, especially

considering the kindness I've received from the Headmaster and all at the school. But I have promised myself another visit, when I shall endeavour to snatch the opportunity of visiting some of the interesting places around this ancient town, such as Ludlow, which Mr. Moss assured me was well worth a visit; but then I really should have liked to break my journey about a score of times, so beautifully interesting is the country through which runs the Great Western between Paddington and Chester. It really seems too bad to fly, as it were, along such a charming route, particularly that bit from Hereford to Shrewsbury, and then again on through North Wales. I have often said that people who go abroad sight-seeing before they have seen our own little island are ignorant of many beautiful scenes.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.



SHREWSBURY SCHOOL FROM THE QUARRY.

Our Illustrations are from a splendid set of Photographs specially taken for the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the original negatives can be obtained.

The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.

Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer : to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.

By PAUL SETON,

Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," "Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.



PART II.

THE SEARCH FOR THE SIGNET.

ADVENTURE THE SECOND.

WE did not form a particularly cheerful trio—the Professor, Graham and myself—as we once more set forth on our travels with our faces towards the East. The untimely death of young Carwardine was sufficient of itself to cause us great depression of spirits. Considered in conjunction with the late strange and persistent attempts on our lives in the French capital, it had the effect of plunging the whole of our small party in a profound gloom, which lasted well nigh without intermission until our arrival at that curious conglomeration of the old world and the new, Cairo. The misgivings which I, not unnaturally after our experiences in Paris, entertained as to the ultimate result of our expedition would have been quite enough to have induced me to abandon its further prosecution altogether, had not a feeling of pride prevented me from openly saying what I thought, and recommending the relinquishment of what I could not now refrain from considering a vain and foolish enterprise. But, notwithstanding the ominous nature of recent occurrences, both my companions seemed obstinately bent on pushing forward, and I therefore maintained a complete taciturnity as to what was really uppermost in my mind. I was upheld, moreover, in this reserve by a great, and at times, overpowering, curiosity to see the termination of this extraordinary affair,

upon which we had, as it now seemed, so rashly and inconsiderately embarked. So I continued to hold my peace and possess my soul in such patience as best I might until at last I found myself, for the first time in my life, in what the Professor delighted to euphemistically designate as the Land of the Pharaohs.

To the Professor, of course, the scene which now met our eyes was by no means novel; but to me it possessed all that subtle charm of fascination which steals over the soul so delightfully when the traveller enters what is to him, practically, a new and undiscovered country. The motley crowds, the strange cries, the rich colours, the sense of life and bustle, the curious intermingling of Oriental and Western sights, all combined to enchant and rivet my attention. But the Professor, to whom all this was as familiar as Bond Street in the height of the London season, indeed very much more so, regarded none of these things with more than passing interest, being chiefly concerned to get us to our hotel in safety as soon as possible. To my considerable regret, the famous Shepheard's was passed over, our guide being desirous of attracting as little attention as possible, and selecting in preference a less frequented establishment overlooking the celebrated gardens of the Esbekieh. But the next day, when the Professor had, after many and oft-repeated warnings to us to be careful what we did and where we went in his absence, departed in search of news concerning the mysterious Benhanan, Graham and I set



HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SHEIK.

forth on a little exploring expedition on our own account. The morning passed all too quickly for us, and we returned to our hotel at one o'clock for déjeuner with no small amount of reluctance. After we had finished our meal, which we did without any signs of the Professor, we adjourned to the verandah for the purpose of a quiet smoke and a further contemplation of the scene without. Though it was midwinter, the air was as soft and balmy as an English summer's day in June, and we sat there contentedly enjoying the gentle breeze and lazily watching the various jugglers, who were performing their modern miracles in front of us, in the hope, of course, of receiving the inevitable

backsheesh at the end. Many of the tricks were very stale. I had myself seen them better done in England; but a few were highly interesting and altogether inexplicable, more especially some performed with animated and fiercely-hissing serpents by a tall, dignified looking man, who might very well have been an all-powerful sheik of the desert, instead of a common conjurer, so far as his calm and almost disdainful manner went. One in particular—an almost exact reproduction of the one performed thousands of years ago in the presence of the flinty-hearted Pharaoh—pleased me so much by reason of the striking dexterity with which it was executed, that I rewarded the performer with a much larger gratuity than he apparently expected. To my astonishment, he murmured his thanks in excellent French, adding thereto a sentence in a lower tone which I failed to catch, and speedily disappeared among his fellows.

In the evening, as the Professor still failed to put in an appearance, we sat for some time at one of the numerous Arabian cafés, surrounded by little red flags and effectively lighted by fantastically shaped paper lanterns, which threw uncertain colours upon our faces as we drank our *bocks* with all the fervour of the most inveterate of Parisian *boulevardiers*, and watched at the same time the changeful and restless crowd as it flitted to and fro before our eyes. Whilst thus delightfully engaged, a superb equipage drove past where we were sitting, and my attention was at once irresistibly attracted to its solitary occupant. This was a magnificently attired woman, cast in the most voluptuous form of Oriental beauty, but without the slightest trace of that tendency to over embonpoint which the Orientals so much admire, but which is so objectionable to European eyes. As the carriage approached us, its motion gradually became slower and slower, until, when nearly opposite to the table at which we were seated, the horses were barely moving at more than a walking pace. While I was still gazing at this charming apparition, I was surprised beyond measure to see the shapely head turned in our direction, with the large, limpid eyes beaming languorously upon us and the rich, red lips half parted in a

bewilderingly seductive smile. Then, all at once the driver whipped up his horses and the beatific vision passed rapidly out of our sight. I turned to Graham, with some light remark upon my tongue, which died away unspoken as I beheld the extraordinary appearance of his face. Usually pale, and even dejected at times, it was now aflame with vivid colour and animation, while his eyes, with a strange and indescribable glitter in them, were fixed intently in the direction taken by the departing carriage. I grasped his arm, gently at first, but afterwards with a tighter grip, but he never altered his position. So far as movement was concerned, he might have been suddenly transformed into a statue of stone. Alarmed by this sudden immobility, I at length shook him somewhat roughly, and not till then did he manifest the slightest consciousness of his present mundane surroundings.

"Come, Graham," I exclaimed rather crossly, "wake up, or you will be having people wondering if you have suddenly seen a ghost; though, to be sure," I added hastily, on catching sight of the peculiar light in his eyes, "you do not look by any means so white as ghost seers are commonly supposed to do."

I said this because, to tell the truth, I was a little bit scared by the curious and altogether indefinable look upon his face. My words at first appeared to have little or no effect upon him, but slowly the colour faded out of his cheeks, the incomprehensible light died out of his eyes, and my companion

once more resumed in a measure his wonted appearance.

"Yes," he said, dreamily, and his voice had a singular, far away intonation which I had not before observed, "you are right. I suppose I must have appeared absurdly abstracted for the moment, but my mind just then was elsewhere. I must really apologise for my unintentional rudeness. Come," he continued, indifferently, simulating a yawn; "the hour grows late; let us return to the hotel and see if there is any news of the Professor."

It was true—the hour was growing late, and I also was anxious to hear something of the Professor. Still, this sudden desire on the part of my companion to get back to the hotel, combined with the remarkable alteration I had just witnessed in his demeanour, filled me with a sense of uneasiness, which his unusual and persistent taciturnity during our walk home-wards in no wise served to dispel. The hope



MY ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED TO ITS SOLITARY OCCUPANT.

which I entertained that we might find the Professor awaiting our arrival, however, was destined to disappointment. Nothing whatever had been heard of him during the day, which was the more disturbing as he had intimated that he should, in any case, return at nightfall, if not before. Graham, rejecting my offer of another cigar, immediately retired to his room, leaving me to stop up and meditate at my leisure upon the scenes and incidents of the day, or to follow his example and seek repose in slumber, according as I thought fit. I chose the latter course, passing a restless night, oppressed by a thousand nameless misgivings which, I told myself, were altogether ridiculous and unnecessary, but which I found it impossible to get quit of, nevertheless. I rose early, fervently praying that the Professor might not fail to turn up during the next few hours, and then, sallying forth from the hotel, endeavoured to banish my disagreeable apprehensions by a walk in the Esbekieh Gardens. The morning was superb, as mornings in Cairo generally are, and I strolled gently up and down the well-kept avenues with a matutinal cigar between my teeth, admiring the fresh beauty of the tastefully laid out grounds. Under that pure, transparent, dark blue Eastern sky, without a solitary speck upon it, save for one large eagle floating majestically over head, I slowly recovered in some degree my lost composure, and I was in no hurry to return to the hot hotel. I was still pacing thoughtfully backwards and forwards, enjoying the peaceful calm which seemed to pervade all things, when suddenly I felt a light touch on my elbow. I turned round hastily, thinking it might be Graham, when, to my great surprise, I found standing before me, in an attitude in which deference was strangely mingled with haughty dignity, the juggler whose singular performance the previous day had so greatly excited my curiosity and interest. Remembering his proficiency in the French language, I bade him a friendly "Good morning" in that tongue and waited carelessly for him to state what he wanted with me, supposing that my unusual liberality had aroused the inherent cupidity of his nature, and that, like Oliver Twist, he had come to ask for more. But in this uncharitable supposition, however, I was altogether mistaken, for, addressing me in fluent French that

need not have shamed a Parisian, he said gravely :

"I have to ask your forgiveness for this liberty which I have taken; but I saw last night that your friend was exceedingly struck with the appearance and manner of the Siren."

"Of the what?" I said, in some astonishment, not being quite certain whether I had heard him aright.

"Of the Siren," he repeated with calm deliberation : "from the power of whose evil eye may the Great Master of the Universe deliver us in safety. Not," he added immediately, "that I would wish to suppose that your friend would be so foolish as to fall an easy prey to her seductive wiles; but it is better to be forewarned and then one can also be forearmed."

"Who is this person of whom you so boldly speak?" I enquired, with a sudden sinking at the heart, "and in what, pray, does her peculiar power consist, that you take it upon yourself to warn me against her in this fashion?"

The man looked cautiously around before replying. Then, with his voice sunk almost to a whisper, he said :

"This woman, whom I have called the Siren—for by that name is she best known in certain quarters—is the wife of the rich and powerful Hussein Pacha. The exact nature of her influence, apart from her extreme beauty—for she is very beautiful—is a mystery. Some say one thing, some another, and there are not wanting those who declare that both she and her husband are in direct league with the Evil One—from whom may Allah preserve us! If that be so or not, it would be unbecoming for me to say, but of this one may be sure—that never yet hath any fallen into her toils and escaped therefrom with his life. I could tell you of many such, but I have already spoken. Listen, therefore, to the warning voice of thy servant; watch vigilantly over thy friend, and let him not stray more from thy side than possible, for it seemeth to me that this Siren hath even now marked him for her own, and if it be so, may Allah have mercy on his unhappy soul, for she will have none."

This extraordinary speech produced such a stupefying effect upon me that for some moments I stood gazing vacantly at the speaker without being able to conjure up anything to say which seemed to me to be at all appropriate to the occasion. Suddenly, a loud hiss, as of a serpent,

caused me to hastily turn my head in some alarm, and when I looked again the man had gone.

I retraced my steps to the hotel, pondering this strange interview as I went ; but the more I considered it the more perplexed did I become. The man did not seem to be in any way an impostor ; and, besides, he had nothing whatever to gain by what he had just told me. Yet I could scarcely imagine that he had given me this warning from purely philanthropic motives ; and I wondered to myself what amount of credence I was justified in giving to the bare word of a stranger and a mere common juggler to boot at that. All the same, I could not but admit to myself that in this enterprise, fraught with disaster, as it had been from the very first, it was impossible to say from what new quarter fresh danger might assail us next. I anathematized the Professor for being absent at such a critical time ; I cursed Graham for a silly, irresolute fool, and I imprecated all manner of evil upon my own head for having allowed myself to be led into such a wind-goose chase with my eyes wide open. And, communing with myself in this way, I reached the hotel.

Graham was up, and, I could see at once, in a very peculiar mood. He nearly snapped my head off when I enquired if he had yet broken his fast, and became positively rude when I asked him if he had heard or seen anything of the Professor. He showed so unmistakably his desire to be left alone that I concluded the best thing I could do was to fall in with his whim, taking care, however, not to let him out of my sight, if such a thing were to be managed without his suspecting that I was keeping up any sort of espionage upon his movements. To my great relief, he manifested no disposition to

go out into the town, and we passed the morning on the verandah, smoking in solemn and uncomfortable silence, each occupied with his own, and as far as I was concerned, at any rate, exceedingly disagreeable thoughts.

About noon, to my great joy and, likewise, consternation, a message arrived from the Professor. He was



THE MAN LOOKED CAUTIOUSLY ROUND.

at Shepheard's Hotel, whither he begged me to hasten at once, as he had news of moment to communicate brooking no delay. I was now upon the horns of a dilemma. If I left the hotel, Graham might seize the opportunity of taking a stroll, and might thus perchance meet with the very person I was most anxious he should avoid. On the other hand, I dared not neglect the Professor's urgent summons, and so, like a skilful tactician, I endeavoured to get over the difficulty by inviting Graham to accompany me. Whether he suspected my design or no, I could not, of course, say, but, anyhow, he very promptly and flatly declined to do anything of the kind. I had thus no alternative but to set forth alone, which I consequently did, mentally resolving that I would treat the Professor to an uncommonly finely developed *mauvais quart d'heure* when I did see him, for having so basely deserted me for so long a period, without leaving behind the slightest trace of his movements or whereabouts in the interim. As I was about to enter Shepheard's I was met by a man, whom I took to be one of the officials of the hotel, with the information that the Professor had been obliged to go out for a few moments, and begged that I would have the kindness to await his return. This I did, with my cholera still slowly rising the while, until, when nearly an hour and a half had passed in this manner, it reached such a pitch that I rang the bell and requested to know how much longer it was likely I should have to wait. To my astonishment and stupefaction, I was politely informed that the Professor, who was well known there, had not been in the hotel that day, that they knew nothing whatever of the man who had met me at the entrance, that he was certainly no servant of the hotel, and that very plainly I had been cleverly and thoroughly hoaxed. Choking down my wrath, I rushed back to the hotel at which we had first put up, only to find, as I expected, that Graham had gone out shortly after I had left. A letter had been brought him by a native servant, almost immediately after reading which he had walked out, without saying a word as to where he was going or when he would be back. In this way did I suddenly find myself alone and friendless—a stranger in a strange land.

What to do in this perplexing emer-

gency I knew not, and it was with a heavy heart that I turned my steps in the direction of the Mousky, the principal thoroughfare of Cairo, more in the hope of obtaining some distraction from the tumult of angry passions raging within me than of encountering either of my lost friends. To my exceeding joy, however, I had not proceeded far along that crowded street of the old Frank quarter when I saw looming before me the burly figure of Professor Schultz. It may well be imagined with what pleasure I hailed his reappearance at this juncture; nor did I allow much time to elapse before making him acquainted with all that had transpired during his absence. He listened to me with grave attention, interspersing my narrative with occasional "Achs," as was his wont when more than usually interested or excited. But when I came to the part where I had been so audaciously hoaxed, his anger knew no bounds.

"Gott in Himmel!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth furiously together, "is it possible? We shall see into this. Such a state of things is most disgraceful. Ach! Never did I before hear of such a happening. Come, we must hasten." And he began pulling me fiercely in the direction of the hotel.

"Stop a minute," I managed to ejaculate at length, as he paused breathlessly in front of an almost impassable crowd congregated before one of the bazaars. "We shall excite remark if we go tearing along in this headlong fashion. Tell me, what do you mean to do?"

"Do!" he repeated, with savage energy; "do! Why, find out first what has become of Graham, of course, and then ——"

At this moment the din around us became simply deafening, and the remainder of the Professor's speech never reached my ears. Two *sais*, or black runners, armed with long wands, were beating back the people on either side and crying vociferously, "Make way! make way! To the right! To the left! Make way! Make way!" and behind them came, at a slow trot, a splendid carriage, in which was seated, with a scarcely disguised air of insolent exultation and scorn, and looking more divinely fascinating than ever, she whom my friend the juggler had called the Siren, the beautiful wife of the powerful Hussein Pacha. But it was not the spectacle of this vision of female loveli-

ness that caused the hot blood to suddenly congeal in my veins and my heart to almost stop beating; it was the sight of the figure by her side that filled me with quick and sickening apprehension; for there, like a prisoner led forth in triumph by his victorious captor, a prisoner, moreover, who seemed to hug his very chains with joy, sat Graham, flushed and happy, with the fatal love-light dancing madly in his eyes. To me it was a terrible thing to see, and, in spite of myself, there slowly crept over me the horrible but irresistible conviction that my poor infatuated friend was doomed—doomed, perchance, to a worse fate than even death itself.

We stood gazing like two wonder-struck fools at the departing equipage, and not until it had finally disappeared from sight did either of us utter a single word. Then the Professor turned to me with a solemnity on his face which the usual joyousness of his demeanour rendered all the more striking by contrast, and said, with a heavy sigh:

"It is worse than I thought. She has him tight, this abominable Siren, as this *psylle*, this juggler of yours, has called her. But this is no place to think. Let us return to the hotel, and consider the matter there more fully at our leisure."

But upon consideration, it did not appear that we could very well do anything in the matter except wait. Graham was no boy, in point either of years or experience, and it was more than likely that, in his present frame of mind, he would bitterly resent any interference with his conduct as a personal affront. We discussed the situation from every possible point of view, but only to invariably arrive at the same conclusion: that we must remain passive for the present, and watch patiently the progress of events. During the gloomy interval which succeeded this decision, I enquired of the Professor how it was that he had been away so long without sending any message explaining his absence, adding that, after what had already transpired, I had been very uneasy regarding his safety. He looked amazed for a moment, and then a wave of anger once more swept over his burly form.

"What is this you tell me?" he exclaimed wrathfully: "you have had no message from me all this while? Why, I sent two—one from Shepheard's Hotel, and the other from the village of Ghizeh.

Do you mean to tell me that you have received neither?"

I intimated that such was the case. My companion's face darkened ominously, and I knew that, for the first time, perhaps, during this disastrous journey, he began to realise fully the pitfalls and dangers which surrounded us on every hand, and which had transformed our holiday jaunt into a formidable and perilous undertaking, the end of which no man could possibly foresee. Subsequent explanations only served to deepen this concern. He had sent a messenger from Shepheard's with a letter, saying that Benhanan desired to see him outside Cairo, as the Jew did not consider it either prudent or safe to venture into the city just then. On arriving at Ghizeh, where a guide was in waiting to conduct him to Benhanan, he learnt that the Jew was encamped in the desert a day's journey off; and he accordingly despatched another letter informing me of this, and announcing his intention of proceeding at once to the place whither his guide was instructed to conduct him. Neither of these missives, of course, ever reached their destination, their suppression obviously forming part of the same chain of devilish cunning with which we were getting only too familiar. Nor was the result of his visit to the last surviving legitimate descendant of Solomon of such a nature as to compensate in any great degree for the risks and annoyances we had latterly been called upon to undergo. Benhanan had matters of great importance to communicate, but he refused to enter upon them save in the presence of Graham and myself. He earnestly disclaimed every thought of courtesy towards the Professor, but begged him fervently to hasten back to Cairo with what speed he might, and return with us both, without any more delay in so doing than was absolutely essential. And in this unsatisfactory state did matters at present stand.

Towards nightfall, however, Graham put in an appearance at the hotel, to our very great relief; but the satisfaction we derived from this circumstance was considerably mitigated by the remarkable change which had taken place both in his appearance and demeanour. To me he was barely civil, while the Professor he ignored altogether, save for an occasional inarticulate snort. Having regard to his peculiar frame of mind, and the evident, though partially suppressed, excitement

under which he was labouring, I thought it best to make as little reference as possible to the occurrences of the morning ; and for the same reason I concluded to say nothing of the Professor's recent visit to the Jew, Benhanan, in the desert. It was a horrible and unnatural situation, the aggravation of which was in no wise lessened by the fact that, at a critical and dangerous juncture, it was positively unsafe to discuss our plans before one of the members of our small party. For aught we could tell, Graham might have gone over bodily to the enemy, and the Professor and I were consequently reduced to the necessity of postponing the consideration of our future action until a more convenient season.

About midnight, Graham, who had scarcely spoken half a dozen words the entire evening, but had sat smoking almost continuously in gloomy and sullen taciturnity, intimated his intention of retiring, and as it was obviously useless our sitting up longer, seeing that we were not in a position to place any check upon our companion's movements, we shortly afterwards followed his example. In the morning the Professor and I were early astir, and it was with a certain amount of thankfulness that we ascertained Graham had not as yet left his room. In the fervent hope that when he did appear we should find him in a more tractable mood than had latterly been the case, we adjourned to the breakfast apartment to discuss our further proceedings over our matutinal coffee and rolls. While so engaged, a waiter handed me a letter. It was from Graham. With a prescience of coming evil, I opened it and read as follows :—

"**M**Y DEAR WISEMAN,—Circumstances have suddenly arisen which render it eminently desirable that I should no longer remain a member of your party. I am quite persuaded, from certain facts which have recently come to my knowledge, that there is no such thing as Solomon's Signet in existence. The whole idea is an absurd myth. I am convinced that this wild-goose chase in search of a man whom we have never seen, and very likely does not even exist, is altogether vain and foolish, and cannot possibly lead to any good result. If you will take my advice, you will at once abandon the pursuit of this useless and ridiculous chimera, and return without delay to your wife, who may, not unlikely,

be in want of your presence and assistance. As for myself, I shall probably remain here for some little time, as I find the air agrees well with my constitution.

"Sincerely yours,
WALTER GRAHAM."

The reading of this extraordinary epistle, it is needless to say, caused me the deepest uneasiness and alarm. In spite of its ambiguity, I fancied I detected in it a veiled threat, and the reference to my wife filled me with a vague and nameless terror which I found it impossible to shake off. That it had been suggested to the writer, and was not of his own imagining, I did not for a moment doubt, and this increased my anxiety a thousandfold. The passage, too, relating to the foolishness of our undertaking bore unmistakable evidence of a foreign inspiration ; for, up to this point, Graham had been the boldest and most resolute of us all in urging forward our advance. Altogether, it was an ominous and disturbing communication, and that such also was the opinion of the Professor, I could see from his clouded face and knitted brow as he slowly read and re-read the letter. At last he laid it down beside his plate, and looked up at me with a grave and troubled expression.

"Well ?" I said, interrogatively, for I make no shame of confessing that this last blow had completely unnerved me, and I felt totally incapable of suggesting the next step to be taken in the matter.

"Well !" he repeated sharply, with a still further contraction of his heavy eyebrows ; "unfortunately it is far from well. This deluded friend of yours is certainly under some strange and incomprehensible spell, and is no longer master of himself or his actions. He seems, unhappily, to have been completely bewitched by his fascinating enchantress."

"Then you really think it is this cursed woman who has wrought all this mischief?" I said feebly—not that I had the faintest doubt on the subject; but somehow, in my demoralised condition, it afforded me pleasure to hear another speak out boldly what was in my own mind.

"Mein Gott !" he exclaimed savagely, striking the table with his clenched fist, "how can you doubt ? The *psylle* rightly enough called this abominable creature the Siren, for unless we can devise some means to get this foolish man, whom she has lured away, out of her clutches, he is,

beyond question, doomed to certain destruction.

"Ah!" I said hopelessly. "Well, and what do you propose doing?"

"Now you ask a question that is easier put than answered," replied my companion, slowly. "Do you think we could by any chance discover this juggler who gave you the friendly warning? It is just possible he might be able to assist us in this emergency."

Anything was better than dreadful and heart-devouring inactivity, and I gladly agreed to the proposal that we should set out in search of this man of the warning voice. But all our efforts to find him resulted in complete failure, notwithstanding that we searched the town high and low; and we were eventually compelled to return to the hotel weary and dispirited. It was a miserable dinner that we ate together, almost in silence, for the curse of the whole thing lay in the fact that while we knew our friend to be in imminent danger, we were, by the irony of fate, absolutely debarred from moving a little finger on his behalf. In the same gloomy frame of mind, we lighted our cigars after the meal, and sat smoking and moodily meditating on the verandah until the twinkling stars and the moon, now riding gloriously high in the heavens, warned us that it was time to think of retiring for the night. I had already risen, and my companion was taking his final drink of whisky and seltzer preparatory to following my example, when I was startled by hearing a low, clear hiss to my right, just outside the verandah. The recollection of the last time I had heard that hiss came back to me vividly, and I craned over the railing and gazed eagerly in the direction from which it now appeared to emanate. Leaning against an old sycamore tree, and almost obscured by the dark shadow of its luxuriant foliage, was a tall figure that my heart, more than my eyes, told me was none other than the mysterious *psylle*, who had constituted the object of our unsuccessful search throughout the day. I hastily whispered the news of my discovery to my companion; and without a moment's hesitation, we softly and cautiously descended from the open portico into the grounds, and advanced towards the statuesque figure that still seemed, from its immobility, to be unconscious of our approach. I was not mistaken. It was the juggler, who, suddenly abandoning his mo-

tionless attitude as we drew near, stepped forth from the shadow, and, with an inclination of the head, inquired whether we had not been asking for him in the city during the day. Misfortune makes not only strange bed-fellows, but strange confidants as well, and briefly I told Mahmoud—for such we learnt was the juggler's name—of the letter which Graham had written, of his abrupt departure from the hotel, and of our hasty resolution to seek out the man who had presaged his fate in the forlorn hope that he might possibly be able to show us the way in which it might be averted.

Mahmoud listened with quiet and respectful attention. When I had finished, he replied gravely that Graham had not, as we had supposed, gone straight to the object of his infatuation, but had spent the entire day in the desert near the Pyramids, where he had been walking ceaselessly up and down, talking and gesticulating wildly to himself. But Mahmoud had something even more startling than this to tell us, though this was surprising enough in all conscience. At midnight Graham was to meet in secret the woman who had wrought all this disaster, and the place of assignation was nothing less than the resting-place of the great dead—none other than the sacred Tombs of the Caliphs. I drew my watch from my pocket; it was past eleven. There was just time to make one last supreme effort to save the deluded Graham from the consequences of his own folly. I glanced at the Professor, exchanged a few rapid words with Mahmoud, who expressed an entire and even remarkable willingness to accompany us, and then, without further parley, we turned round decisively and set our faces in the direction of the Mousky.

That ancient thoroughfare was getting pretty well deserted when we reached it, and we hastened along at a sharp pace until, in a few minutes, we reached its termination and the desert at the same time; for there is this peculiarity about the Mousky, that it ceases in the most abrupt and sudden fashion, and one steps right out of it into the soft yielding sand which stretches right away as far as eye can reach. On we hurried in profound silence, stumbling over the sandhills, into which we often sank almost to our knees, until at last there rose up before us the minarets and cupolas of the Tombs of the Caliphs, glittering in a cold and death-like

beauty in the calm pure rays of the brilliant moon, while to the left there shimmered and glistened in unearthly splendour the fiery red tints of the Montagne Rouge. But we had other things to do than stop and admire the weird loveliness of the scene, and on we pressed until we stood, at length, beneath the shadow of the great mosque of the Sultan Barkouk. There was not a soul to be seen ; the guardians of the place were either away or sleeping. We advanced cautiously to the ruined entrance, and pausing for a moment to recover our breath, we entered the magnificent mausoleum. The light of the moon, falling through the rich stained glass, cast strange, fantastic shadows on the floor and walls, but we stayed not to look at these, for in the distance we caught sight of the faint glimmering of a light which seemed to proceed from some compartment built for prayer. With stealthy steps and soft, we crept along in the deep shadow until we reached the opening, and then we saw—ah ! that I should have to write it—Graham standing with the accursed sorceress who had bewitched him strained tightly to his breast in a fiercely panting embrace, while her bare white arms, in all their full voluptuous beauty, were encircling his neck with softly clinging pressure, and drawing down his head to her upturned face until their lips met in one long passionate, burning kiss.

My righteous indignation would have burst out at this shameful spectacle, had not prudence prompted me to remain silent and listen to what was being said, for they were now speaking.

"Light of my life," she was saying softly, while her slender fingers toyed caressingly with Graham's left hand, which she had disengaged from her waist, "I could not come before. My husband is the most jealous of men, and would kill us both without scruple did he dream of our being together like this. Until we are able to flee from here to some place beyond the reach of his wrath, we must be very prudent, and never meet save at night, when no prying eyes are around to see us, and no eager lips are at hand to carry the tale of our loves to his ever-suspicious ear."

Graham's only reply to this was another lingering kiss, and she continued.

"But here, oh, my love, we are safe. The keepers of these gloomy tombs have been well bribed. They will never dare

to disturb us while together, and so we can in happy security forget the outer world for a time, and, locked blissfully in each other's arms, live only for ourselves. But when this joy is gone and we pass the weary hours apart, then, oh, my love, my soul is heavy unto death. I think of nothing but thy dear face, and then I long for some little token that thou lovest me as well as thou sayest thou dost, that I may not wake up as from some sweet dream and find my life desolate again. Say, sweet, may I not have this tiny band of steel, this ring upon thy little finger, to remind me of my loved one when absent from my side ? "

Graham began at once to remove the ring in compliance with this request, and at this wanton sight my pent-up fury blazed forth irrepressibly.

"Stop, madman," I cried out hotly. "Do you forget the penalty attached to the loss of that piece of steel ? And you, madam," I continued indignantly, "do you forget that you are another man's wife ? Or are you so utterly lost to every vestige of shame that you care for nothing save the gratification of your own disgraceful passions ? "

At this unexpected interruption, Graham sprang apart and turned upon me a face literally livid with frightful ferocity.

"Get you gone ! " he gnashed furiously, "hound ! how dare you dog my steps ! Get you gone, I say, or, by all the living devils of hell, I'll make you rue the day that gave you birth."

I shrank back amazed, disgusted, shocked. But I would not be intimidated.

"If," I said, raising my voice again, "this designing woman has given you some powerful and terrible potion which, like Circe's of old, has transformed you into something little better than an unclean beast —"

But I was not allowed to proceed. With a movement full of a graceful and imperious dignity that compelled admiration and suspended opposition, this woman stepped slowly forward and confronted me in all the flashing radiance of her wondrous and incomparable beauty.

"Listen, sir," she said coldly, "and you may then possibly learn to moderate somewhat your language in the future. Know that, before now, far less intemperate words than those you have just uttered concerning me have cost the speaker his life. I do not value men's



BURIED HIS KNIFE IN THE FAIR, WHITE BOOM.

lives at so high a rate that I hesitate to take them when they offend me grievously."

"Even as you did not hesitate to take that of my master, Mohammed Ali," came in stern, deliberate tones from a voice at my side. I turned in astonishment. It was Mahmoud — but it was no longer Mahmoud the juggler, it was Mahmoud the avenger. With steady, unfaltering step, he came forward until he stood face to face with this imperial woman, and gazed unflinchingly into her now passion-distorted face. For a second she remained silent, then suddenly she advanced with uplifted arms, as though to call down fire from above on the presumptuous mortal who *dared* to address her thus. Keen eyed as was Mahmoud, he mistook the movement, and the next moment, to our horror, his dagger was quivering in the fair, white breast of this wanton destroyer of men. With a look of deadly hatred, but without uttering a single cry, she sank to the ground, and, ere we could recover from the stupefaction caused by this deed of blood, her guilt-laden soul had passed from that fair tenement for aye.

While we still stood overcome with consternation at this dreadful scene, Graham, with an indescribable look on his face, made a quick spring forward, with the obvious intention of wreaking vengeance on the slayer. But, without the slightest notice, a figure, clad in the blue and silver uniform of the Egyptian army, interposed between him and the object of his wrath with such an air of commanding authority that both instinctively fell back.

"This is a pretty night's work," said the new comer sardonically; "an excellent night's work, for which someone will assuredly be held accountable. Perhaps, sir," he continued, turning, with an evil sneer, to Graham, "you will be obliging enough to inform me what you and these other gentlemen are doing here at this very unusual hour and why my wife is lying there with a dagger in her bosom."

Graham's mouth moved convulsively, and there was a slight froth about his lips, but no words came from between them. Suddenly, with a wild burst of insane laughter, he threw up his arms madly and began beating the empty air furiously

with his clenched hands, uttering at the same time shriek after shriek of the most horrible description, until one would have thought the very dead must have turned in their graves at the awful sounds. Then for the first time the stranger turned to me, revealing as he did so, to my unspeakable confusion and dismay, the well-remembered face of my old enemy, the Prince di Ricordo. I cannot describe the feelings which took possession of me at this alarming and unexpected sight. A palsy seemed to seize not only upon my limbs but also upon my brain, and I could do nothing but stare dully before me at the figure eyeing me up and down with a malevolent expression of hatred and scorn. At last my enemy spoke.

"Well, fool," he said, in a cold, mocking voice, "and so you have come here to try conclusions with me once again. So be it. I hope, for your sake," he went on derisively, "that you have not forgotten the excellent advice I gave you the last time we met, for let me tell you frankly that it will go exceedingly hard with you if you have. For the death of this woman"— and here he paused for a moment to take Graham's ring from her fast stiffening fingers—"I have already exacted sufficient penalty, for you see your friend is now a raving madman. But let me warn you," and his face now assumed a frightful appearance that was absolutely diabolical, "that should you and your sole remaining friend attempt to meet or hold any further communication with the Jew, Benhanan, a far worse fate than this shall certainly befall you. This I swear to you by the everlasting Signet of Solomon the Great."

And with these significant words, he turned on his heel and departed.

It was quite true; Graham was a violent, howling maniac, and we had to take immediate steps to send him back, under a strong guard, to England. We heard from Mahmoud shortly afterwards that Hussein Pacha, alias the Prince di Ricordo, and, according to the Professor, alias the King of Villains, had caused the body of his late wife to be removed and buried secretly during the night. It seemed likely enough, but, at any rate, we deemed it prudent not to enquire too curiously into the matter.



HIDDEN SKETCHES.—"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."—FIND THE PRINCE AND TWO OTHER PEOPLE.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION.

PART V.

CURIOS FOOT-GEAR.

"A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight."
Milma i's "Fario."

A WELL-SHAPED foot has been considered from the earliest times one of nature's kindest gifts, and sober history and fairy lore have combined to give us many interesting particulars respecting this portion of the human anatomy. The similarity of the foot-gear of both sexes makes it impossible to treat the matter separately, and as the subject is practically inexhaustible, I propose only to illustrate the most curious and notable examples.

One of the finest collections of shoes in the world is that at the Cluny Museum, formed by the eminent French engraver, the late Jules Jacquemart. This was enlarged by the purchase of the collection of Baron Schwitter. The Queen of Italy has also acquired a large number of historical boots and shoes; and to Mr. Joseph Box, another enthusiastic collector, I am indebted for some of the drawings used for illustrating this article.

A quaint story is told in a rare book, entitled "The Delightful, Princely and Entertaining History of the Gentle Craft of Crispin, the Patron Saint of Shoe Makers, and his Brother Crispianus." According to this authority, they were the two sons of the King of Logia (Kent), and lived in the city of Durovenum, otherwise Canterbury, or the Court of the Kentish men. Having embraced Christianity, during the Roman Invasion, they were in considerable danger, and at their mother's instigation, to conceal their identity, adopted humble attire and devoted themselves to the modest craft of shoemaking, under the auspices of a shoemaker at Faversham, to whom they bound themselves for seven years. This industrious citizen appears to have re-

ceived the appointment of shoemaker to the Court of Maximinus, whose daughter Ursula fell in love with Crispin. After removing the usual obstacles (which, even in those remote times, seem to have obstructed the paths of those who had fallen under the sway of Cupid), this energetic lady engaged the services of a neighbouring friar, and cut the gordian knot by marrying her faithful adorer.

When primitive man first conceived the idea of producing some contrivance to defend himself from cold, sharp stones, or the heated sand of the desert, his first effort was to fasten to the bottom of his feet soles of bark, wood or raw hide, which were followed, in due course, by more elaborately made sandals of tanned leather. These were fastened in various ways, but generally by two leathern straps, one round the instep, while the other passed between the first and second toes. Egyptian sandals were sometimes prolonged to a sharp point, and occasionally were made of papyrus, or some flexible material; but the commoner kinds were, as a rule, of wood or leather. Often they had painted upon them the effigy of the wearer's enemy, who was thus literally trodden underfoot. Owing to their proximity, the habits and customs of the Egyptians and Jews were in many respects similar. The same Hebrew word denotes both a sandal and a shoe; and it has been concluded that shoes were probably confined to the upper classes, while sandals were used by those compelled to work; and slaves went barefoot.

It will be seen from the sketches of Greecian and Roman shoes, that they eventually became an elaborate article of dress, bound to the foot and leg with lacings, and ornamented in different ways. The senators had boots of black leather, with a crest of gold or silver on the top of the foot; and soldiers wore iron shoes, heavily spiked, in a similar manner to those now used for cricket, so as to give the wearers



ANCIENT SHOES.—A, B, C, D, E, EGYPTIAN; F, PERSIAN;
G, H, GREEK; I, J, K, L, PHRYGIAN AND DACIAN.

a better hold when scaling walls in the attack of fortified places. An iron boot was also used for torturing Christians. As an instance of the luxury so characteristic of the age, it is stated that Roman soldiers often had the spikes on their shoes made of gold. According to the testimony of Seneca, Julius Caesar wore shoes of the precious metal, a fashion emulated by Cardinal Wolsey many centuries after; and Severus was fond of covering his with jewels, to attract the attention of the people as he walked through the streets. The Emperor Aurelian forbade men to wear red, yellow, white or green shoes, reserving these

colours for women; and different shapes were prescribed by legal enactments to be worn for the easy distinction of various trades and professions. In the reign of Domitian, the stalls of shoemakers in the public streets were so numerous, as to necessitate an edict for their removal.

Our own ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, wore shoes of raw cow-hide, reaching to the ankles; and the hair turned outward. That used by the ecclesiastics was a kind of sandal fastened with bands of leather round the instep. The Norman half-boots had soles of wood, while the uppers were of a more pliable material. Those used by the Crusaders were of chain, and later of plate armour. Very pointed toes were in fashion during the Middle Ages, and these were carried to such a ridiculous length that the dignitaries of the Church considered it necessary to preach against the practice. However, this did not result in its abolition, for we find the Courtiers of the day improved upon the prevailing mode by stuffing their shoes, and twisting them into the shape of a ram's horn; the point of which was attached to the knee by a chain. The common people were permitted by law to wear "the pykes on their shoon" half-a-foot, rich citizens a foot, while nobles and princes had theirs two-and-a-half feet long.

During the Plantagenet period it was usual to wear shoes of different colours, and they were often slashed on the upper surface, to show the bright hose beneath. These were superseded by a large, padded shoe, gored over the foot with coloured

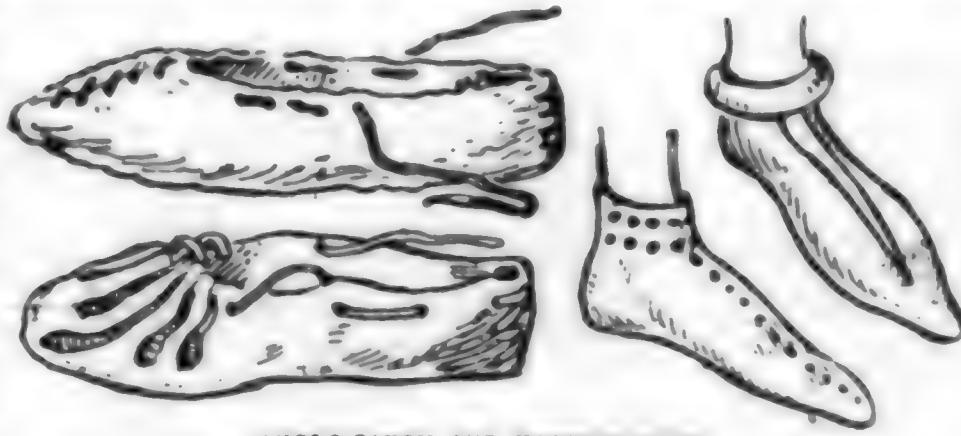


GREEK AND ROMAN SHOES.

material, a fashion imported from Italy, and exaggerated as much as the pointed shoe had been. Buskins were high boots, made of splendid tissue, and worn by the nobility and gentry during the Middle Ages, generally on occasions of State. They were also largely adopted by players of tragedy. They covered the knee, and were tied just below. The sock, or low shoe, on the other hand, was the emblem of comedy.

One of the greatest follies ever introduced, was the chopine, a sort of stilt which increased the height of the wearer. These were first used in Persia, but appeared in Venice about the Sixteenth Century, and their use was encouraged by jealous husbands in the hope of keeping their wives at home. This desire, however, was not realised, as the ladies went out as usual, and required rather more support than hitherto. Chopines were very ornate and the length determined the rank of the wearer, the noblest dames having them half-a-yard high. Shakespeare refers to them when he makes Hamlet say:—"Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine." He also alludes to the general use of shoes for the left and right foot, when he speaks of man:—

" Standing in slippers which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."



ANGLO-SAXON AND NORMAN SHOES.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

In a recent number of this magazine I briefly referred to the most suitable forms of decoration and furniture for the kitchens of

ordinary town houses and suburban villas. The extreme importance of cleanliness points to the use of building materials of a non-absorbant character, particularly for the walls and floors; and for the former nothing could be more suitable than the glazed tiles which can be produced at a comparatively trifling cost, and lend themselves to a variety of tasteful designs; while for the flooring, a cheap form of mosaic, known as scagliola, is admirably adapted. A sketch is given of a kitchen treated in this manner, which I hope may serve as a model for many others in different parts of the country. The scheme of colouring includes deep yellow tiles for the walls, hearth and back of the stove; a rich brown dado of the same material; and green-stained pine



MEDIEVAL SHOES.



A. CHOPINE; B. BUSKIN; C. PEAKED SHOE; D. TUDOR SHOE.

furniture, relieved by fittings of brass. I have often seen, in country districts, dressers, tables, etc., of black oak, which would be quite as effective in such a position, and a pleasing contrast to the common deal fittings in general use, whose native ugliness is intensified by imitation graining and indifferent varnish.

Mr. Edis, who has done so much during the last few years, by precept and example, to induce householders to inhabit dwellings of sound construction and artistic form, advocates the glazed faience fixed fenders, which may be obtained from the Doulton Pottery Works, London, in place of the movable iron arrangement which requires much labour in cleaning, besides forming a partial screen for dust and cinders. He also recommends, wherever practicable, that the scullery and passages of the basement should be finished in a similar manner to the kitchen. Then they are easily washed and tend to make the house sweet and healthy. Glazed tiles and bricks are also suitable for pantries and larders, and are infinitely to be preferred to distempered walls. The entire basement can be kept fresh by external tubes and gratings, and everything should be done to provide a constant change of air, as it is soon contaminated by the fumes of cooking and the presence of hanging game, uncooked meat, etc.

The range, or kitchener, is another important item, and when one desires to choose this necessary of



A MODEL KITCHEN.

life, one is bewildered with descriptions of various cooking appliances, each of which appears to be the most cleanly, efficient and simple; indeed, in all things the most desirable of its kind. It therefore requires a certain amount of caution and experience to select what is best suited to our needs. As an auxiliary for cooking, gas can be highly recommended. It is invaluable in

summer time when a range converts the kitchen into a fiery furnace, which is simply unbearable to ordinary mortals. Small stoves, lined with enamel, are preferable to any others, as with these cleaning is reduced to a minimum. Many important institutions—schools, barracks, clubs, etc.—cook entirely by gas, and it is alleged that both the economy of fuel and the prevention of waste is considerable when this method is adopted.



SMART COAT OF FAWN CLOTH.

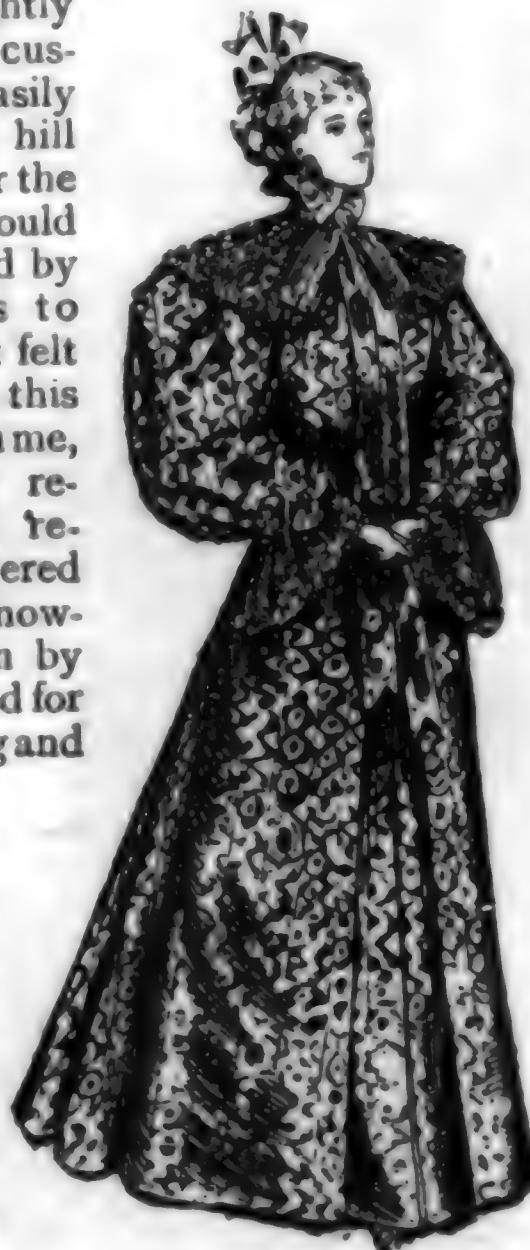
THE AUTUMN FASHIONS.

Whether we be going to mountain, flood or fell, a well-cut, tailor-made travelling costume is an essential item in our outfit. By having this useful gar-

ment made slightly shorter than is customary, it is easily convertible for hill climbing, golf or the moors, and should be accompanied by cloth gaiters to match. A neat felt hat completes this stylish costume, which exactly resembles one I recently encountered at the foot of Snowdon; and worn by a lady renowned for Alpine climbing and pedestrian feats. She maintains that she owes an exceptionally robust constitution to her healthy forms of exercise, and to spending many hours of each day in the open air.

Tweed and serge are equally suitable for such dresses and bear hard wear and tear, not to mention occasional thunder showers, better than the soft-faced cloths often used for this purpose. The skirt should be faced at the bottom with a thin make of leather or oil baize; then it can be kept in perfect condition with a sponge, and one avoids the annoyance of constant brushing, so essential when this precaution is omitted.

For morning gowns the convenient fashion of a coat and skirt, is universal. This simple plan allows a constant variation in the colour of the shirt blouse or waistcoat worn beneath, and by a little diplomacy and a careful selection of these useful accessories of the toilet, quite a number of different effects can be obtained. These dresses are also sometimes sent home with large revers of different tints and materials, so made that they can be readily buttoned on to the coat. Another useful gown may be made of black wool broché grenadine, lined with a contrasting colour—pale green *vieux rose* or fawn satin looks very well, and



A STYLISH AUTUMN MANTLE.

at a short distance this gives the appearance of a brocade of two tints. A short skirt, trimmed with festooned flounces of grenadine or lace, and a high bodice, with Figaro jacket, full front and gigot sleeves, are quite smart enough for church or the promenade at a sea-side resort; and another bodice, with round neck and puffed sleeves to the elbow, makes the same costume suitable for the table d'hôte or theatre.

Those who are constantly moving about know what a nuisance it is to be burdened by an excess of luggage; but by a little forethought it can be minimised to a great extent. For those who wish to enjoy a month's holiday, *far et simple*, in Ireland, Scotland or Wales, and are not contemplating ceremonious visits, these two gowns, with the additions named, supposing they are quite new at starting, will be found sufficient for the purpose.

A short covert coat of black or fawn



GOLF OR MOUNTAINEERING COSTUME.

cloth is another useful addition; and as the style alters little from season to season, and it is likely to last two years or longer, particular attention should be paid to the material and cut, upon which its *chic* appearance entirely depends.

I also give an illustration of a stylish autumn mantle of moire silk, with balloon sleeves and trimmings of lace. These were made, with the two gowns described, for a lady just starting for a short sojourn in Switzerland, by Messrs. E. and R. Garrould, of Edgware Road, W., a firm which can always be relied upon, not only for the goods they supply, but also for the style and first-class workmanship which distinguish the work which emanates from their well-known establishment.

Very dainty is the child's frock of accordion pleated silk of a delicate maize tint. Its ample folds fall in graceful lines round supple limbs, allowing them to expand as nature intended, and without the slightest constriction to any part of the body. Children's garments at the present day are designed by artists who have a keen eye for the beautiful and sufficient common sense to combine the picturesque with the requirements of every-day life.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The English people regard the approaching marriage of the Czarewitch and Princess Alix of Hesse with almost as much interest as if they actually belonged to our own Royal Circle. The nephew of the Princess of Wales and the niece of the Prince of Wales, will, in the course of time, occupy one of the proudest positions in Europe, as Czar and Czarina of Russia, and will be compelled to undertake the grave responsibilities such a position entails. Their wooing has been done in our midst, which is another tie of sympathy; and it was a kindly impulse of our beloved Queen to invite this youthful pair of lovers to spend the greater part of their engagement in this country. A striking resemblance exists between the



CHILD'S ACCORDION PLEATED FROCK.

Duke of York and the Czarewitch, as our readers will see from the annexed portrait, and there is little doubt that his handsome bride will win for herself the affectionate regard of the Russian nation. Some idea of the magnitude and grandeur of the Czarewitch's early home, the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, may be obtained from the illustration given.

* * *

A warm summer evening attracted a large and fashionable gathering to the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, on the occasion of the annual Fête. The grounds were illuminated by myriads of coloured lights which were arranged in a variety of devices, and suggested fairy scenes of

Oriental splendour. The music was supplied by the bands of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards; and the Ladies' Pompadour Band, dressed in the picturesque costume of the period of Louis XV., was stationed in the Conservatory. Exquisite table decorations attracted a number of admirers; and in the same tent there were many other floral trophies. The corridor was devoted to sideboard decorations, sprays, festoons and bouquets of every description; and there were also displays of roses, hardy flowers and plants. The President and H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck were received by the Marquis of Bristol and the members of the Council, and made a brief examination of the botanical specimens on view. Their great popularity was evinced in the most demonstrative manner by those present.

* * *

The garden party at Holland House, Kensington, to meet Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck and the Duke of Teck, and the Infanta Donna Eulalia of Spain, may certainly be considered one of the most brilliant social functions of the Season. The bright summer sunshine, the picturesque grounds, with extensive lawns and shady walks in every direction, and the exquisite toilets of those present, resulted in a scene which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it,



THE CSEAREWITCH AND PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE.

Among the large number of those who received invitations, were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Cleveland and the Duke of Marlborough; the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby, the Ambassador for the United States and Mrs. Bayard; the Danish Minister and Madame de Bille; the Portuguese Minister, the Brazilian Minister and many others.

The band of the Royal Horse Guards

and the Blue Hungarian band were stationed in the grounds, and performed a varied selection of music during the afternoon. Refreshments were served in the Conservatory, a special tent being reserved for the Royal Party on the lawn.

Lady Ilchester was becomingly gowned in white corded silk, with two festooned flounces and fichu of cream lace; the bodice was made with a gathered collar of rose-coloured velvet; and shaded roses nestled among the white tulle rosettes, in a large white chip hat. The Duchess of Teck had a handsome dress of black gros grain, with bands and yoke of Emmence velvet, covered with jetted lace and passementerie, and a bonnet to correspond. The Countess Deym wore a lovely gown of a delicate shade of *can de Nil* satin, with long plain skirt edged with a tiny ruche of the material. The bodice was draped with a fichu of ivory lace, and her yellow straw bonnet had pointed bows of moss green and pale pink silk, a coronet of blush roses resting on her white hair. Lady Shaftesbury wore black satin, striped with velvet, and a bonnet of black lace, with bunches of mauve primulas. Lady Petre had a handsome dress of lavender satin, draped with white lace. The seams of the skirt were outlined with small sequins of a darker shade than the satin, and the bonnet was composed of lavender poppies. Another beautiful gown was of cream satin, with bodice and gigot sleeves of white brocade, bearing a large yellow flower. A great many blue, pink, white and canary-coloured muslin dresses, elaborately trimmed with Valenciennes lace



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

and insertion, were worn by unmarried ladies, and looked delightfully cool.

The historic mansion, with its splendid suite of reception rooms, attracted a large number of guests. The ball room, a magnificent apartment, furnished in the Louis Quatorze style, has panelled walls, draperies and chair coverings of pearl-coloured brocade, powdered with roses: and ivory paint. The library, with its polished parquet floor, and walls lined with book-cases, has curiously-shaped windows at intervals, with cushioned seats. On the first floor a series of drawing-rooms, upholstered in crimson brocade, contain many valuable family and historical portraits, including those of Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, Lady Cecilia Lennox and Prince Talleyrand; also a priceless collection of Sevres, Chelsea and Dresden china. Another striking feature in the house is the black oak staircase, with walls covered with Spanish leather, which brings into relief many fine specimens of inlaid furniture and other works of art. From some of the windows extensive views may be obtained of the grounds, the Surrey hills and the surrounding country.

* * *

A delightful club known as the Musical Exchange, and organised for the benefit of artists engaged in the musical and dramatic professions, was inaugurated recently by a concert and At Home given at the new premises, 16, George Street, Hanover Square, W., which have been decorated and furnished in the most sumptuous manner by Messrs. Cooper and Holt, Bunhill Row, E.C. Madame Antoinette Sterling has accepted the presidency, and Sir Arthur Sullivan is also interesting himself in the club. There is a meeting-room on the ground floor, common to all members and their visitors, which has been fitted with a telephone and is well supplied with magazines and other periodicals, books of reference, etc. The other rooms comprise a ladies' draw-

ing-room, a general reception room, smoking and billiard rooms, rehearsal rooms (each containing a good piano), and dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen. The subscription is three guineas per annum, and the first three hundred members will be elected without entrance fee. These will include vocalists and instrumentalists, concert agents, composers, music publishers, music teachers, pianoforte and other musical instrument makers, concert-givers, reciters and amateurs desiring to enter the profession. The Exchange will give a number of At Homes and London and Provincial concerts; and members will find these good opportunities for making their entrée in the musical world. Any further particulars may be obtained from Mr. Percy Notcutt, the courteous manager, who will be pleased to show intending candidates over the club premises, which are admirably adapted for the purpose for which they are designed.

* * *

Another organisation for the benefit of women is the Imperial Federation Club, which owes its existence to its energetic secretary, Mrs. Perceval Johnston, Montague Mansion, W.C., who will be pleased to forward prospectuses to those interested in the movement. Its object is to found a central institution which shall form a connecting link between the numerous women's societies at present existing for the purpose of furthering the social, industrial, educational and political progress of the women of England, and a rallying-place in London for members from the Colonies, America and the other English-speaking countries of the world. This scheme has the sympathy and approval of a large number of representative men and women.

* * *

We have in Mrs. Russell-Hovey a clever exponent of the art of graceful gesture, and one who has been particularly successful in reducing the awkward angles of the human



MRS. PERCEVAL JOHNSTON.

frame to flowing curves and lines which suggest the poetry of motion. As pupil and assistant teacher for over fifteen years of that great master, Delsarte, Mrs. Russell-Hovey has gained a reputation, both here and in America, which is second to none in the special branch in which she has interested herself; and her lecture lessons attract large numbers of both sexes drawn from the profession and private life. They have already been given, among other places, at the White House, Washington, under the administration of President Harrison; in Canada at Government House; at the Club House, Toxedo Park; at Drury Lane Theatre, and at the Pioneer Club, London; at Sir Percy Shelley's private theatre at Bournemouth; in Mr. Walter Crane's studio, and in the drawing-rooms of John Strange Winter (Mrs Stannard), Lady Emily Cherry, Lady Dorothy Neville, Mrs. Campbell-Praed and others. It is astonishing what a short course of lectures can do for one, and how much may be gained from proper exercises for developing the muscles. Though few of us can hope to attain that high state of perfection arrived at by Mrs. Russell-Hovey, we can all cultivate graceful attitudes and learn from her how to walk up and down long flights of stairs without experiencing the slightest fatigue; and to dress ourselves in such a manner that our best points are accentuated, and our worst concealed. The old Roman prayer was to have a sound mind in a sound body; and were it not for the foul air we breathe, the pace at which we live, and the adulterated food we eat, I see no reason why our bodies should not in all respects rival those of the people of classic times. But if we wish to resemble the Greeks and Romans, we must live as they did—hardily and sparingly, drink little wine, go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark, keep our various organs in good condition by frequent ablution and our frames supple by suitable gymnastic exercises and drill. Those

who desire to communicate with Mrs. Russell-Hovey can do so by writing to 40, Talbot Road, Westbourne Grove, London.

* * *

Music is the language of the emotions. Long before the piano or any other musical instrument was even dreamt of by man, the feathered songsters of the tropical forests charmed their mates with sweet sounds, expressive of the emotion of love; and it is on record that, in the fierce rivalry for the affections of a favoured mate, some of these beautiful warblers poured out their souls in song until one or the other dropped dead from exhaustion.

Go back as far as we will in the history of our race, we always find some kind of music the source of inspiration on all occasions where the emotional faculties are brought strongly into play. Does the savage want to work himself up to the necessary pitch of fury for entering on the war path; is he celebrating the capture of an abundance of skulls; or sacrificing to his ancestral shades, then the discordant noises of his drums and tum-tums are brought into requisition. Coming to later times, what sort of figure would the knight-serenader cut without the twanging guitar slung gracefully across his shoulders by a strap? He would be like "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out, without it. Many a poet's lyric would have been spoilt, and such charming ditties as "In Old Madrid" could never have been written.

But how did man ever hit upon the idea



MODERN GRAND PIANO, HARPSICHORD DESIGN, MADE FOR PRINCESS MAY,
DUCHESS OF YORK, BY MESSRS. BRINSMEAD AND SONS.

of extracting music from stretched wires or strings? On some of the ancient Egyptian monuments have been found engravings of bow-like arrangement with three or four strings stretched across. This is evidently the earliest form of the harp; and it is not unreasonable to conclude therefrom that the idea of constructing such an instrument first originated from the sound emitted by the twanging of the warrior's bow string. When we examine the earlier forms of the harpsichord, we find, as its name implies, that it is merely a variation of the harp; only, instead of pulling the strings with the fingers, they are scratched by quills.

That the twanging of a savage's bow-string should have, in the course of ages, developed into a Brinsmead Grand is nothing less than startling. Yet there is very little doubt that we are indebted for our prince of instruments to this humble origin. As we appreciate this truth, the noble savage will rise further in our estimation, and we shall begin to see that we are indebted to him for a great deal more than the supplying of material for the stirring tales of a Fenimore Cooper or a Rider Haggard. Had he never thought of shooting with a bow and arrow, we might still have been playing our tum-tums; though, had he never learnt and taught us to shoot at all, the loss, on the one hand, might have been fully compensated for by the gain on the other.

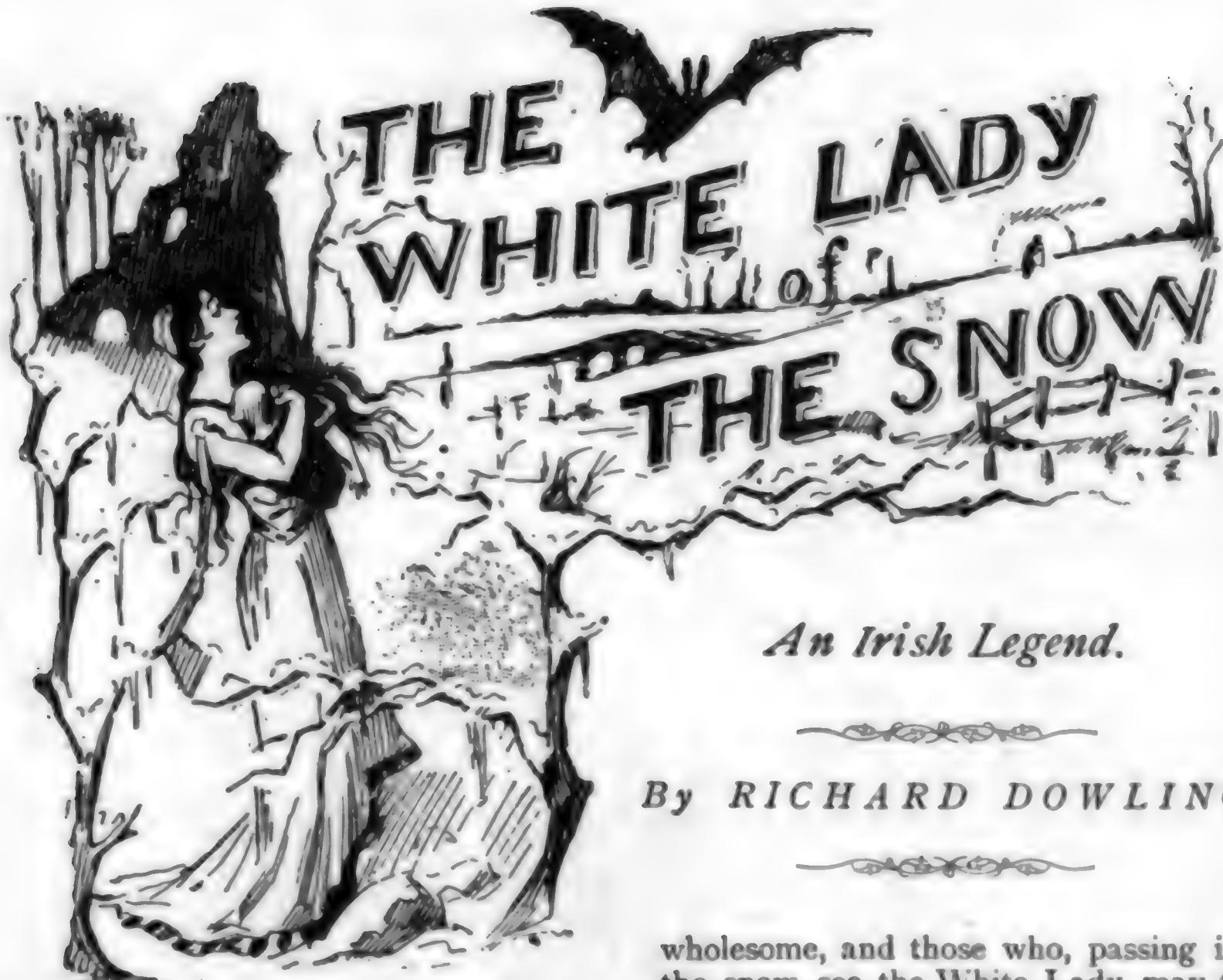
Has the pianoforte reached its final stage of development? Hardly. One has but to visit

the factory and show-rooms of such makers of high-class instruments as Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, and the number of recent improvements and the care and attention bestowed upon the perfecting of every part, which he will see there, will both surprise and delight him. He will see the patent "perfect check-repeater action," which has gained the highest encomiums from the leading societies and men in the musical world.

Another of Messrs. Brinsmead's striking inventions is the new system of stringing pianofortes. From the solid iron frame projects an overhanging flange, through which holes are bored for the passage of the pins. The wires are passed through the pins and secured at the top, and the tuning is effected by simply turning a hexagonal nut, as shown in our illustration. The advantages of this method over the old one of driving the pins into less durable material, such as wood, are obvious. Once the "stretch" is out of the wires, the piano will keep in tune for an extraordinary length of time. They are the patentees of numerous other improvements. Hence, it will be seen that as the piano has developed in the past from rude beginnings, so it is still undergoing a process of evolution. It is as well to bear this in mind when about purchasing an instrument, as there are pianos and pianos; and the high-class piano, such as a Brinsmead, is no more like the cheap instrument than is the cheap violin like a Stradivarius.



TUNING-PIN.



An Irish Legend.

By RICHARD DOWLING.

IN a lonely plain, skirting the river Suir, about two miles from the town of Clonmel, stand the ruins of Rathmore Castle. Of the four round towers and four walls which had formed the castle, only half one tower and mounds and banks remain to indicate the spot where the once powerful structure rose against the sky. There are no more careful hoarders of tradition than the Irish ; and yet you may ask in vain for the most shadowy outlines of that castle's history. When and by whom it was built, and how it came into decay, have no resting-place in the memory of man. The army of Cromwell passed close to its walls ; but if you ask the people, are its misfortunes to be laid at his door ? they will shake their heads and tell you Rathmore was an ivied ruin long before the curse of Cromwell fell upon Ireland. Further, they will add that the place is under a ban, the night airs around it are not

wholesome, and those who, passing it in the snow, see the White Lady may take the vision as a summons of death ; for the White Lady was the victim of a terrible crime, and is never seen by honest folk.

She is revealed only to those whose career of vice or crime in this world is about to conclude, and who, out of the unfathomable ocean of Mercy, are vouchsafed this warning to prepare them for the life to come. In

the dim haze of the past and in the horror of the people the names of all the actors in that drama have been lost. The history of that castle and the chronicles of the noble line which held it are preserved in only one story, the story of a crime.

The last owner of Rathmore was a young, strong and brave man, who married the only daughter of another great man of the County Waterford. This lady had two brothers, whose conduct to both father and sister had been so bad that the father resolved they should not have his land, and that it should go



THE LAST OWNER OF RATHMORE.



THE DISINHERITED SONS.

to his son-in-law and the children of his daughter. The disinherited sons, who were inseparable, received their father's decision with apparent indifference. They made neither outcry nor threat, and continued to live in their father's castle, although denied the confidence or affection of the old man. In due time an heir was born to Rathmore and Rathbeg. Not only has the castle of the father-in-law wholly disappeared from the slope of the Waterford hill on which it stood, but its name is now forgotten. Convenience demands that it shall have a name, and, although it may have been much more spacious and splendid than Rathmore, it may be known as Rathbeg Castle. There were great rejoicings at Rathmore and Rathbeg; the old man's intentions were well known, and the people belonging to Rathbeg knew, sooner or later, they should pass under the rule of Rathmore. Among those who seemed to enter most ardently into the celebrations of the hour were the uncles of the heir. But they did not deceive the master of Rathbeg or the master of Rathmore, and made no progress towards reinstating themselves in the favour of their father. Time went on, and it came to be the young heir's first birthday. All the family, with the exception of the two uncles (who

had gone to the remote county Roscommon and were not expected back for a month), were to meet at Rathbeg. It was midwinter, close upon Christmas, when the owner of Rathmore, accompanied by his lady, his heir and retinue, set out from his castle for his father-in-law's home. The snow was deep upon the ground, and the party made slow progress. In the end the journey was accomplished, and the old man came, with his people and his dogs, to receive the travellers at the courtyard gate. The day following was fixed for the great events of the merry-making. All the neighbours and following and friends of the great Lord of Rathbeg were bidden, and, although the weather was severe beyond the remembrance of living men, hundreds of guests and followers were crowded into the castle. A whole ox hung on the great pole that did duty for a spit; flagons and cups of heating and exhilarating drinks were handed round. There were music and dancing and all kinds of revelry becoming such an occasion, and those present declared that a finer birthday feast had never been since the present lord of Rathbeg came of age.

When the festivities were at the highest, all at once there arose a woman's scream followed by the cursing and swearing of the men. Some rushed for horses and some for weapons, and all was disorder. The heir to Rathmore and Rathbeg had

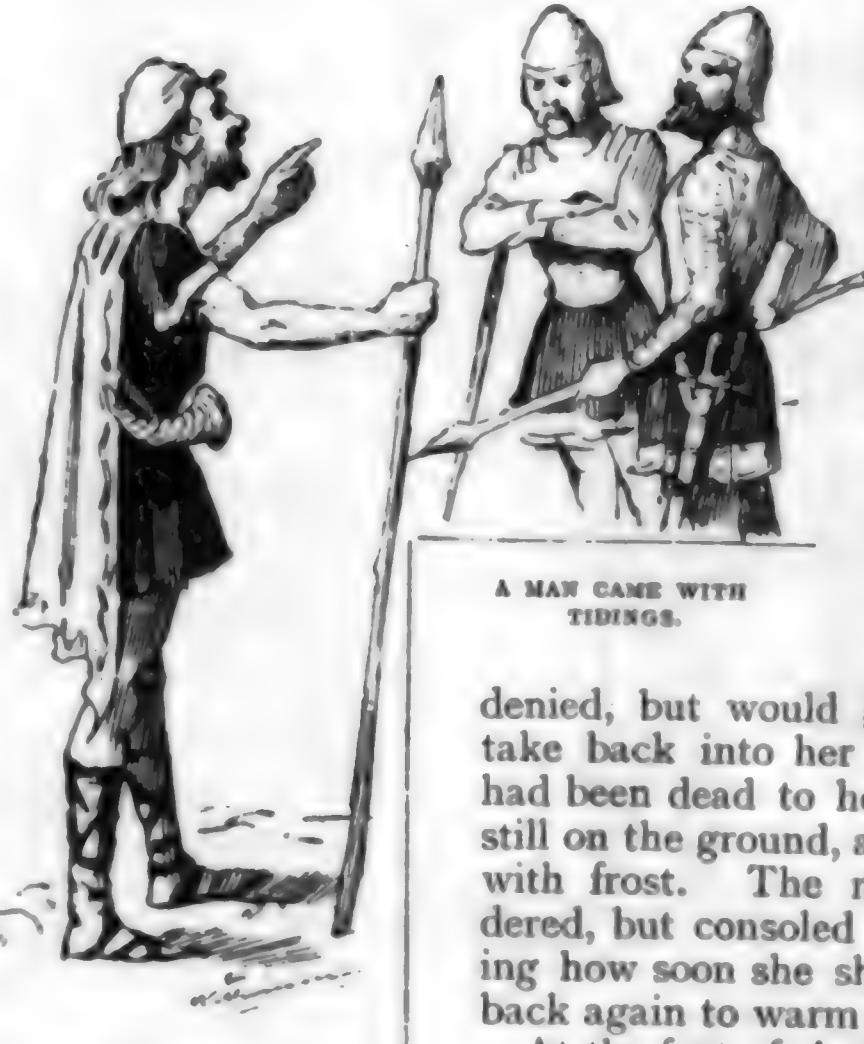


THE OLD MAN RECEIVES THE TRAVELLERS.

been stolen. The short light of the December day had not quite faded before men were in their saddles scouring the country this way and that, searching for the young lord. When the moon came up over the frozen snow, three hours after sunset, the boy was missing still. Suspicion held up her finger at the two dishonoured sons of Rathbeg. All said, "This is the work of the boy's uncles. Death to the sons of Rathbeg!"

For days the counties of Waterford and Tipperary (the latter lies over the Suir) were searched in vain. The guests of Rathbeg departed, and the two houses mourned the heir as dead. One afternoon, when all hope had left, a man came to the Castle of Rathbeg and said he had tidings of the boy. They were about to ill-use him for lying when his persistence induced them to hear him further. He told them the boy had been stolen for the sake of ransom, and if a certain sum were brought to the Gap of Ardcrea, he would be restored. In addition to the ransom two other conditions were imposed: first, that he who had brought news of the young lord should be allowed to go free of Rathbeg Castle unharmed; second, that the father and grandfather, and they alone and unarmed, should carry the ransom to Ardcrea.

The terms of the stranger were gladly agreed to, and a day fixed for paying the gold. The sum was large, and could not be obtained by the two lords for a few days. To the relief of finding the heir was now added the satisfaction of feeling



A MAN CAME WITH TIDINGS.

denied, but would go with them and take back into her arms the son who had been dead to her. The snow was still on the ground, and the air numbing with frost. The mother often shuddered, but consoled herself with thinking how soon she should have her son back again to warm her aching breast.

At the foot of Ardcrea the party was obliged to dismount, for the place is too broken for horses. Then the three went forward on foot, the two men helping the woman over the frozen snow. Slowly and laboriously they approached the trysting place. They could see no one near. Yet, undoubtedly, this was the spot. Could that messenger have been deceiving them? No. There could be no object in such deception. As they were saying

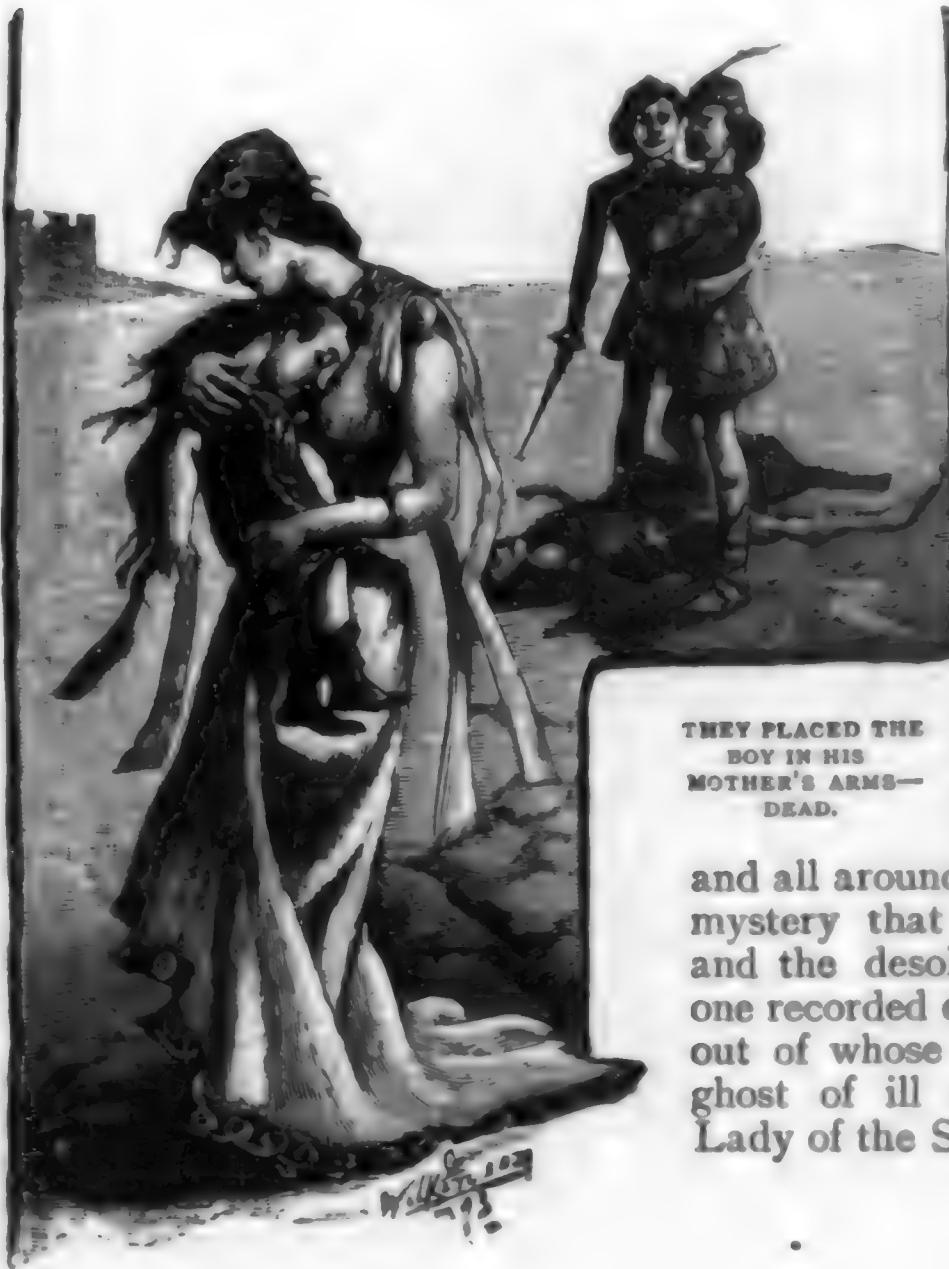


THEY APPROACHED THE TRYSTING PLACE.

that the sons of Rathbeg had no hand in the abduction. Not only was this plain from the offer to restore the boy, but from the word of mouth of the messenger also. On the day appointed the father and grandfather set out for Ardcrea with the mother of the boy. She would not be

these things among themselves, a voice shouted out, "Our object is attained!" and, before either of the lords could stir, they fell, murdered by the sons of Rathbeg. The parricides and fratricides then turned to the widow, and said, "You came to recover the heir of Rathbeg and Rathmore. He is of no further use to us. Take him," and they placed the boy in the mother's arms—dead.

Since that time the mother ever wanders over the snow around Rathmore with her dead



THEY PLACED THE
BOY IN HIS
MOTHER'S ARMS—
DEAD.

boy, the young lord, at her breast. The sighs and moans you hear when there is no wind are hers. Her voice only is not portentous, but sight of her carries messages condemning your past and foretelling your future. The lovers of the place shun those ruins by day and night. Bats and owls make their home in what still stands of Rathmore Castle, and all around it clings the air of mystery that covers its history and the desolation born of the one recorded event of its history, out of whose grave has risen a ghost of ill omen, The White Lady of the Snow.



NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

I AM writing this amid the silence of the eternal hills, or the eternal silence of the hills, whichever the reader may prefer. I am twenty-five miles from the nearest railway station, fourteen from a telegraph office, and, happily, beyond the reach of newspapers. My intelligence department is closed until further notice, and, strange as it may seem, my interest in the world and its doings is fast waning. I hear nothing of the raving of London, and do not even dream of its deliriums. I read no speeches, or leading articles, or divorce-court cases. The theatre is losing its attractions; even the recollections of the music hall and the industrious hurdy-gurdy man fail to move me. I don't care if orators, journalists, play-actors (of all degrees and pretensions) were swept out of existence. I have a placid impression that the world could contrive to get on without them. Impertinent puppets! What right have they to intrude upon the sublime serenity of Nature—(Nature with a capital N.) I am face to face with what Carlyle would call the eternal ve-

rities; and, in the language of the young lady of the period, I find them "very nice." I could go into raptures over them which would make the gentle reader envious; but *that* would not be good for his or her moral character, and I refrain. But I cannot help asking what is going on in London at present? Roars the Strand as it did a month ago? Do folly and fashion still congregate in Hyde Park? Shouts the hoarse costermonger in White-chapel? Is the 'bus-driver's nose as fiery as ever? Continues the gentle cabman his winning practices of extortion and bullying? Is there a block at Mansion House crossing? And, above all, How fareth it in Fleet Street? I know there are men of genius in that den of enlightenment and iniquity striving, in the sweat of their brains, to make bricks without straw.





AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Poor devils! What spite had Fate against them to condemn them to the task of amusing a stupid public. Ah! that was a slip; but let it pass. Why should men be compelled to write this hot weather? Why, indeed, should they be compelled to do anything but lie among the scented heather, in the streaming July sun, and realise Elysian worlds, where men fret not, neither worry, and live contented and ignorant, and know not the meaning of nerves, nor understand what it is to have a system out of order? To the solitary among the mountains, wealth, fame, pleasure (the intoxicating pleasure of the town, I mean), all that men and women strive for and die for, are all vanity and vexation of spirit. In basking idly in the sun alone is there true happiness.

* * *

Most people, I fancy, are ashamed of making confessions of ignorance. The reader will be glad to learn that I am troubled by no such weakness. Let the reader take my place here, looking out upon peak and moor and loch, and then say, like a truthful man, and in the proper spirit of Bohemia, whether he is ashamed of not knowing the twaddle of the great outside world. For myself, at least, be it said with all candour and emphasis, that I am not in the smallest degree concerned about my lack of knowledge, nor moved by the faintest desire to "gain information." Can the hub of the universe conceive such stolid indifference to its momentous affairs? Probably, not yet, the barbarian of these mountains cares not a brass farthing for all the

clamours of the Metropolis. In solitude, man is either a savage or a philosopher. The Red Indian and Hottentot, living on unvisited plains, are savages; the Scottish shepherd is a philosopher, unconsciously, but none the less truly. He has been admitted to the inner arcana of nature. Her restful influence, her wondrous self-absorption, her calm expansiveness, her change in the midst of monotony, her monotony in the midst of change, her self sufficiency begat in her wonderful faculty of indifference. What did Gilbert White care about the deliriums of courts, cabinets and capitals, or Thoreau about the speculative genius of democracy? What does the shepherd on the Scottish hills care for the hubbub of London? Something less than nothing. And were you beside me now, my excellent but cynical critic, I'll wager a bottle of the best Highland whisky, that you also would be unconcerned, yea, even about the all important gossip of clubs. In this solitude nothing matters but the speechless, overflowing communion with the great Mother. She is your sole companion and, unless you be past redemption, soon makes you enjoy the company. You wake in the morning to look out upon vast, impassive mountains, grim with black clouds, or shining in golden light. You see the sunrise set heaven aspiring tops on fire and then kindle in living radiance along the slopes; you watch the mists vanishing and the massy white clouds come up in crowding battalions from the south, and gradually possess themselves of the illimitable blue space overhead. You may likewise hear the bleating of sheep and lambs, the barking of dogs and the resonant whistle of the shepherd as he stands, grotesque and titanic, on some crag or brow. You may feel the wind blow and hearken to the sound of running water (not in these halcyon days lashed and driven to fury by tempests), but meandering to the distant ocean with a soft lap and gurgle that have no suggestion of violence in them; and if you are endowed with an eye and ear for such things, you come to understand what poets mean when they speak of the companionship and compensations of nature. The mere townsman, immured amid brick walls, and deep in ledgers and the bracing smoke of a great commercial city, knows nothing whatever about them, and consequently is ready to sneer. What

notion, for example, has he of that sweetest of all natural sounds, the sound of flowing water? Yet for the fagged brain and shattered nerves it avails more than all the lore of the College of Physicians, or than all the music ever composed or practised by deluded men and women who dub themselves artists.

* * *

This seems a long preamble to a note about holidays in the Highlands, and what has been said is but the first sentence, so to speak, of what might be said. One is tempted to give rein to one's eloquence in descriptions of heath and torrent and crag. But we remember humbly that Mr. Ruskin has done that once for all, and that his disciples and followers have carried his practices to lengths unbearable. In modern literature there are too many of those purple patches which critics call word pictures. They abound *ad nauseam*. They are sometimes clever, I grant you; but they are also generally wearisome as well. To the rhapsodical spirit we will therefore cry avaunt! and talk not indeed of graves and worms and epitaphs, but of such familiar subjects as whisky, sheep, shepherds, smuggling and poaching.

* * *

Here, contiguous to the far-famed moor of Rannoch, there are, or were, plenty of all these. Whisky you have everywhere in Scotland. Next to his theological doctrines, there is



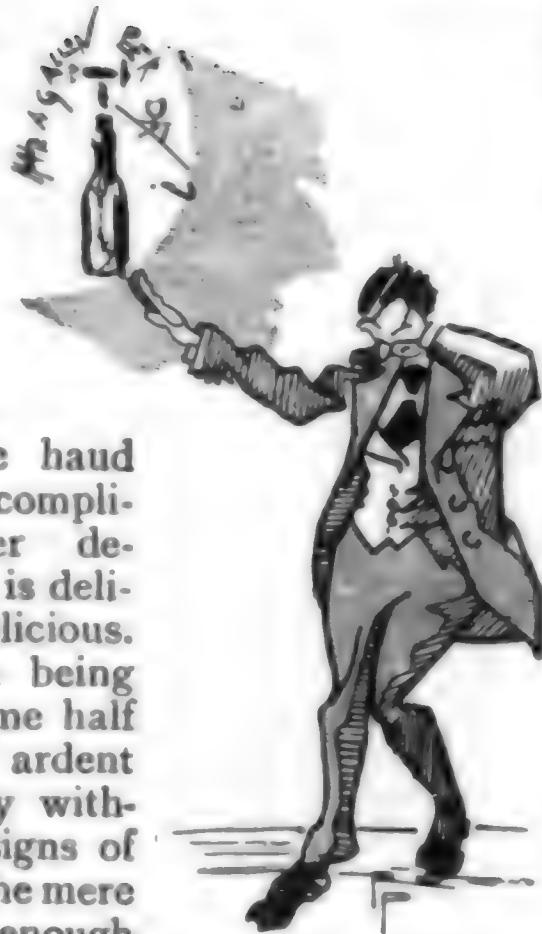
THE MERE TOWNSMAN IS READY TO SNEE.



"BARLEY BREE."

nothing a genuine Scotsman so much dotes upon as the "barley bree." In honour of the hallowed traditions of his fathers he has whisky in the morning, whisky at noon, whisky in the evening and whisky frequently "between times." Men have been known to complain bitterly when circumstances, over which they had no control, compelled them to go to bed perfectly sober. Such denial, they averred, seriously affected their health. There are bands of hope and zealous teetotal reformers in the Highlands, but they scarcely prosper; the distilleries and taverns hum with business. To refuse to drink with the true-born Celt is as deadly an insult as to decline to take salt with an Arab. He will never forgive you, and, what is peculiarly humiliating, he will hold you in everlasting contempt for the refusal. His foibles on this subject have caused me grave trouble during the last few weeks; for he is exceedingly hospitable, and "mountain dew" is exceedingly strong. It makes a Highlander shout for joy; but it causeth the Englishman to halt and to lie down by the wayside limp and unspeakably sick. In that deplorable condition he becomes the sport of all the seasoned blades in the district. The reader can imagine the difficulties of a novice. Yet I may say, without egotism, that, for myself, I struggled with them bravely. Sometimes it was even hinted that I might

in time wholly overcome them. "Oh, ye'r no doin' so bad at a'," said a host here and there. "In twenty year ye'll drink wi' the best if ye haud on." The compliment, whether deserved or not, is delicate and delicious. Fancy a man being able to consume half a gallon of ardent spirits per day without showing signs of incapacity! The mere thought of it is enough to turn the head of a tyro.



* * *

Closely connected with whisky, both in ethics and practice, is the ancient art of smuggling. I had the honour of inspecting several places where enterprising natives, in the happy days gone by, brewed whisky and defied the law. These places are deep in the loneliest part of lonely hills, generally in a gorge or hollow, and always beside a burn. Excisemen rarely ventured to examine them, knowing probably how much or how little a "gawger's" life was esteemed by the distillers. So the merry trade went on without let or hindrance; and people drank whisky like water and protested they felt none the worse whatever—a statement in which the incredulous Band of Hope orator will doubtless detect a touch of imagination. Be that as it may, the "Stills" flourished within the memory of men yet hale and hearty, and were greatly appreciated by a virtuous and law-abiding population. Of late years the trade has languished, and old topers will shake their hoary heads for an hour at a time in denouncing and deplored the decadence of the world. It is a hard thing to satisfy an old toper in the way of strong drink; but it is an ineffable delight to sit and listen to him telling tales of the good old times "or ever he had got a carnelian neb or whisky was dear and bad." Literature owes a good deal to the old toper who has brewed his drink for himself ere these

degenerate days were dreamed of. Scott, it is evident, got much valuable material from him, and Mr. Stevenson has, it is plain, also been under the spell of his inspiration. To the old man with the red nose the world is getting contemptibly tame, perhaps contemptibly moral. Everything is done according to law and order—not according to fancy and inclination; and in the fact the old toper sees personal liberty and the charm of life menaced. His stories, however, suffer nothing by the contrasts in which he indulges. The fights with the military, the races, the escapes, the daring deeds, and extraordinary endurance of the law-breakers furnish him with inexhaustible themes for the exercise of his imagination. While entertaining the hapless juniors who have never experienced the wild thrill of lawlessness, he will condescend to partake of some of the abominable whisky of to-day, at your expense. He drinks, as he is careful to inform you, not from taste, but out of friendship; and, all unconscious of art, tells tales that would make a novelist's mouth water. Someone said the other day that our best story-teller was not Mr. Hardy or Mr. Stevenson, but the pious novelist, who invented the first fable. For my



own part, I vote for the ex-smuggler, whom the advance of civilisation too often ruins. He will hold you spell-bound for hours together. Of how many pretentious novelists can as much be said? Alas! as the reader knows to his cost, of very, very few. What becomes of the picturesque smuggler? Well, he is almost extinct now, so that he is fast becoming of merely antiquarian and romantic interest. But when the law diverted him from his chosen courses, he took most frequently to poaching, proving himself as formidable a thorn in the side of gamekeepers as he had formerly proved himself in the side of excisemen. Of his poaching exploits he will also tell you confidentially, when the liquor begins to take effect; and many are his wily ways in bagging



and disposing of game. Occasionally, he takes to quite peaceable and respectable pursuits, such as taking care of sheep and cattle, and tilling the earth. But there is always a strain of the gypsy and rebel in him; he is the latest exemplification of Matthew Arnold's celt, struggling against the despotism of fact, and shines more resplendently in breaking his country's laws than in contributing to the Queen's taxes or helping to build churches. He is a figure that novelists might make much of; but those who intend to utilise him will have to make haste, or he will have disappeared completely. The old order changes with extreme rapidity in these headlong days.

* * *

Since writing the above, I have returned to the haunts of men, and find

novelists in a stew. Their trouble is not about characters or plots, but about prices. The circulating libraries have demanded a reduction of twenty per cent. in the price of the three-volume novel, and the publisher has passed on the demand to the novelist, who is really the interested party. Hence a great commotion. Perhaps I need not disguise the fact that my sympathies are all with the unlucky author. His position is not an enviable nor altogether a fair one. Hitherto, he has not been a man of business, and his interests have suffered in consequence. He has been often victimised. Enterprising booksellers, for example, introduced a system of discounts that is proving ruinous to the trade, and, by a natural law of political economy, the producer has found his profits steadily diminishing. Twenty-five per cent. is a common reduction where no reduction at all should ever have been made. Disasters, of course, followed. The bookseller, finding himself working on an insufficient margin, appealed to the publisher for better terms; and the publisher, being a man of business, docked the author. The author, perhaps, protested. But he was forced to yield, for the exigencies of

"the trade" are mysterious, and are not to be understood by mere writers. Now the librarians are following the example of the booksellers; and I suppose the old result will follow—that is to say, the twenty per cent. will be granted, and deducted from the author's share of profits. The author does not like this—Why should he? And so the Society of Authors has decided that it is much better to appear in a cheap edition at once, than in three-volume form, and drag slowly and uncertainly on to the one-volume form. The Society is both right and wrong. For the very popular writer, the one-volume form is undoubtedly best. He appeals immediately to a big public, and reaps the advantage of a wide circulation. But to the novelist who has only a small public, or whose position is not sure, the three-

volume form offers benefits not secured by the one-volume edition. That is so plain that the third and fourth-rate novelist is already beginning to fear that his occupation will soon be gone. Gone it certainly will be if the three-volume form is to be abolished. On the whole, perhaps, the change will not be an evil for literature; but it will be a decided hardship to scores of industrious writers, who, by toiling ten times as hard as a lawyer or doctor, and about a hundred times as hard as a clergyman, manage to earn a scanty living. Whatever be the upshot of the present agitation, let authors stand together and they will command the situation.

* * *

Usually in this column I say something about current literature. This month I have nothing to say, for two reasons: first, because no good book has appeared since I wrote last; and second, because I have read none, good or bad.

J. A. S.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

THE past theatrical season has not been a very profitable one to many of our managers; and theatre after theatre has been compelled to put up its shutters. Writing early in August, I find Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Lyceum, Terry's, Toole's, Opera Comique, Garrick, Avenue, Comedy, Shaftesbury, Haymarket, Olympic and St. James's all shut. This does not speak very highly for the liberal patronage of the great B. P. The Gaiety, after a prosperous run with "Don Juan," followed up with a short but brilliant season with that talented French actress, Madame Réjane, has fallen back on one



MISS LETTY LIND.

of its former successes, "Little Jack Sheppard." Many readers will remember what a great success the late Fred Leslie was, and one and all naturally look with some curiosity on his successor, Mr. Seymour Hicks. Mr. Hicks has already shown that he is a thoroughly good all-round artist; and he has, I hear, returned from America full of strange gags and wheezes. The Prince of Wales's, the Lyric and the Trafalgar have all kept their doors open during the dark season. At the first of these houses the "Gaiety Girl" has seemed as attractive as ever. At the Lyric considerable changes have taken place in the cast of "Little Christopher Columbus." Miss May Yohé, for reasons best known to herself and the management, seceded, but her place has been



MR. JOHN L. SHINE.

amply filled by the accession of Miss Florence St. John and Miss Geraldine Ulmar. I think it will be readily admitted that these two talented and popular ladies more than compensate for the absence of Miss Yohé.

* * *

"Go-Bang" still runs strong at the Trafalgar. It is a musical, farcical comedy, by the same authors as the successful "Morocco Bound," Messrs. Adrian Ross and Osmond Carr. The plot is of the flimsiest material; the lyrics and music are pretty, pleasing and tuneful. The great success of the production lies in the popularity and individuality of the actors and actresses. The plot briefly is as follows:—Sir Reddan Tapeleigh, K.C.S.I., an old Anglo-Indian official, is expecting a visit from the Boojam elect of Go-Bang, and he is anxious that his daughter, Helen, should wed the wealthy prince. The Boojam, however, has other ideas. Doubts then arise, and it is hinted that the real Boojam is a greengrocer, living in Sir Reddan's neighbourhood; so his daughter is instructed to make love unofficially to the new and supposed Boojam, and officially to the Boojam elect, but to close with neither till all is confirmed. Helen Tapeleigh admires her father's private secretary. The Boojam appoints Sir Reddan to be his political resident, and the second act finds us in Go-Bang. Here a despatch arrives, which deposes the Boojam and appoints the greengrocer aforesaid. Contrary to Oriental customs, all these aspirants to thrones and lands manage to get along

very well with each other: but that is necessary in the play. On this base an amusing two-and-a-half hours' fun is built up; and that it has been done so successfully is proved by the long run "Go-Bang" has endured.

Mr. John L. Shine is the Boojam elect, Dam Row, and he manages to extract as much fun as possible out of his part. The Boojam is most anxious to make himself master of the English language and its beautiful proverbs, and the manner in which he mixes up old and familiar sayings is alarming to a degree. He is also always anxious, on every conceivable occasion, to repeat a little nursery rhyme about Madras—how beautifully cerulean it is. His song, "Only a penny," particularly the last verse, is one of the gems of the piece. Mr. Harry Grattan is Jenkins, the impertinent waiter, sometime greengrocer and ultimate rightful heir to the Go-Bang throne, if they sit on thrones in that country. He also has one or two good songs and a most excellent dance with Miss Letty Lind. Mr. Grattan is one of our coming burlesque actors. Mr. Arthur Playfair is the pompous Sir Reddan Tapeleigh, K.C.S.I., and contributes in no



MR. HARRY GRATTAN IN "GO-BANG."

small measure to the success of the entertainment. Since the opening nights of "Go-Bang," Mr. Fred Storey has been drafted into the cast, and his make-up as Wang, the keeper of the Golden Canopy, is truly wonderful. Of course, Mr. Storey would be incomplete without one of his eccentric contortion dances. The manner in which he ties knots with his legs is to be seen to be appreciated. Narain,



MISS AGNES HEWITT.

the Boojam's secretary, is Mr. Edgar Stevens, who has a good song and duet, to both of which he does justice. Mr. George Grossmith, Jun., is the Hon. Augustus Fitzpoop. What rapid strides Mr. Grossmith is making in the profession! He evidently is a chip of the old block, and a good one, too: he has a dry and quaint style peculiar to himself, and he works with a will from start to finish, an example which might well be followed by some of his elders in the profession. Miss Jessie Bond, as Helen, the daughter of Sir Reddan, is wasted on the part. She is surely worthy of better things than are allotted to her. With the exception of one song and duet, both of which she renders in a charming and artistic manner, she has nothing to do. The same may be said of Miss Agnes Hewitt, who, it appears, has only to grace the stage with her presence and look handsome, both of which she succeeds in doing to everybody's satisfaction. Miss Astor makes the most of Sarah Anne, the housemaid; but the only part of consequence is Di Dalrymple, and in this Miss Letty Lind revels. Of her song, "Di, Di," I need say nothing. Is not every one singing or whistling it in drawing-room or at street corner? Her Chinese song and dance is also worthy of a visit.

Has she not been made famous by having her picture, as a Chinese Doll, hung in the Royal Academy? As I said before, the success of "Go-Bang" lies in the hard work put in by the artistes. Since the lamented death of Arthur Blackmore, the business management has passed into the hands of Mr. Horace Cole, who looks after and studies the interest of all patrons of the theatre in his well-known courteous and urbane style.

* * * *

Olympia is still going strong, and the gardens are proving as great an attraction as the spectacular show. Last month the directors, with Mr. Lyons at their head, did a kindly and thoughtful action in entertaining the Crimean veterans. Shareholders in Olympia have already been solaced with an interim dividend.

* * * *

We are already promised two good exhibitions next year. At the Crystal Palace we are to have a South African Exhibition; and it is to be a bona fide South African show. Several London merchants with business relations at the Cape are espousing the cause, and all things point to a successful show.

* * * *

It will be good news for both Londoners and country cousins to learn that next



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

spring the first of a series of gigantic exhibitions, under the direction of the London Exhibitions (Limited), will be inaugurated at Earl's Court. The Empire of India is happily selected to be the subject of the Company's initial venture, and should prove one of the most attractive exhibitions London has yet been favoured with, if only a tithe of the support promised from the most influential quarters is secured to the enterprise. Mr. Imré Kiralfy, of "Venice" fame, has here a subject exactly suited to his peculiar genius, and we may confidently expect from him a great spectacle, of both historical interest and Oriental gorgeousness of display. The exhibits themselves will be unique, costly and, above all, really representative of our great Indian Empire, and not the customary stale bazaar element Londoners are weary of. Both the Albert Palace and the Paris Hippodrome buildings will be re-erected in the grounds at Earl's Court, and form handsome permanent structures, worthy of London's most beautiful pleasure garden.

Possibly the gigantic wheel, of which we hear so much, and part of which can now be seen at the Industrial Exhibition, will be ready by next year. I very much doubt if it will be in working order this season. Wembley Park, too, with its Watkin Tower, which is to out-top the Eiffel, will also be open to the public next year.

* * *

It is not often I notice special matinées in these pages, but I think "The Puritan" deserves a passing word. The piece boasts of three authors — Messrs. Christie and Henry Murray, and J. L. Shine. On the principle of "too many cooks," etc., so, here, too many

authors have spoilt what would otherwise be a good play. Plot there is, consistent and reasonable; material also there is abundance of; and of dialogue there is more than a superfluity; and here the danger lies. If the authors will only agree to cut and condense considerably, the piece might with advantage be placed in the evening bill of some theatre.

The cast was excellent, and the piece was exceedingly well played and very favourably received, despite the superabundance of talky-talky aforesaid. Mr. Chas. Glenny and Mr. J. L. Shine made the hits of the afternoon. Mr. Glenny gave us one of his portrayals in his well-known robust style; and by his consistent performance in no small measure helped to make the play the success it was. Mr. Shine modestly took a small part—that of a Scotch bank manager: one of those faithful servants who only live for the bank; but he was a great success in it, so much so that we all felt how we would like to have seen more of Jas. Burdock. Mr. Abingdon, as the sorrowful Sir John Saunderson, was, if anything,

too ponderous and melancholy. His make-up was most excellent. Mr. Edward O'Neill made a lot of the Baron de Marsac, while Mr. Sant Matthews as the fussy mayor of Bainville-sur-mer, gave us another of those character sketches with which he is wont to delight us from time to time. The leading lady was Miss Florence Seymour, who gave a very pleasing, if somewhat weak, rendering of the difficult part of the Countess de la Ricquière. Mrs. Theodore Wright was wasted and out of place as Leonide, and Miss Alice de Winton looked charming as Baronne de Marsac.



MR. EDGAR STEVENS IN "GO BANG."

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Puzzledom

141. A Cryptogram.

" Mc Hycnkyht Xmdti yck Lmouwti' Hymf,
Yck Kjcntsc Nwrhh, is qsjhhr xtco
Lmow fsxt sq fsud yck ethhi sq ymf,
Owftt imcqjh itposci' nwsioi yft xtco
Lws yhh nmzt eyud sct yqotf o'sowtf
Owt ktyow csot sq owtmf hmzmcn efsowtf."

142. A Word Square.

1. An article of food.
2. To glance sideways.
3. A Turkish soldier.
4. The plural of an article used in writing.

143. An Enigma.

Soon as I'm made I'm sought with care;
For one whole year consulted:
That time elapsed, I'm thrown aside,
Neglected and insulted.

Conundrums.

144. What net is most likely to catch a handsome woman?
145. What is that which ladies look for every day and are sorry when they find it?
146. What is the first thing Adam set in his garden?
147. What is that we all do at the same time?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th September. Competitions should be addressed "September Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

134. *Nil Desperandum.*

135. *A needle and thread.*

136. *None.*

Over.

Near.

Errs.

137. *Larkspur.*

138. *Marigold.*

139. *A door bell.*

140. *A hat.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our July Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss G. Anderson, 9, Redcliffe Villas, Surbiton; A. C. Ayling, 66, Mount View Road, Stroud Green, London; F. O. Cobbe, Bank House, Margate; Miss E. Firth, 24, East Park Road, Harrogate; Miss S. U. Raines, 11, Cromwell Terrace, Scarborough.

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